Jan. 14, 1985

THE NEW YORKER

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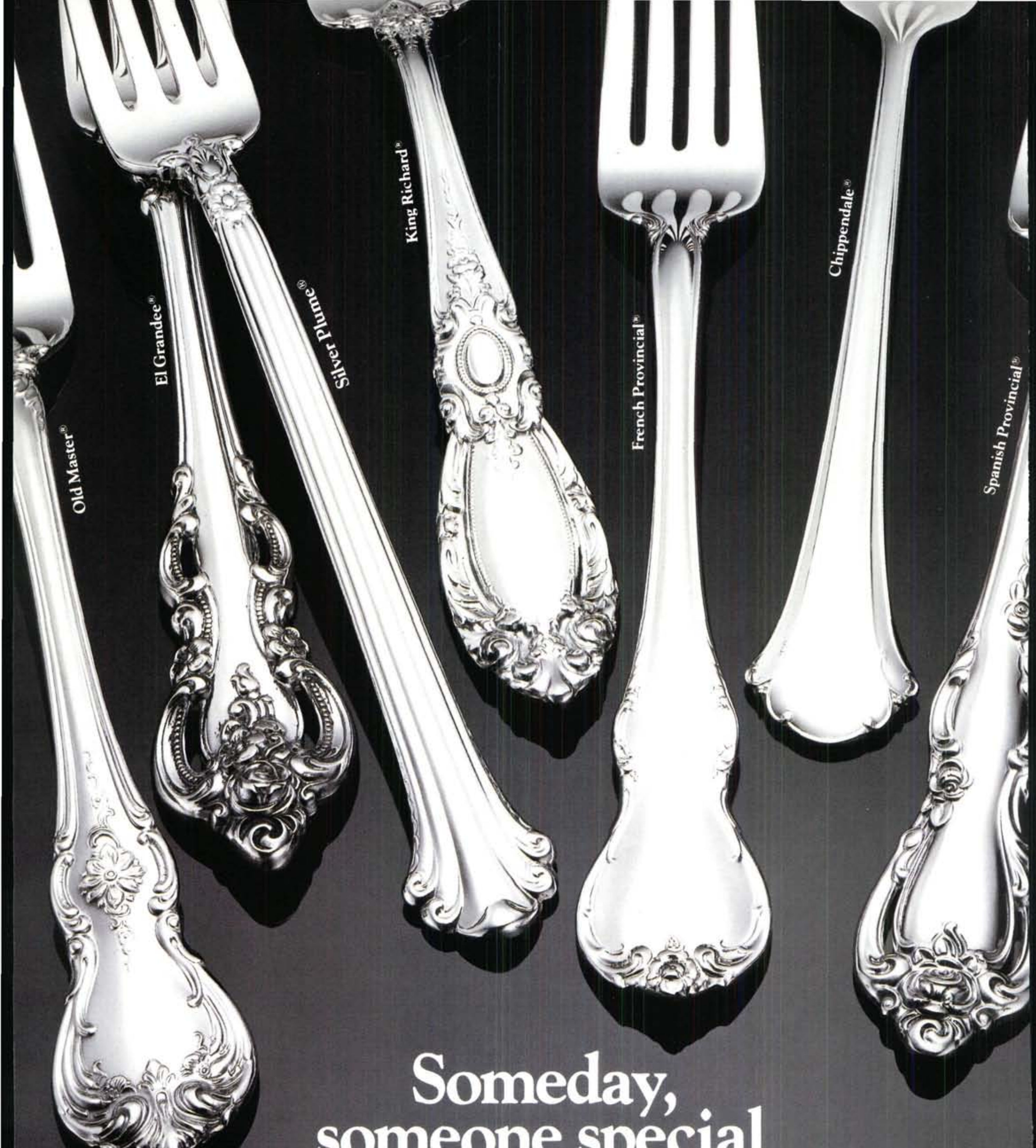
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Alone Together—Janis Paige and Kevin McCarthy work hard to bring to life this old-fashioned sitcom by Lawrence Roman; the plot has to do with a middle-aged married couple and their wish to escape the burdens of parenthood, heaped upon them year after year by three loutish sons. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Dancing in the End Zone—A highly intelligent and entertaining play by Bill C. Davis, author of "Mass Appeal." The superior cast consists of Matt Salinger, Pat Carroll, Laurence Luckinbill, and Dorothy Lyman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ritz, 225 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Design for Living—Noël Coward wrote this rather nasty comedy for him and his friends the Lunts to romp about in; it was a hit in their day and it deserves to be a hit today. With John Glover, Jim Piddock, and Anne Swift. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Diamonds—The theme of this little revue is baseball, and it takes place in a stunning environmental setting by Tony Straiges (the audience is, in effect, sitting in the bleachers). The show, which was directed by Harold Prince and written and composed by a number of hands, is entertaining more often than not. With, among others, Larry Riley, Chip Zien, Loni Ackerman, and a splendid woman singer named Jackee Harry. (12/31/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris," a musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Garden of Earthly Delights—This exquisite piece uses every resource of the theatre except words—dance, pantomime, acrobatics, clowning, and music. Based on the Hieronymous Bosch painting, it was conceived by its choreographer and director, Martha Clarke; its composer, Richard Peaslee; and the Music-Theatre Performing Group from the Lenox Arts Center. It is a triumph for everyone concerned. (12/10/84) (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 9-11, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9; Tuesday, Jan. 15, and Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8; and Wednesday, Jan. 16, and Friday, Jan. 18, at 7 and 9.)

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Glengarry Glen Ross—A play by David Mamet that says, in effect, that real-estate salesmen are rascals and so perhaps are all the other entrepreneurs in our contemporary society. Funny and harsh in the writing and acted to perfection. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Home Front—A play by a newcomer to Broadway, James Duff, who has contrived with considerable success to mingle comedy with near-tragedy. The cast is headed by Carroll O'Connor, at the top of his form. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. With John Rubinstein, Ron Silver, Susan Anton, Christine Baranski, and Jerry Stiller. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays throu Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays a Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Joe Egg—A superb performance of Peter Nic ols' matchless, bleak comedy. Jim Dale a Stockard Channing are the parents of t hopelessly brain-damaged child, and they a supported by Gary Waldhorn, Margaret H ton, Joanna Gleason, and Tenney Walsh. A vin Brown was the director. (Reviewed in tl issue.) (Haft, 227 W. 27th St. 420-188 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matiné Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.

The King and I—Yul Brynner making what advertised as his farewell appearance in t musical that he has made his own for seve decades. An excellent production in every spect and well worth seeing, for the first fiftieth time. (Reviewed in this issu (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish pl written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richa Engquist, and music by Raphael Cryst Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesdays throu Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays a Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A return engagement a program of Weill songs, performed Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (Ha old Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-237

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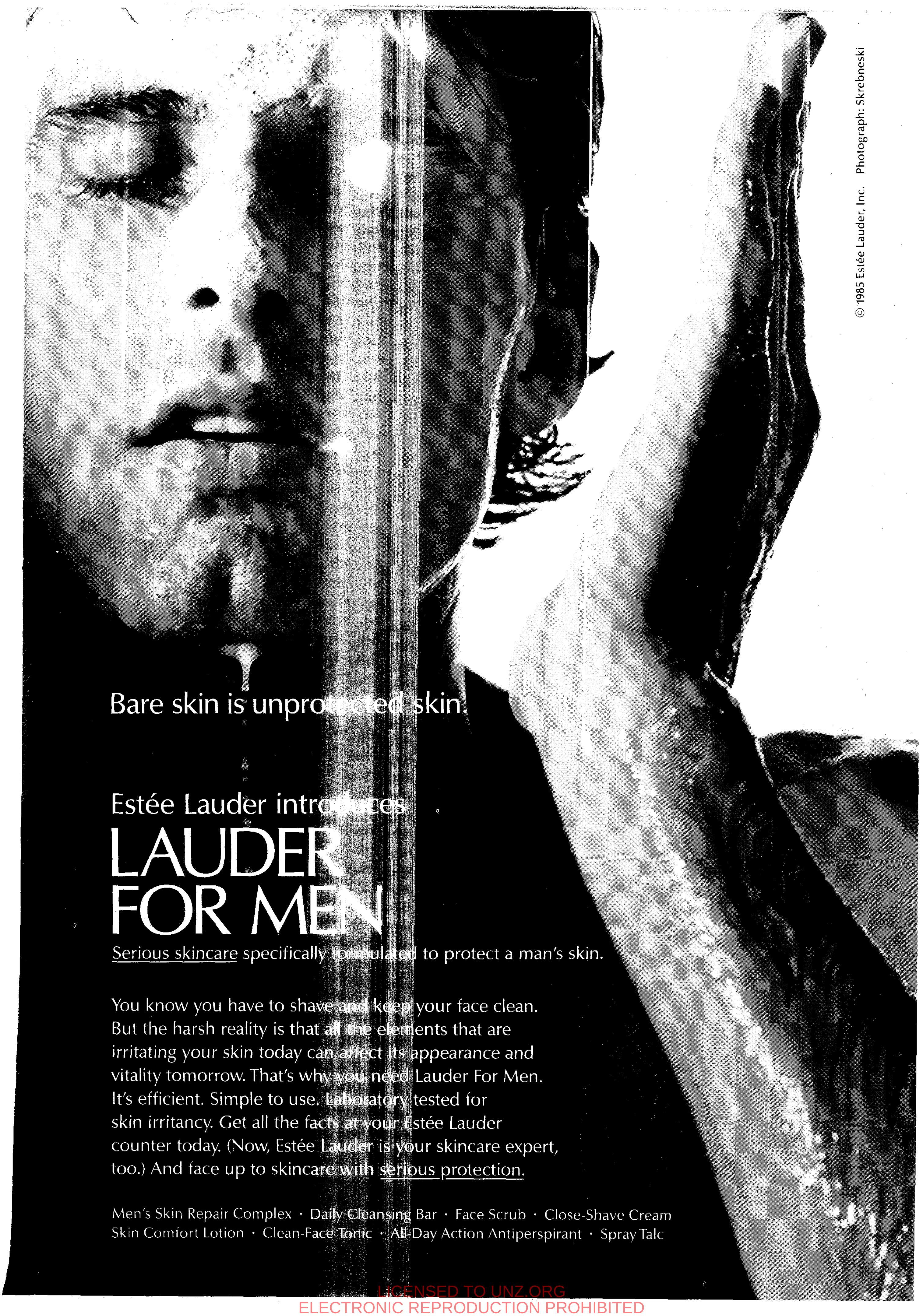

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, Jan. 13: Victor Herbert's **THE RED MILL.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Jan. 16: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.** (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

MA RAINEY'S BLACK BOTTOM—A first-rate play by August Wilson about some black performers of the blues in Chicago fifty-odd years ago, sometimes funny and, at the end, terrifying. Its well-drawn characters and eloquent street language provide an exceptionally robust and rewarding evening in the theatre. Lloyd Richards directed the fine cast. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MESSIAH—A play by Martin Sherman. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 13.)

THE MISS FIRECRACKER CONTEST—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 20.)

PACIFIC OVERTURES—This new, miniature edition of Stephen Sondheim's musical is in many ways an improvement on the original production of 1976. With Ernest Abuba as the Reciter, and fourteen other good actors doubling and tripling effectively. Fran Soeder is the ingenious director, and the charming setting and costumes are by James Morgan and Mark Passerell. (11/5/84) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

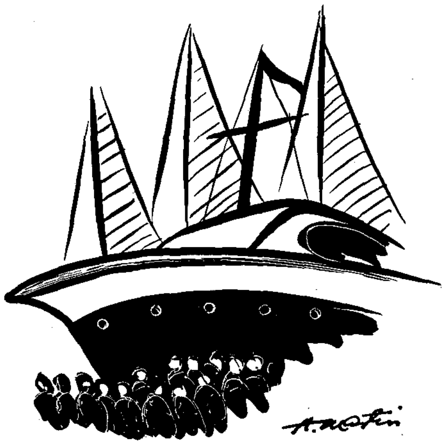
ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY—Final performances of two plays in alternating repertory. **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING:** By a sort of time warp, this witty and debonair (and cruel) comedy has been moved forward into the Restoration period, where it appears perfectly at home. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Jan. 10, and Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8; and Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 2 and 8. . . . **CYRANO DE BERGERAC:** Nearly everything about this rousing old melodrama is twice life-size, and the R.S.C. has made the mistake of doubling its scale. Derek Jacobi as Cyrano is even more bombastic than the text invites him to be. Fridays, Jan. 11 and 18, at 8; Saturdays, Jan. 12 and 19, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Jan. 13, at 3; and Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8. (10/29/84) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE—Robert Westenberg and Bernadette Peters as Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. An odd and endearing work, based on a notion that would be inapplicable to the Sistine Chapel. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THROMBO—A comedy by Albert Bermel. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Feb. 3.)

WHOOPI GOLDBERG—As a monologuist of uncertain intentions, both in respect to her writing and her performance, Miss Goldberg belongs in a night club and not on the stage of a big Broadway theatre. (11/5/84) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées



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Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Van Johnson. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,280 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Frances Fisher and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free camp. The score is by Alan Menken, a Howard Ashman directed and wrote the b and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second A at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays throu Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. M inées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MY ONE ONLY:** Don Correia and Sandy Duncan ar pair of lovers in a musical whose book, Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succe in embracing half a dozen classic Gersh songs. An irresistible show. (St. James, 2 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through S urdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and S urdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NOISES** Michael Frayn has written a farce that ou to be capable of entertaining our great-gre grandchildren well into the twenty-first c tury. The subject . . . but who cares about subject? Not to be missed. (Brooks Atkins 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, exce Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays a Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collecti of short sketches that purport to give us a freshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 2 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays throu Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; a Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **REAL THING:** A characteristically lively gavo by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually mu less interesting than usual. The author a pears to believe he is writing about love, b he is really writing about selfishness, whi proves epidemic in the playwriting and a ing community that he examines. Jere Irons and Laila Robins head the cast. Mi Nichols is the director. (Plymouth, 236 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Sat days at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sat days at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DANCE KID:** A charming, diligent cast can little to bring life to this convention examination of a black family's ambitio The dancing is splendid. (Minskoff, 45th west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesda through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wedn days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays-humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—b and with, Harvey Fierstein. Philip Astor su stitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée p formances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

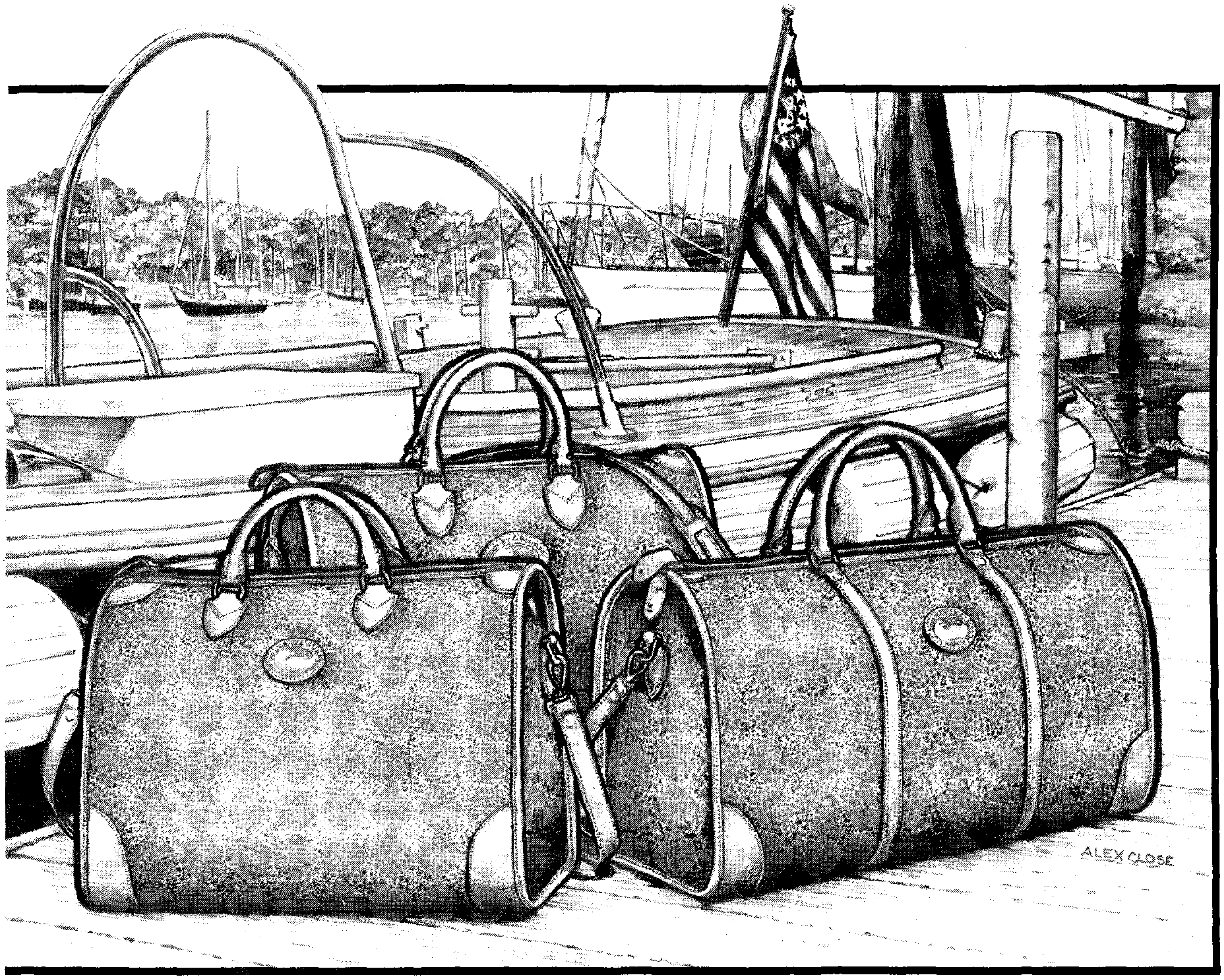
DOUG HENNING AND HIS WORLD OF MAGIC—A tre for the young. Mr. Henning is equally skill as a prestidigitator and as a creator elaborate illusions—it appears to cause hi no effort to turn a pretty woman into a tig or to escape from a locked trunk or to wa unscathed through a plate-glass mirro (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-920 Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, ar Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Satu days, and Sundays at 2.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY '84—A musical satire Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the son parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Pal son's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-740 Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Frida and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Su days at 8:30.)

ISSUE? I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU—A satirical rev performed by the Acting Company. (Bal room Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 244-300 Wednesdays through Saturdays at 9.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Jan. 9: "Agon," "Ballade," "Seven by Five" (New York première) and "Réjouissance." . . . ¶ Thursday evening Jan. 10: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan 11: "Agon," "Réjouissance," and "Wester Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 12 "The Four Temperaments," "Antique Epigraphs," "Seven by Five," and "Wester Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 12 "Jewels." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 13 "Bugaku," "The Four Temperaments," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 13, and Tuesday evening, Jan. 15: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 16: "Agon," "In the Night," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 17: "Ballade," "Tzigane," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."



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. . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 18: "Square Dance," "In the Night," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 19: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 19: "Réjouissance," "Ballade," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Western Symphony." A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-4720. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 24.)

Gail Conrad Tap Dance Theatre—A program of mostly new works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 9-12, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 13, at 3. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

Mazowsze—A company of Polish folk dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 9-11, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 12, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Charles Moore Dance Theatre—A program of new and repertory works. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Jan. 17, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 19-20, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**ANNIE ROSS** has moved into the Oak Room to sing with support from her pianist Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room keyboard Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. **DAKOTA STATON** sings with her backing trio on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** will guide a trio. Shows at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Longtime tenor-sax colleagues **AL COHN** and **ZOOT SIMS** co-pilot a quintet through Sunday, Jan. 13; on Tuesday, Jan. 15, the **COUNT BASIE ORCHESTRA** will take over. Sets begin after nine. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, **MICHAL URBANIAK'S CONSTELLATION,** featuring **AIRTO** on percussion and **STANLEY TURRENTINE** on tenor saxophone, and Saturday, Jan. 19, comics Soupy Sales, Orson Bean, Rob Bartlett, Bob King, and Larry Storch. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good piano-bass teams. The lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 9, **STEVE KUHN** and **HARVIE SWARTZ;** Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 10-12, **STEVE KUHN** and **STEVE SWALLOW;** Monday through Saturday, Jan. 14-19, **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **RUFUS REID;** and Sundays **CEDAR WALTON** and **DAVID WILLIAMS.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, doles out at least one portion of "Lullaby of Birdland" per night in the Café Carlyle. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Sundays and Mondays from nine to one, **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks provide dance music. Dining. . . . ¶ The elegant musician **HANK JONES** is now the pianist in the Bemelmans Bar. His sets get going at nine nightly, except Sundays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz stars' room. Kansas City pianist, singer, and bluesy delight **JAY MC SHANN** heads up a quartet through Sunday, Jan. 13; on Tuesday, Jan. 15, composer, singer, and pianist **MICHEL LEGRAND** will arrive. Mondays are the property of guitarist **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Mostly a folk schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 9, Last Round Up, the Ben Vaughn Combo, and Roscoe's Gang; Thursday, Jan. 10, Bill Gordh and Sax Freymann; Friday, Jan. 11, **ERIC ANDERSEN** and David Massengill; Saturday, Jan. 12, Frank Christian and Betsy Straton; Sunday, Jan. 13, Verbal Drama, Mary Ellen Gillespie, Eric C. Reinhardt, Wendy Lynn, and Jeffrey Wilkinson; Wednesday, Jan. 16, **STEVE FORBERT,** Street the Beat, and the Tryfles; Thursday, Jan. 17, Earl Robinson; Friday, Jan. 18, the **PERSUASIONS;** and Saturday, Jan. 19, the Aztec Two-Step. Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alicia Sherman sings with a backup crew Wednesdays through Sundays; on Mondays singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** a Swing Street-veteran guitar soloist, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Sundays from five to ten, **BROOKS KERR** takes over.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Stride-piano specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** is on hand, soloing through Saturday, Jan. 12, and leading his **CLASSIC JAZZ QUARTET** starting Tuesday, Jan. 15. Pianist Jane Jarvis works on *Sundays, and* **DICK HYMAN** *is in charge of the* keyboard on Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texa ambience is more representative of Austi than of Dallas. Wednesday and Thursda Jan. 9-10, singer and songwriter **PHOEBE SNO** Sunday, Jan. 13, Chicago blues with **SON SEA** and **LUTHER (GUITAR JUNIOR) JOHNSON;** and Tue day, Jan. 15, bassist **JACO PASTORIUS.** Mus from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE
TOP OF THE GATE
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tf

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker S (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpreten tious jazz club. Pianist **MC COY TYNER** leads h band through Sunday, Jan. 13, and on Tue day, Jan. 15, guitarists **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** an **JOHN SCOFIELD** will come in with a quarte Monday nights are devoted to **TOSHIKO AK YOSHI'S NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA,** featuring **LE TABACKIN** on tenor sax. Sets begin at eight-thi ty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nin on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**KA BALLARD** and **ARTHUR SIEGEL** salute women ly icists in "Here's to the Ladies: Carolyn Leigh Dorothy Fields, and Nancy Hamilton through Saturday, Jan. 12. On Tuesday, Ja 15, singer-comedienne Marilyn Sokol wi come in. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty t midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up t play celebrity clarinet with a New Orlean style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864 8832)—A well-attended, well-run uppe West Side night club that brings in jaz rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednes day, Jan. 9, jazz pianist **MICHEL CAMILO'S** sex tet; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, **AR BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS;** Tuesday, Jan. 15 Rhythmmotion; Thursday, Jan. 17, Rolan Vazquez; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18 19, drummer **STEVE GADD,** electric guitaris **CORNELL DUPREE,** saxophonist **DAVE SANBORN,** an bassist **WILL LEE.** Music from ten until tw Dining.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757 9090)—Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVO SULTANS** perform swing music that is absolute ly irresistible, perfect to Lindy to, and make you feel sixty-five stories high (when the play here, anyway). Through Sunday, Ja 13. On Tuesday, Jan. 15, soprano saxophonis and clarinettist **BOB WILBER'S** orchestra an singer Joanne Horton will all arrive. Musi Mondays through Thursdays from seven t one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight t two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

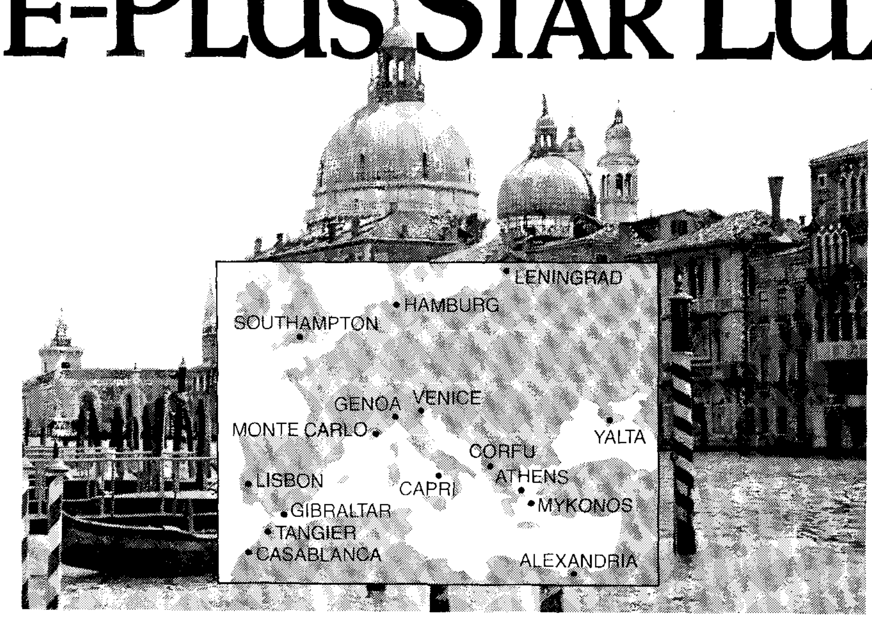
Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Thursday, Jan. 10 Frankie Paul; Friday, Jan. 11, the Earols Saturday, Jan. 12, Beat Rodeo; Thursday Jan. 17, **CHUCK BERRY,** the correct answer to th question: What is rock and roll?; and Frida and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, Tom Robinson an Billy Bragg. Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., a Leroy St. (242-4694)—Wednesday, Jan. 9 Michael Wolff; Thursday through Saturday Jan. 10-12, pianist **LARRY WILLIS,** trumpete **TERENCE BLANCHARD,** drummer **BEN RILEY,** an bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS;** Sunday, Jan. 13, Mar Sherman; Wednesday, Jan. 16, Kenn Werner; and Thursday through Saturday Jan. 17-19, saxophonist **BENNIE WALLACE** an singer-pianist **MOSE ALLISON.** Mondays ar claimed by Galt MacDermot's New Pulse Jazz Band, and Tuesdays by **JERRY GONZALEZ &** the Fort Apache Band. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Jan. 9, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES;** Thursday, Jan. 10, Kimati Dinizulu & the Kotoko Society; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Sunday, Jan. 13, **GUANABARA;** Wednesday, Jan. 16, Adja, a reggae band; Thursday, Jan. 17, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION;** and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St.

TOUR EUROPE IN FIVE-PLUS STAR LUXURY.



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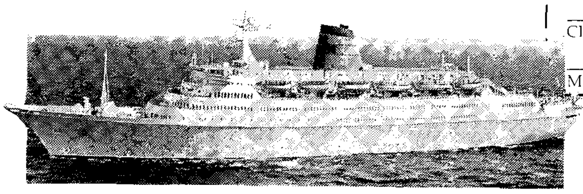


VISTAFJORD
REGISTERED IN THE BAHAMAS

(242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. The **DAVID MURRAY OCTET**, one of *the* groups of the eighties, performs through Sunday, Jan. 13, and on Tuesday, Jan. 15, tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN**, bassist **CHARLIE HADEN**, trumpeter **DON CHERRY**, and drummer **ED BLACKWELL** (who all, at one time or another, were part of one of *the* groups, Ornette Coleman's, of the fifties and sixties) will move in. Mondays belong to pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his **ORCHESTRA**. *Shows from ten. Dining.*

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, there's salsa after nine on Mondays: on Jan. 14, **MANNY OQUENDO'S LIBRE** and **DANIEL PONCE'S** group will be present, along with guest soloist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA**. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CLINT HOUSTON** supply piano-bass duets nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present on Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. The **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET**, with pianist **ROLAND HANNA**; tenor saxophonist **FRANK WESS**, who also provides sublime flute solos; bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**; and drummer **BILLY HART**, performs in it through Sunday, Jan. 13. On Tuesday, Jan. 15, pianist **MICHEL PETRUCCIANI** will take over with his trio. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop admirers and players. Bebop pianist **JOE ALBANY** *leads a quintet through* Saturday, Jan. 12; Sunday and Monday, Jan. 13-14, will belong to High Society; Tuesday, Jan. 15, will be salsa night with **BOBBY SANABRIA & ASCENSION** and guest soloist guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS**; and on Wednesday, Jan. 16, Carla White & Manny Duran will begin a four-night visit. Music from nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The musicians: pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER** Tuesdays through Saturdays; guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** on Sundays; and bassist Brian Torff and pianist Jim Roberts on Mondays. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Peter Gordon/Love of Life Orchestra—La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, at 7:30.

Jerome Cooper—With Rashied Ali and Glen Velez. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

Lyrics and Lyricists—The first in a series of five programs entitled "Great Songwriting Teams Remembered," this one devoted to the music of Harry Warren and Al Dubin, and featuring Jim Lowe (narrator), Wayne Bryan, Marcia Lewis, Lara Teeter, Vicki Regan, and Maureen McGovern. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2:30 and 8, and Monday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

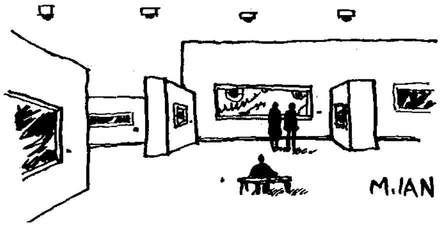
Loren Schoenberg & the 52nd Street Express—Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 3.

Heavenly Jazz Concerts—The fourth in a series of six concerts, this one performed by Dave McKenna, Al Cohn, and Zoot Sims. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

Scott Johnson and Musicians—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 14-15, at 8.

Mel Tormé and **Peter Nero**—With the Ensemble. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

American Folk Roots—The third in a series of eight concerts, this one devoted to the Southern roots of blues. With Otha Turner's Fife and Drum Band, Algia Mae Hinton, John Jackson, and Horace (Spoons) Williams. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)



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13	14	15	16	17	18	19

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Sandra Mackintosh—Sculptures made with wood molds once used in shipbuilding at the Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston, where the artist found them. Through Feb. 2. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Michael Mazur—New landscape paintings, plus preparatory studies, of winter in Cambridge and summer on Cape Cod. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Teddy Millington-Drake—Crisply executed charcoal-and-watercolor drawings of the Greek island of Patmos, and of interiors of the artist's home there. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St.)

Stephen Pace—Semi-abstractions, typically taking in a figure, landscape, and still-life on a single canvas. Through Jan. 30. (Sachs, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

J. J. Sempé—A generous sampling of droll drawings and watercolors. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.) . . . ¶ Original drawings for covers that have appeared on *The New Yorker*. Through Jan. 31. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sylvia Sleigh—A mural-size painting of figures seen against a Hudson River landscape. Among the models for the figures were the artist and her husband, Lawrence Alloway. Through Feb. 2. (Einstein, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

New Forms of Figuration—A two-part show of Neo-Expressionist works by twenty artists from twelve countries in the Americas; among the better-known names are Luis Cruz Azaceta, Luis Frangella, and Jorge Salazar. Through Friday, Jan. 18. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ City Gallery, 2 Columbus Circle. Closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **HOFFELD**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Europeans and Americans, such as Baselitz, Guston, and Morley. Through Jan. 31. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Picasso, Matisse, Léger, and Modigliani are among the twenty-odd artists whose smaller works are being exhibited at present. Through Feb. 2. . . . **SALANDER-O'REILLY**, 22 E. 80th St.: Drawings by Andrew Dasburg, carved-wood sculptures by Walt Kuhn, portraits by Phyllis Herfield, and Western Canadian landscapes by Terry Fenton. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Works on paper. Through Jan. 30. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Isabel Bishop—Preliminary studies (on canvas, board, and paper) for paintings and drawings, plus two completed oils. Through Feb. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Marcia Dalby—"Small, Medium, and Large the title for and sizes of freestanding chicke wire sculptures that are intended to test pe ceptions of scale. Through Feb. 2. (Wolf, W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jillian Denby—Representational still-lifes in on canvas, and landscapes in oil on pap Through Jan. 31. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57 St.)

Jean Dubuffet—A series of paintings entitl "Mires" (sightings); several were seen th past summer at the Venice Biennale. Throu Saturday, Jan. 12. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

John Duff—Painted fibre-glass sculptures wi organic and geometric shapes. Through Fe 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Edlich—Large collages on canva Through Jan. 26. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57 St. Open Mondays.)

Martha Mayer Erlebacher—Allegorical pain ings (an evocation of sloth, for instance paintings of nudes and still-lifes, portrait and drawings. Through Jan. 30. (Schoelko 50 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Hagin / Christopher Gerlach—Vivid colored realist still-lifes. / Landscape Through Jan. 30. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Thirteen pain ings that were among his last. Through Ja 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Budd Hopkins—Classical themes are the sour of two- and three-dimensional painted-wo works. Through Feb. 2. (Pearl, 38 E. 57 St.)

James Lechay—Oils and works on paper: po traits, still-lifes, cityscapes, and figure Through Feb. 2. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave at 57th St.)

George McNeil—New oils. Through Feb. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

John Meyer—Realist paintings of landscapes i the Western United States. Through Jan. 2 (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Ope Mondays.)

Donn Moulton—Airplanes and other objec cut out of plywood, painted, and mounted o walls. Through Feb. 9. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57t St.)

Milton Resnick/ Ralston Crawford (1906-78)— Recent abstractions. / Photographs abstractions from machine, architectura and nautical subjects. Through Feb. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz (1922-83)—An inventor of his welded-steel wall reliefs, and two fre standing sculptures in the same materia Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Zabriskie, 72 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Carl Nicholas Titolo—Collages and drawing Through Feb. 1. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.

John Torreano—The surfaces of these painting on wood and shaped-wood reliefs are pocke and littered with glass jewels. Through Fe 2. (Baskerville+Watson, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Altoon (1925-69)—Oil paintings (seen i New York for the first time) and drawings i mixed mediums, by an abstractionist Through Jan. 26. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Carl Andre—New work by this sculptor Through Jan. 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Daniel Buren—A walk-through architectural in stallation by a Conceptualist. Through Jan 26. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Sandro Chia—New paintings. Through Jan. 26 (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Natalie Edgar—Recent abstract paintings an etchings. Through Feb. 2. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Diane Kaiser—Sculptures combining painted wood and mirrors, plus small pieces in fired clay. Through Jan. 26. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

Grace Knowlton—Two shows by the sculptor-photographer. Spheres, ranging from pit-fired ceramic ones nearly three feet in diameter, with seared, ruptured surfaces that arouse anti-nuke feelings, to an oil-stick drawing of a somewhat enlarged blob of inflated bubble gum. (Twining, 568 Broadway.) . . . ¶ Silver and platinum prints that continue her series on architectural corners. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.) Through Jan. 26.

Jack Lembeck—Ten paintings from the gallery's collection which date from 1974 to 1979. Through Jan. 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Robert Morris—A two-gallery show. Recent works at Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through Jan. 26), and both new and old works at Castelli, 142 Greene St. (starts Saturday, Jan. 12).

John Okulick—Wall sculptures of spirals and ellipses that are painted in metallic blacks, silvers, golds, and mauves. Through Wednesday, Jan. 16. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Sigmar Polke—Paintings. Through Jan. 26. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Edward Pramuk—Paintings and drawings depicting Circe in the landscape of southern Louisiana. The artist teaches at Louisiana State University. Through Wednesday, Jan. 16. (First Street Gallery, 386 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Curtis Ripley—Ceramic sculptures along with drawings and paintings that refer to them. Through Jan. 26. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Susan Smith—Paintings that incorporate found architectural elements—broken tile, wallpaper, wall sections. Through Jan. 31. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **55 MERCER STREET GALLERY:** Paintings, sculptures, and photographs selected by Joseph Masheck. The eighteen artists include Paul Benney, Carla Tardi, and Robin Weglinski. Through Jan. 26. . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER,** 142 Greene St.: Still another wave of young Italian painters, these a few years junior to Clemente, Cucchi, and Chia. They are Domenico Bianchi, Bruno Ceccobelli, Gianni Dessi, and Giuseppe Gallo, and their paintings are big and bold. Through Jan. 26.

OTHER GALLERIES

Susan Hartnett—Colored drawings interpreting the forces of nature at work along the Hudson and in Newfoundland. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

Rufino Tamayo—A collection of paintings dating from the thirties through the seventies—watermelons, birds, dogs baying at the moon, and a man with a strawberry ice-cream cone. Through Jan. 31. (Martin, 213 E. 49th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Berenice Abbott—Forty-odd prints from the twenties and thirties, including portraits of Edna St. Vincent Millay and Edward Hopper, and views of New York. Through Jan. 26. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Nan Goldin—Color photographs of men and women in Berlin and New York. Through Jan. 31. (Christminster, 336 E. 5th St. Opens at 1, Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Charles Traub / Garry Winogrand (1928-84)—Color photographs. / Black-and-white prints from four different series. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ Zabriskie, upstairs, has a show of Mr. Winogrand's photographs from the series "Women Are Beautiful." All through Saturday, Jan. 12.

Doris Ulmann (1882-1934)—Platinum portraits of Appalachian artisans, and blacks on the Lang Syne Plantation in South Carolina. Through Feb. 9. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: The work of more than seventy *Life* photojournalists, including Margaret Bourke-White, Philippe Halsman, and Gordon Parks, who fulfilled these particular assignments between 1946 and 1955. Through Sunday, Jan. 13. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The John M. Crawford, Jr., collection of Chinese paintings and calligraphy is being shown in two parts, this first part containing about eighty hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans. Through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's show of equestrian attire and tack-room art consists of uniforms, sportswear, saddles, coaches, paintings, and sculptures. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of Abstract Expressionist paintings and collages by Lee Krasner, who died last June. Through Feb. 12. A complementary show is at the Brooklyn Museum. . . . ¶ "Primitivism in 20th Century Art," a show of a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures and two hundred tribal objects. Through Tuesday, Jan. 15. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, collages, drawings, and prints by Robert Motherwell, one of the original Abstract Expressionists. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Jonathan Borofsky's retrospective includes paintings, drawings (on walls and ceilings), motorized figures, and also a piece begun in 1969—a stack of numbered graph paper entitled "Counting from 1 to Infinity"—that partly explains his habit of using numbers as his signature. Through March 10. . . . ¶ A show of sculptures that were created when Abstract Expressionism flourished; among the twenty-two artists are David Smith, Louise Bourgeois, Isamu Noguchi, and Louise Nevelson. Through March 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of thirty works on paper by Lee Krasner which complements the retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Feb. 25. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Pierre Le-Tan, André François, Jean-Michel Folon, and Nicola Bayley are among the artists represented in a show of illustrations by Europeans which appeared in books and newspapers, as magazine covers, and as posters. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

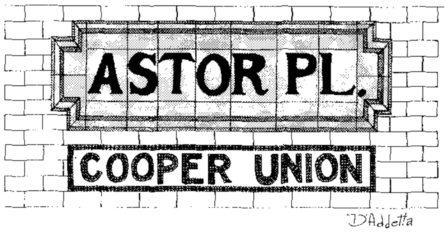
Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Four full-length portraits by James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903) and pastels and prints are included in an exhibit that marks the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the artist's birth. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Jewish Heritage in American Folk Art," a display that includes paintings, cut-paper documents, wood carvings, samplers, and a nineteenth-century quilt embroidered with an American flag in combination with a Star of David. Through March 15. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than seventy-five Italian illuminated manuscripts and single leaves (devotional and secular books) of the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Through Feb. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Photographs, works on paper, and videotapes that present artists' views on sex stereotypes in popular culture. Barbara Kruger, Victor Burgin, and Jeff Wall are among those represented. Through Feb. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of books from the Berg Collection which is centered on copies inscribed by their authors, in some cases accompanied by a letter. Next to the Brontës' "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," presented to Thomas De Quincey, is a letter from Charlotte Brontë, signed "Currer Bell." (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)



EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671.—S. K. Duff (performance), Friday, Jan. 11, at 8; Judith Ren-Lay (performance), Sunday, Jan. 13, from 3 to 6; David Cale (performance), Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Eric Barsness & Dancers, Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 10-13, at 8:30; Kidd Jordan Elektric Band of New Orleans and the Gangster Choir & Jessica Hagedorn, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—"Your Helping Hand," dance and performance, with Jeff McMahon, Kaja Gam, and others, Friday through Sunday, Jan. 11-13, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 9: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Gianna Rolandi, James King, and Dale Duesing; conducted by Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 10: "Così Fan Tutte," with Carol Vaness, Gail Dubinbaum, Philip Langridge, and Brian Schexnayder; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 11: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Ariel Bybee, Alfredo Kraus, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 12: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Elizabeth Connell, Tatiana Troyanos, Ann Murray, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 12: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Gianna Rolandi, James King, and Dale Duesing; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 14: "Wozzeck," with Hildegard Behrens, Isola Jones, Richard Cassilly, and Christian Boesch; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 15: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Gwendolyn Bradley, James King, and Stephen Dickson; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 16: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Tatiana Troyanos, Ariel Bybee, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 17: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Ariel Bybee, Alfredo Kraus, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 18: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Gianna Rolandi, James King, and Dale Duesing; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 19: "Wozzeck," with Hildegard Behrens, Isola Jones, Richard Cassilly, and Christian Boesch; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 19: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Tatiana Troyanos, Ariel Bybee, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2, and Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2:30.)

Mannes Camerata—Two performances of "Herod" and "Slaughter of the Innocents," both medieval music dramas. Staged by and conducted by Paul C. Echols. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 838-3036.)

Amato Opera Company—Mozart's "The Magic Flute," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 7:30, and Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2:30.)

"Dreyfus"—Morris Moshe Cotel conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic in the première of his opera, staged by Maurice Edwards. The first in the Philharmonic's "Meet the Moderns"

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

series of concerts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Thursday, Jan. 17, and Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Offenbach's operetta "Bluebeard," in *English. Staged by Albert Sherman and conducted* by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, at 8. For tickets, call 787-1356.)

Bel Canto Opera—Igor Chichagov conducting the first two of four performances of Franz Lehár's opera "Giuditta," in English. Staged by Christian Angermann. (Joan of Arc Junior High School, 154 W. 93rd St. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 20, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting a Webern–Richard Strauss–Elgar program on Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8; Friday, Jan. 11, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 7:30 (all with Kiri Te Kanawa, soprano). . . . ¶ Klaus Tennstedt conducting a Richard Strauss–Beethoven program on Thursday and Friday, Jan. 17-18, at 8, and Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 7:30 (all with Lorne Munroe, cello, and Paul Neubauer, viola).

English Chamber Orchestra—George Malcolm conducting and playing the harpsichord in a Handel-Bach-Vivaldi program, with José-Luis Garcia, violin; Michala Petri and Dennis Godburn, recorder; and Neil Black, oboe. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Los Angeles Philharmonic—Simon Rattle conducting, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting the second in a series of five concerts, this one with singer John Raitt. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of sacred music, with the *Florilegium* Chamber Choir. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a Brahms-Schütz program. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Harvey Phillips—Tuba. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, Jan. 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Samuel Rhodes—Viola, in the first of three all-Hindemith concerts, this one with Robert MacDonald, piano, and Donald MacCourt, heckelphone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2.)

Charles Robert Stephens—Baritone, in a program of art songs. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 5. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Yefim Bronfman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Gidon Kremer—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 3, with Oleg Maisenberg, piano.)

New and Newer Music—With Carolyn Clark, horn; Oleg Moston, piano; and Donald Salmon, piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Elisabeth Söderström and James Levine—Soprano and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 3.)

Ann Monoyios—Soprano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 3. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

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Donald Joyce—Organ. (Church of St. John the Evangelist, First Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 3. *Tickets at the door on the afternoon* of the concert.)

Angela Cheng—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

William Hammond—A program of German music, performed on the natural horn. With assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

On Original Instruments—An all-Schubert program, performed by Malcolm Bilson, Graf fortepiano; Sonya Monosoff, violin; Kenneth Slowik, cello; and Max van Egmond, baritone. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Oleg Maisenberg—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Norma French and Israela Margalit—Soprano and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Douglas Boyd—Oboe. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Boston Camerata—The first in a series of three concerts by this early-music ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Bowery Ensemble—The second in a series of three concerts, this one a performance of "Crippled Symmetry," by Morton Feldman. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 8. Mr. Feldman will give a pre-concert talk starting at 7:45. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Misha Dichter—Piano, in the first in a series of three concerts, this one with Cho-Liang Lin, violin, and Frederick Zlotkin, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Jeffrey Siegel—A program of Beethoven piano sonatas performed and discussed by Mr. Siegel. The first of three concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble, with Lucy Shelton, soprano; David Gordon, tenor; André Emelia*noff, cello; and Thomas Stacy, English horn.* (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Roberta Peters—Soprano, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

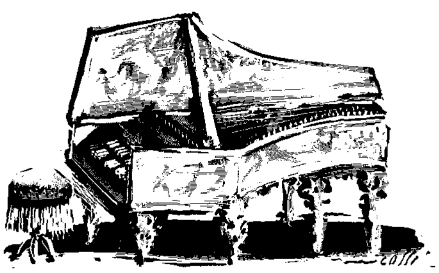
Emanuel Ax and Yoko Nozaki Ax—A program of music for two pianos. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

American String Quartet—The second in a series of three concerts. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Waverly Consort—A program of medieval music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 17, and Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Benita Valente, Kenneth Cooper, Timothy Eddy, and Cynthia Raim—Soprano, harpsichord, cello, and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program entitled "A Tribute to George Perle and His Music," honoring the composer's seventieth birthday. With Sarah Rothenberg, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8.)



Music from Japan—A program of traditional and modern works for Japanese drums and flutes. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 674-4587.)

Paula Robison—Flute, with Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord, and others, in a performance of Bach's "Musical Offering," as realized by Mr. Cooper. The second in a series of three concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert for African Famine Relief—Among the participants will be Kenneth Cooper and Gilbert Kalish, piano; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; and the Chelsea Chamber Ensemble. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Sunday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Saturday, Jan. 19, at 7:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Atlanta, Friday, Jan. 11, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Houston, Sunday, Jan. 13, at 1. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Saturday, Jan. 19, at 7:30.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Devils, Monday, Jan. 14, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Jan. 12, at 5:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Islanders, Thursday, Jan. 10, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Jan. 12, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Boston Bruins, Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Friday, Jan. 18, at 7:35.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 12, and the Affectionately Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 19.

Tennis—Volvo Masters: Jimmy Connors, Ivan Lendl, John McEnroe, Mats Wilander, and *others. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday,* Jan. 9, at 7; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 10-11, at 1 and 7; Saturday, Jan. 12, at 12:30; and Sunday, Jan. 13 [finals], at 12:30.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 12. . . . **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, Jan. 14, through Saturday, March 30. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8, from Thursday, Jan. 10, through Saturday, Aug. 17.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—Helen Vendler in a program called "Thinking About Shakespeare's Sonnets." (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

National Boat Show—In addition to the latest sail and power models, the seventy-fifth annual event will feature a small fleet of vintage craft, including a naphtha launch that was displayed at the 1905 show. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 12 and 19, from 10 to 10; Sundays, Jan. 13 and 20, from 11 to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 14-18, from noon to 10.)

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Monday, Jan. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Watches, clocks, and scientific instruments. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master drawings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 12. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 17, at 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 12. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 10 and 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 10.

THE NATIONAL CHOREOGRAPHY PROJECT

This year, eight choreographers are working with new companies, creating dance like you've never seen it before.

Many companies want to expand their repertoires, but can't always afford new choreographers. At the same time, many choreographers want to work with different companies, but can't find a way. This project brings them together, and their new dance is exciting audiences all across America.

EXXON

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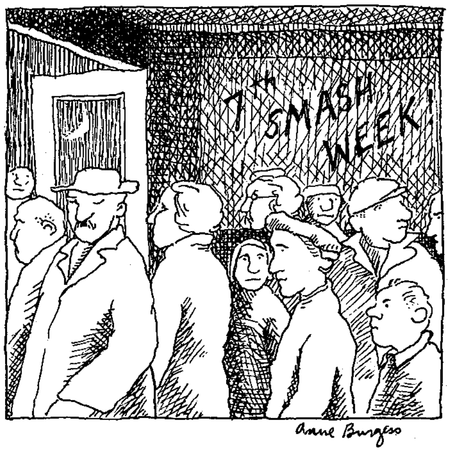
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 14.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Jan. 17: "Oedipus Rex" (1967; directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti and Silvana Mangano.
From Jan. 18: "Trances" (1981; Ahmed El Maanouni), a documentary.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 10: "Body Double" (†); and "The Razor's Edge" (John Byrum), with Bill Murray and Theresa Russell.
Jan. 11-17: "The Ploughman's Lunch" (Richard Eyre), with Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, and Rosemary Harris; and "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.
From Jan. 18: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Jan. 10: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
From Jan. 11: "The Flamingo Kid" (Garry Marshall), with Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Dune" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 2: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.
Theatre 3: "The Cotton Club" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Jan. 10: "Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg).
From Jan. 11: "Emmanuelle 4" (Francis Giacobetti), with Sylvia Kristel.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Jan. 17: "Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.
From Jan. 18: "Blood Simple" (Joel Coen), with John Getz.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Flamingo Kid" (Garry Marshall), with Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 17: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds. From Jan. 18: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 17: "Johnny Dangerously" (Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton. From Jan. 18: "Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.
Theatre 2: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen. (No performances on Wednesday, Jan. 16.)

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Places in the Heart" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Birdy" (Alan Parker), with Matthew Modine and Nicolas Cage.
Theatre 2: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 17: "Dune" (†). From Jan. 18: "Maria's Lovers" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Nastassja Kinski and John Savage.
Theatre 2: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Jan. 17: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.
From Jan. 18: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Mrs. Soffel" (†).
Theatre 2: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Falling in Love" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Flamingo Kid" (Garry Marshall), with Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Cotton Club" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"A Soldier's Story" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 10: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds. From Jan. 11: "Avenging Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Betsy Russell.
Theatre 2: "Johnny Dangerously" (Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "The Plague Dogs" (1983; directed by Martin Rosen), an animated film.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 15: "Night and Fog in Japan" (1960; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese). From Jan. 16: "Dear Summer Sister" (1972; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 10: "Runaway" (Michael Crichton), with Tom Selleck; and "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer. From Jan. 11: "L'Homme Blessé" (Patrice Chereau; in French).
Theatre 2: "Amadeus" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 10: "Johnny Dangerously" (Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton. From Jan. 11: To be announced.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Choose Me" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Nos Amours" (Maurice Pialat; in French).
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 10: "Places in the Heart" (†). From Jan. 11: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Kaddish" (Steve Brand), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.
Theatre 3: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Jan. 17: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
From Jan. 18: "That's Dancing!" (Jack Haley, Jr.).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"A Passage to India" (†). No performances on Monday, Jan. 14.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Jan. 14: The final days of a thirteen-day festival of French comedies.
From Jan. 15: A festival of Simone Signoret films.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Stop Making Sense" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Jan. 17: "Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.
From Jan. 18: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Mrs. Soffel" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "A Love in Germany" (Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault.
Theatre 2: "Man of Flowers" (Paul Cox; an Australian film), with Norman Kaye.
Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 10: "Bizet's Carmen" (†). From Jan. 11: "The Inheritors" (Walter Bannert; in German), with Nikolas Vogel.
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.
Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Cotton Club" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 10: "Dune" (†). From Jan. 11: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.
Theatre 2: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 10: "Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg). From Jan. 11: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.
Theatre 2: "Pinocchio" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 10: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From Jan. 11: "Avenging Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Betsy Russell.
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 10: "Choose Me" (†). From Jan. 11: "Emmanuelle 4" (Francis Giacobetti), with Sylvia Kristel.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Johnny Dangerously" (directed by Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 2: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 3: "Purple Rain" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 10: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley. From Jan. 11: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.
Theatre 5: Through Jan. 10: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater. From Jan. 11: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.
Theatre 6: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Jan. 17: "Pinocchio" (†).
From Jan. 18: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Falling in Love" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 17: "Places in the Heart" (†). From Jan. 18: "Pinocchio" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "The Cotton Club" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Dune" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Pinocchio" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Mutilator."
Theatre 2: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "The Flamingo Kid" (Garry Marshall), with Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 10: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon. From Jan. 11: "Avenging Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Betsy Russell.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 10: "Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg). From Jan. 11: "Emmanuelle 4" (Francis Giacobetti), with Sylvia Kristel.
Theatre 2: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Jan. 10: "Medea" (1971; directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Maria Callas; and "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini.
From Jan. 11: "The Bostonians" (1984; James Ivory), with Christopher Reeve and Vanessa Redgrave.

Bleecker St. Cinema 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Jan. 10: "Kamikaze '89" (1983; Wolf Gremm), with Rainer Werner Fassbinder; and two David Lynch short films.
From Jan. 11: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Jan. 10: "The Bostonians" (1984; James Ivory), with Christopher Reeve and Vanessa Redgrave.
Jan. 11-17: "The Jewish Gauchos" (1976; Juan Jose Jusid; in Spanish), with Pepe Soriano.
From Jan. 18: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

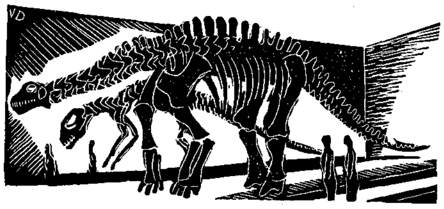
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 10: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle.
Jan. 11-12: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young.
Jan. 13-15: "Zelig" (1983; Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow; and "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
Jan. 16-17: "Meetings with Remarkable Men" (1979; Peter Brook), with Terence Stamp; and "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Jan. 18-19: "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond; and "Suspicion" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Jan. 10: "Repo Man" (†).
From Jan. 11: "The Second U.S. Erotic Film Festival."

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Jan. 9: "El Norte" (1983; Gregory Nava; in Spanish); and "To Begin Again" (1983; José Luis Garci; in Spanish).
Jan. 10-12: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.
Jan. 13-14: "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "Fitzcarraldo" (†).
From Jan. 15: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Jan. 10: "Altered States" (1980; Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown; and "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright.
Jan. 11-12: "Sudden Impact" (1983; Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood; and "Never Say Never Again" (1983; Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery as James Bond.
Jan. 13: "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961; Marlon Brando), with Brando, Karl Malden, and Katy Jurado; and "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.
Jan. 14-15: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Flesh Gordon" (1974; Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste), with Jason Williams.
From Jan. 16: To be announced.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Jan. 9: "Last Night at the Alamo" (1984; Eagle Pennell); and "The Whole Shootin' Match" (1979; Eagle Pennell), with Lou Berry and Sonny Davis.
Jan. 10: "Heart of Glass" (1977; Werner Herzog; in German); and "Stroszek" (1977; Werner Herzog; in German and English), with Bruno S. and Eva Mattes.



Jan. 11-17: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio).
Jan. 18-19: "Eréndira" (†); and "Sugar Cane Alley" (1983; Euzhan Palcy; in French).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Jan. 9: "Charade" (1963; Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, and Walter Matthau; and "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.
Jan. 10-12: "Private Lives" (1931; Sidney Franklin), with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny; and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.
Jan. 13-14: "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" (1939; Sam Wood), with Robert Donat, Greer Garson, and Terry Kilburn; and "Pride and Prejudice" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver.
Jan. 15-16: "Scaramouche" (1952; George Sidney), with Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker, Janet Leigh, and Mel Ferrer; and "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer.
Jan. 17-19: "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan; and "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Jan. 9: "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski; and "The Trial" (1963; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles.
Jan. 10: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1959; Marc Allégret; in French), with Danielle Darrieux; and "Ulysses" (1967; Joseph Strick), with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves.
Jan. 11: "Supervixens" (1975; Russ Meyer); and "Finders Keepers, Lovers Weepers" (1969; Russ Meyer), with Anne Chapman.
Jan. 12: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Mouse That Roared" (1959; Jack Arnold), with Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg, and David Kossoff.
Jan. 13: "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau; and "Sandra" (†).
Jan. 14: "A Star Is Born" (1937 †); and "What Price Hollywood" (1932; George Cukor), with Constance Bennett, Lowell Sherman, Neil Hamilton, and Gregory Ratoff.
Jan. 15: "Free at Last" (1968), a documentary and two short films, all directed by Greg Shuker.
Jan. 16: "Steppenwolf" (1974; Fred Haines), with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda; and "Siddhartha" (†).
Jan. 17: "The Taming of the Shrew" (1967; Franco Zeffirelli), with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton; and "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders" (1965; Terence Young), with Kim Novak and Richard Johnson.
Jan. 18: "Five Easy Pieces" (†) and "The Last Detail" (†).
Jan. 19: "La Dolce Vita" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Jan. 9: "Glorifying the American Girl" (1929; Millard Webb), with Mary Eaton and Edward Crandall; and "The Hollywood Revue" (1929; Charles Reisner), with Conrad Nagel and Jack Benny.
Jan. 10: "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "Michael Shayne, Private Detective" (1940; Eugene Forde), with Lloyd Nolan as Shayne.
Jan. 11-12: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.
Jan. 13: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939; Elliott Nugent), with Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope; and "The Old Dark House"

(1932; James Whale), with Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Boris Karloff, and Gloria Stuart.

Jan. 14: "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe.

Jan. 15: "I Confess" (†); and "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams.

Jan. 16: "Pygmalion" (†) and "Major Barbara" (†).

Jan. 17: "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (†) and "Oscar Wilde" (†).

Jan. 18-19: "The Paradine Case" (†) and "North by Northwest" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Jan. 10 at 2:30: "The Loves of Joanna Godden" (1947; directed by Charles Frend), with Googie Withers, Jean Kent, John McCallum, and Derek Bond. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 6: "Saraband for Dead Lovers" (1948; Basil Dearden), with Stewart Granger, Joan Greenwood, Flora Robson, and Françoise Rosay. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 2:30: "The Captive Heart" (1946; Basil Dearden), with Michael Redgrave and Mervyn Johns. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 6: "It Always Rains on Sunday" (1947; Robert Hamer), with Googie Withers, Edward Chapman, and John McCallum. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 2: "Pool of London" (1951; Basil Dearden), with Bonar Colleano and Susan Shaw. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 5: "The Captive Heart." . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 2: "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951; Charles Crichton), with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Sidney James, and Alfie Bass. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 5: "The Man in the White Suit" (1951; Alexander Mackendrick), with Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood, and Cecil Parker. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 2:30: "A Run for Your Money" (1949; Charles Frend), with Donald Houston and Alec Guinness. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 6: "Pool of London." . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 2:30: "The Blue Lamp" (1950; Basil Dearden), with Jack Warner, Jimmy Hanley, and Dirk Bogarde. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 6: "The Lavender Hill Mob." . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 2:30 and 6: A program called "A History of Camera Movement I." . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 2: "Mandy" (1952; Alexander Mackendrick), with Jack Hawkins, Terence Morgan, Phyllis Calvert, and Mandy Miller. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 6: "The Man in the White Suit." . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 2: "A Run for Your Money." . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 5: "The Blue Lamp."

THEATRE 2: Jan. 10 at 3 and 6:30: "The Fall of the I Hotel" (1983; Curtis Choy), *a documentary*. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 3: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French, with English subtitles), with Charles Aznavour. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 6:30: "The Romantic Englishwoman" (1975; Joseph Losey), with Glenda Jackson, Michael Caine, and Helmut Berger. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 2:30: "Young in Heart" (1938; Richard Wallace), with Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paulette Goddard, and Roland Young. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 5:30: "Shoot the Piano Player." . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 2:30: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941; John Ford), with Walter Pidgeon, Roddy McDowall, and Maureen O'Hara. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 5:30 and Jan. 14 at 3: "Breathdeath" (1964; Stan VanDerBeek) and "Zorn's Lemma" (1970; Hollis Frampton). . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 6:30: A program of films by Gunvor Nelson, who will be present. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 3 and 6:30: "Abraham Lincoln" (1930; D. W. Griffith), with Walter Huston, Una Merkel, and Kay Hammond. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 3: "Peter Martins, a Dancer" (1979; Jørgen Leth), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 6:30: "Pelota" (1983; Jørgen Leth), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 3 and 6:30 and Jan. 19 at 2:30 and 5:30: Films from Brazil.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Jan. 15, a showing of more than twenty-one half-hour programs produced for "Paper Tiger Television," a weekly broadcast on cable public-access channels C and D, will be shown Tuesdays *from 1:15 to 7:45, Wednesdays through Saturdays* from 11:15 to 4:45, and Sundays from 12:15 to 5:45. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Waverly, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to *every stupid four-letter word as riotous*. And, with Murphy busting his sides laughing in self-congratulation, the camera jammed into his tonsils, damned if the audience doesn't whoop and carry on as if, yes, this is a wow of a comedy. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

Bizet's Carmen—Directed by Francesco Rosi, this version has a clean, raw vivacity and is supremely romantic. Julia Migenes-Johnson's Carmen revitalizes the story. Her strutting, her dark, messy frizzy hair—her sexual availability—attract the middle-class clod Don José (Plácido Domingo) and drive him crazy. Rosi lets the music carry the passion; what he supplies is ideal conditions for the viewer to experience the opera as a totality. Rosi's handling suggests the most fluently stylized movie musicals. With Faith Esham as Micaëla and Ruggero Raimondi as Escamillo. In French. (10/29/84) (Cinema Studio; through Jan. 10.)

Body Double—Brian De Palma, working with material that he has grown past: a murder mystery set in L.A., in the overlapping worlds of "serious" acting and performing in porno films. The big, showy scenes recall "Vertigo" and "Rear Window" so obviously that the movie is like an assault on the people who have put De Palma down for being derivative. Things pick up close to the midway point, when Melanie Griffith arrives and gives a tickling performance as Holly Body, a porno star with a punk-vamp haircut and a sprig of holly tattooed on her rump. But most of the movie lacks zest. With Craig Wasson, Deborah Shelton, and Gregg Henry. (11/12/84) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 10.)

Broadway Danny Rose (1984)—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, isn't working with post-Freudian comedy here; he has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. With Nick Apollo Forte and Mia Farrow. (2/6/84) (Cinema Village; Jan. 13-15.)

Choose Me—Written and directed by Alan Rudolph, this romantic comedy-fantasy is about a group of lovers whose madnesses and illusions interlock, and it's giddy in a magical, pseudo-sultry way. And though you can't always tell the intentional humor from the unintentional, this low-budget picture has a marvellous cast, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, Geneviève Bujold, Rae Dawn Chong, and Keith Carradine. (12/24/84) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Jan. 10.)

The Cotton Club—The dark, lacquered visual style doesn't come out of the material; it's a fashionable style that's imposed, like the visual formats of videos, and the only goal of the director, Francis Coppola, seems to be to keep the imagery rushing by—for dazzle, for spectacle. The action is centered on the famous Harlem late-night supper club—a speakeasy with a great floor show, in which "colored" headliners and the "tall, tan, and terrific" Cotton Club Girls performed for a white clientele. There's so much going on you can't take your eyes off it, but none of it means anything. The staccato imagery fragments the musical numbers, and knocks the life out of the performers; the sound is disembodied, and so are the dancers. The tall, sinuous Lonette McKee, with her long, expressive arms upraised, actually gets to complete a number (the torchy "Ill Wind"), Richard Gere flashes a pretty smile and is more agreeable than usual, and a few of the actors playing mobsters—Julian Beck, Bob Hoskins, and Fred Gwynne—seem to be invincible. *But from the way Coppola directs the cast* here, people exist to reflect light. With Nicolas Cage, Gregory and Maurice Hines, Diane Lane, James Remar, Gwen Verdon, Honi Coles, Novella Nelson, Larry Fishburne, and Joe Dallesandro as Lucky Luciano. Screenplay by Coppola and William Kennedy; cinematography by Stephen Goldblatt; production design by Richard Sylbert. (1/7/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

La Dolce Vita (1960)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly; his cast is splendid. In Italian. (Thalia; Jan. 19.)

Dune—David Lynch directed, and he did the adaptation of Frank Herbert's ecological sci-fi fantasy, but he doesn't make the story his own. Lynch lays out Herbert's grandiose vision of a galactic system, and hordes of characters parcelled out over four planets, and a messiah who is preordained to lead the righteous in a holy war. The movie is heavy on exposition, and the story isn't dramatized—it's merely acted out (and hurried through), in a series of scenes that are like illustrations. With Kenneth McMillan, Sting, Brad Dourif, Linda Hunt, Leonardo Cimino, Alicia Roanne Witt, Sian Phillips, Max von Sydow, Francesca Annis, José Ferrer, Freddie Jones, Richard Jordan, Virginia Madsen, Everett McGill, Dean Stockwell, Sean Young, Silvano Mangano, Jürgen Prochnow, Paul L. Smith, Jack Nance, and Kyle MacLachlan as the warrior messiah. (12/24/84) (Murray Hill, and Movieland. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Gemini; through Jan. 17.)

Eréndira—A moderately amusing nothing in the surreal-picaresque mode, it was written by Gabriel García Márquez but seems more like the work of someone faking Gabriel García Márquez. A mad old witch (Irene Papas) forces her virginal fourteen-year-old granddaughter Eréndira (Claudia Ohana) to work for her as a whore. Before long the witch is festooned in gold ingots. Little Claudia Ohana is lovely, and very convincing as a budding young girl. And Papas is marvellous; she isn't fake anything—she's an original. Roaring with laughter and giggling on top of it, she survives one attempt on her life after another. Directed by Ruy Guerra. With Michel Lonsdale, Rufus, Pierre Vaneck, and Oliver Wehe as the duped angel. In Spanish. (6/11/84) (Metro Cinema; Jan. 18-19.)

Falling in Love—A piece of big-star packaging in which Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep play two prosperous Westchester commuters, each married to someone else, in marriages that have become empty. The picture has been called an eighties "Brief Encounter," but it's interminable, and in some ways it's more like an East Coast "Tender Mercies"—it's about two anomics who inch their way to spiritual rebirth. Directed by Ulu Grosbard. With Jane Kaczmarek, Harvey Keitel, George Martin, Dianne Wiest, and David Clennon. (12/10/84) (Loews Tower East, and Embassy.)

Fitzcarraldo (1982)—After a visually promising beginning, Werner Herzog seems to lose interest in the external world (and no one in this movie has much of an internal world, either). Set in the eighteen-nineties, the film is about a three-hundred-and-twenty-ton steamboat being dragged over a mountain that separates one tributary of the Amazon from another. At times, the ship slowly climbing the mountain seems rather magical, but two hours and thirty-seven minutes is a long sit, and the deliberateness of Herzog's pacing can put you in a stupor. The hero, played by Klaus Kinski, seems meant to be a lovable loser, but it's hard to know quite what Kinski's Fitzcarraldo is because he's not like anyone else in the world—except maybe Bette Davis playing Rutger Hauer. With Claudia Cardinale. In German. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Jan. 13-14.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when times give out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Thalia; Jan. 18.)

I Confess (1953)—A priest with a past (Montgomery Clift), caught in a trap; either he must betray the secrets of a murderer's confession or he himself will be convicted of the murder. The premise of this Hitchcock thriller is promising, but the movie, set in Quebec and partly shot there, is so reticent it's mostly dull. Clift seems determined not to move more than the tiniest facial muscles. With a miscast Anne Baxter, and Brian Aherne, O. E. Hasse, Karl Malden, and Dolly Haas. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 15.)

The Killing Fields—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his début as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (Cinema II, Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

The Last Detail (1974)—After fourteen years in the Navy, Buddusky (Jack Nicholson), the tattooed signalman, lives on ingrained resentment, quick anger, and booze. The movie is the record of the beer-soaked journey that Buddusky and a gunner's mate (Otis Young) take when they're assigned to escort a morose eighteen-year-old seaman (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The film is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue. It's often very funny. It's programmed to wrench your heart, though—it's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed. With Michael Moriarty, Carol Kane, Luana Anders, Clifton James, Nancy Allen, and Gilda Radner. (Thalia; Jan. 18.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Terrible, but bearable;

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there's a fascination to its clunkiness. Shaw had allowed "Pygmalion" (see below) to be cut and adapted for the screen, and it was a great success, but he got stubborn on this one and hung on to his dialogue; Gabriel Pascal, who had produced "Pygmalion," had also been spoiled by its success and decided to direct this time. Their failings were compounded; the actors posture and talk, and the movie goes on and on until whatever it's meant to be about no longer seems to matter. It's too cheerful to be really boring, however. The cast includes Rex Harrison, Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley, Sybil Thorndike, Robert Newton, Emlyn Williams, Deborah Kerr, and Stanley Holloway. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 16.)

Mrs. Soffel—This love story with a Victorian madwoman heroine is based on an actual case that goes back to 1902, when the wife of the warden of the Allegheny County Jail in Pittsburgh helped two prisoners—the Biddle brothers—escape from Murderers' Row, and ran off with them. Diane Keaton has some startling moments as the sickly, frustrated, unstable Kate Soffel; Mel Gibson is superb as the passionate opportunist Ed Biddle, and Matthew Modine is very fine as his younger brother Jack. Working from a script by Ron Nyswaner, the young Australian director Gillian Armstrong doesn't lay out the reasons for what happens; she evokes them partially, suggestively. The themes don't fully emerge, but there isn't a single image that looks ordinary or stale, and the movie builds an excitement that has something to do with the fact that the flight of the Biddles with Kate in tow is deranged. (They're killing each other by staying together.) With Edward Herrmann as Soffel, Trini Alvarado, Jennie Dundas, Danny Corkill, and Harley Cross as the Soffel children, and Paula Trueman and Les Rubie as an elderly couple. Cinematography by Russell Boyd; production design by Luciana Arrighi. The prison is the one from which the trio actually fled into the night. (1/7/85) (Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount.)

North by Northwest (1959)—The title (from Hamlet's "I am but mad north-northwest: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw") is the clue to the demented geography and the improbable plot. Though not as cleverly original as "Strangers on a Train," or as cleverly sexy as "Notorious," this is one of Hitchcock's most entertaining American thrillers. Just about everybody in it is a spy or a government agent (except the hero, Cary Grant, who is mistaken for one). Grant's performance is very smooth and appealing, and he looks so fit that he gets by with having Jessie Royce Landis, who was born the same year he was, playing his mother. With Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 18-19.)

Oscar Wilde (1960)—This version, directed by Gregory Ratoff and starring Robert Morley, isn't all it should be. Still, there are harrowing and touching moments in the film when nerves are made to jump like fleas. Ralph Richardson's performance as an eminent English barrister is worth watching, and Morley's theatricality has a fascination, though Ratoff's directing doesn't set it off well. With John Neville as Lord Alfred Douglas, and Edward Chapman as the Marquess of Queensberry. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 17.)

The Paradine Case (1947)—There are few thrills in this big misconceived courtroom thriller, directed by Hitchcock. Talky and stiff, the film never finds the passionate tone that it needs. The story is about a barrister (Gregory Peck) who louses up a murder case because he falls in love with the defendant, his mysterious client Mrs. Paradine (Alida Valli). The judge is played by Charles Laughton, and Ethel Barrymore (looking very elegant) is the judge's sensitive, mistreated wife. Also with Ann Todd, Louis Jourdan, Charles Coburn, Isabel Elsom, and Leo G. Carroll, who are mostly miserably miscast. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 18-19.)

A Passage to India—With Peggy Ashcroft and Judy Davis, directed by David Lean. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld. No performances on Monday, Jan. 14.)

The Picture of Dorian Gray (1945)—Hurd Hatfield's Dorian (who sells his soul to keep his youth) doesn't look fresh; he looks glacéed. And the other characters don't seem to age with the years either, so there's no contrast with him. But the Oscar Wilde story has its compelling gimmick and its cheap thrills, and despite his failings as writer and director Albert Lewin has an appetite for decadence and plushy décor. As Dorian's victim, the young Angela Lansbury gives her scenes true depth of feeling. With George Sanders, Donna Reed, and Peter Lawford. Made in black-and-white, with color for the portrait. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 17.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids, though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Olympia Quad, and New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Jan. 18.)

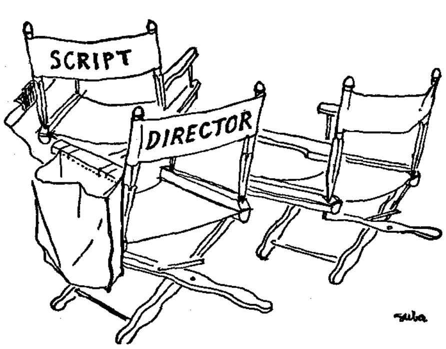
Places in the Heart—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84) (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Jan. 17.)

Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. Directed by Albert Magnoli. (8/20/84) (Criterion Theatres.)

Pygmalion (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G. B. S. picture ever done. It doesn't seem weighted down with talk, like most of the others, and though a trifle slow in spots, it has a very satisfying tempo. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, the Covent Garden flower girl, and Leslie Howard is marvellously high-spirited and combative as the smug Professor Higgins, who trains Eliza to speak like a lady. Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed. The cast includes Wilfrid Lawson, Marie Lohr, Scott Sunderland, Jean Cadell, and David Tree. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 16.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. There's nothing at the center, but the young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around, and he never once slips—never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 10.)

Sandra (1966)—Luchino Visconti gives his native land the turbid and murky climate of a gothic novel. In the richly upholstered gloom of a crumbling palazzo, the young heroine (Claudia Cardinale) slips uneasily from one pool of shadows to the next, pursued by her amiable, baffled American husband (Michael Craig) and by her dissolute brother (Jean Sorel). The tale demands to be sung, and in scene after scene we prepare to enjoy an aria that has been unaccountably mislaid. In Italian. (Thalia; Jan. 13.)



Siddhartha (1973)—Conrad Rooks and an amazing amount of cheek have gone to work on mysticism, the villainy of riches, the techniques of love, the immense merit of feeling (as compared to thinking) when it comes to inner wisdom, and a few other large questions. Mr. Rooks, on location in India, produced, directed, and wrote this pretentious trash, which comes from a dreadful book by Hermann Hesse. (Thalia; Jan. 16.)

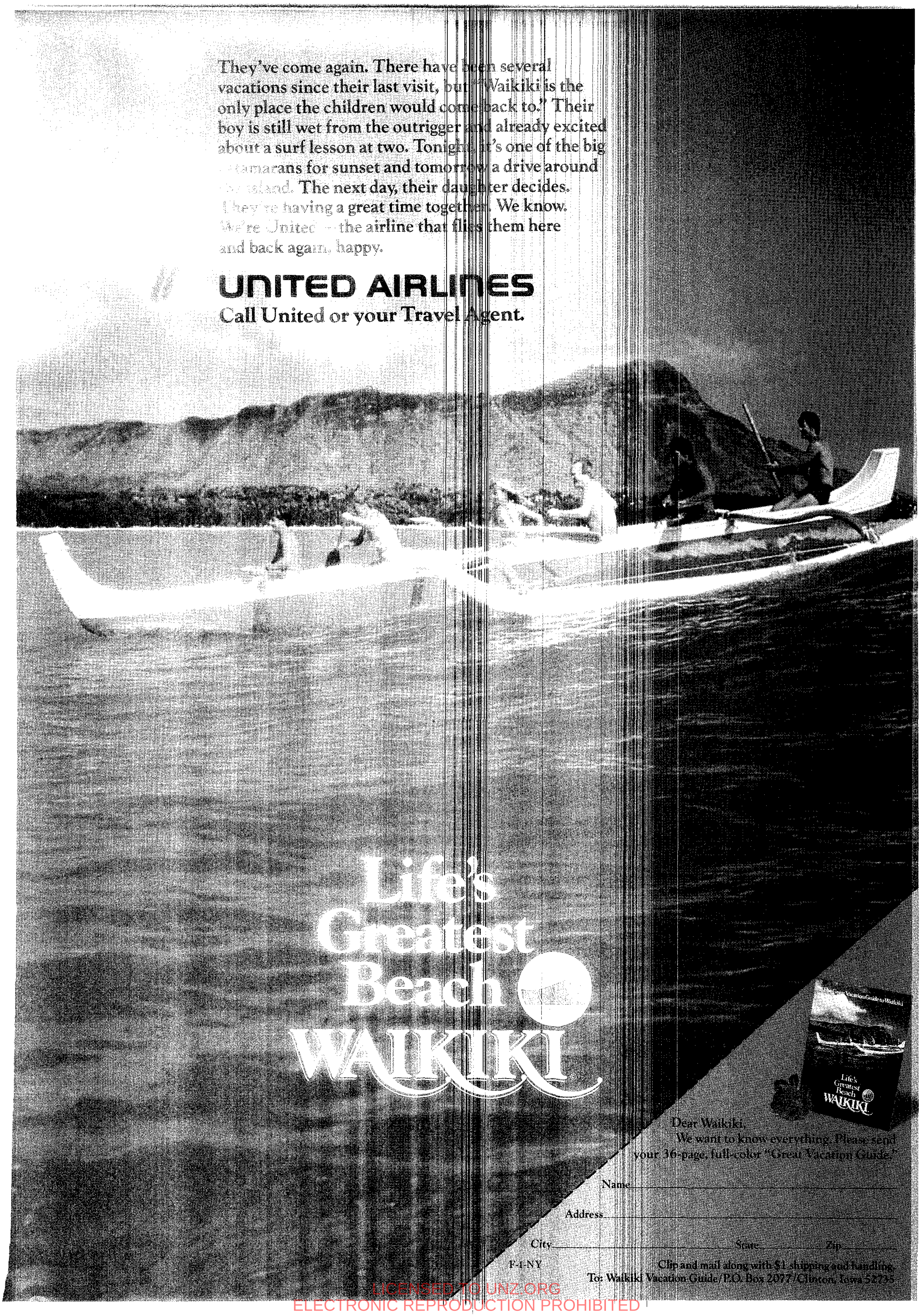
A Soldier's Story—This tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama is set in and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944; a black drillmaster (Adolph Caesar) has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate. Charles Fuller did the adaptation of his "A Soldier's Play," and there's some daring in his perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black. The material is like the trumped-up, creaky yet powerful socially conscious plays-into-movies of the past. But the director, Norman Jewison, has given it an atmosphere that recalls his crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night," and he has also given it a beautiful sense of pace. With Denzel Washington, Art Evans, Larry Riley, David Alan Grier, Robert Townsend, David Harris, and Dennis Lipscomb. (11/26/84) (86th St. East, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Guild; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; starting Jan. 18.)

A Star Is Born (1937)—The first version, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March. The director, William Wellman, had a hand in the story, which tells how the fresh young actress, Vicki Lester, becomes a great star, while her spoiled, big-headed husband, Norman Maine, falls from stardom and sinks via alcoholism and despair. The film is peculiarly masochistic and self-congratulatory. The cast includes Adolphe Menjou, Lionel Stander, May Robson, Edgar Kennedy, Andy Devine, and Owen Moore. (Thalia; Jan. 14.)

Stop Making Sense—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment. The sound is better than live sound—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. (11/26/84) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Stranger Than Paradise—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock cast Cary Grant as a wife-killer; the studio insisted that the ending be changed. The result is a very unsatisfactory movie about a wife (Joan Fontaine) who is preposterously suspicious of her innocent husband. And since the movie is told from her point of view, it seems rather a cheat that we're being alerted to false clues. Not top-grade Hitchcock. (Cinema Village; Jan. 18-19.)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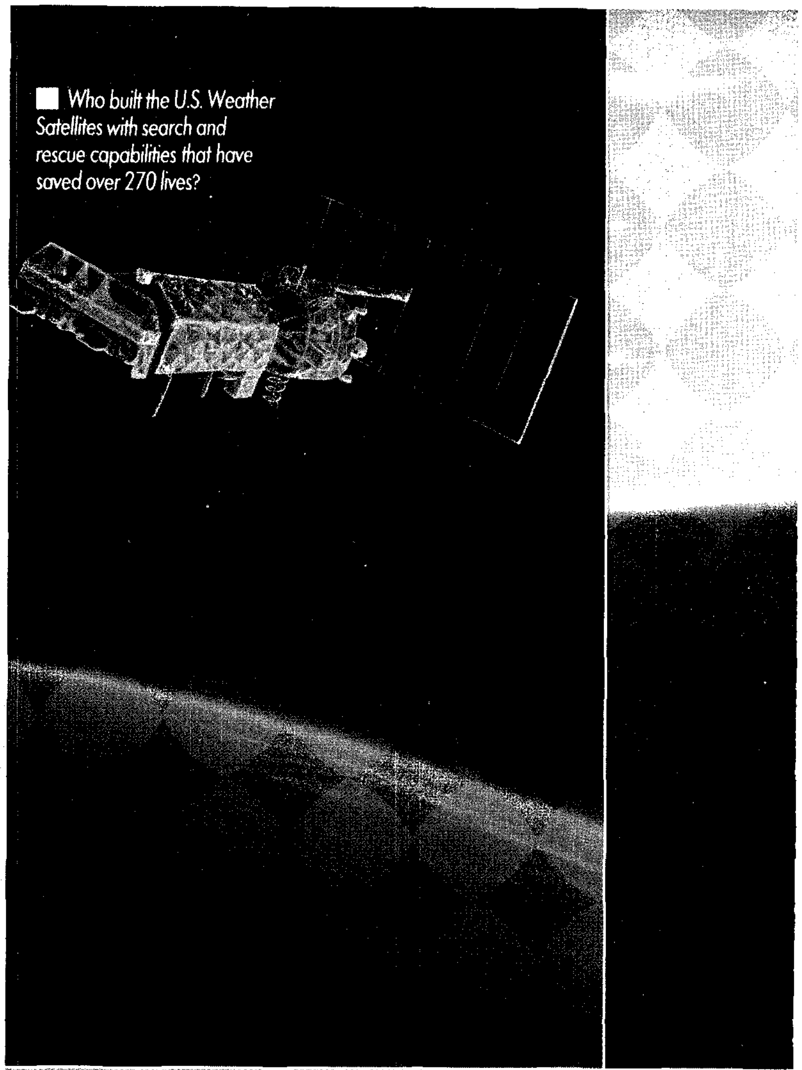
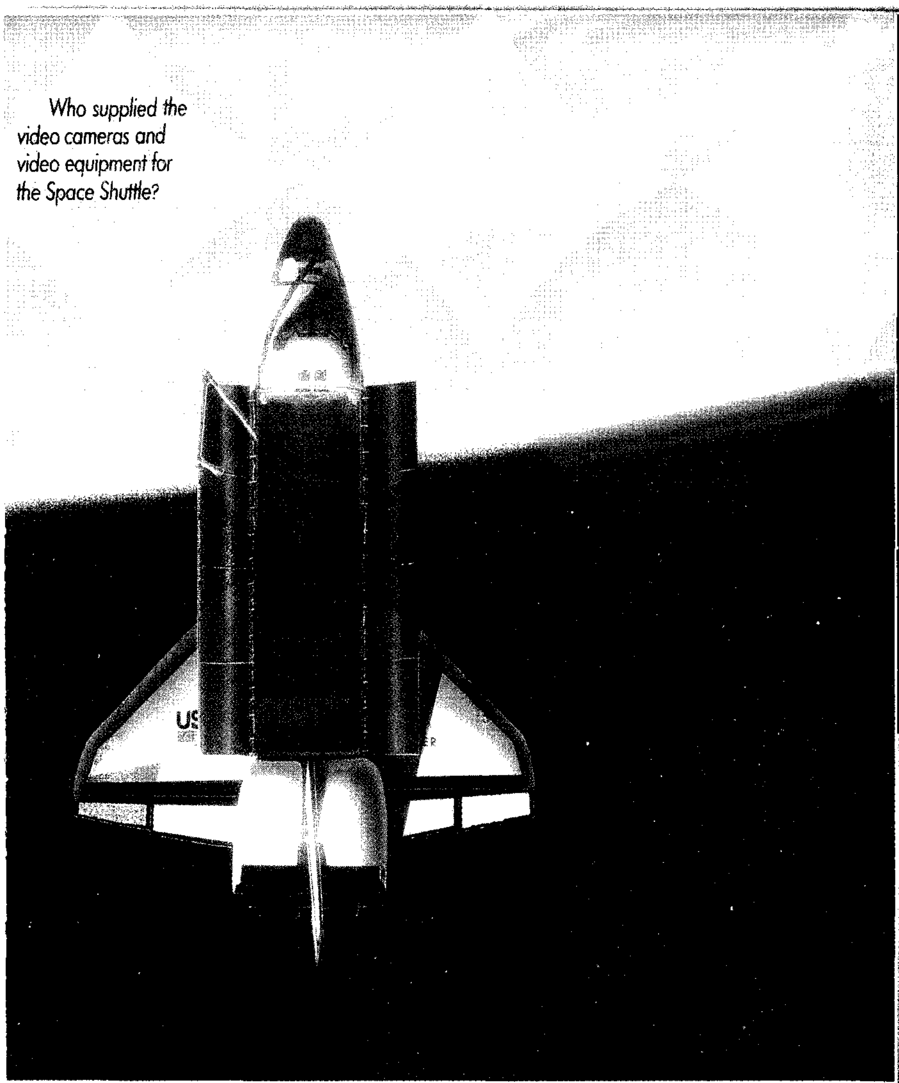


■ *Who built the U.S. Weather Satellites with search and rescue capabilities that have saved over 270 lives?*

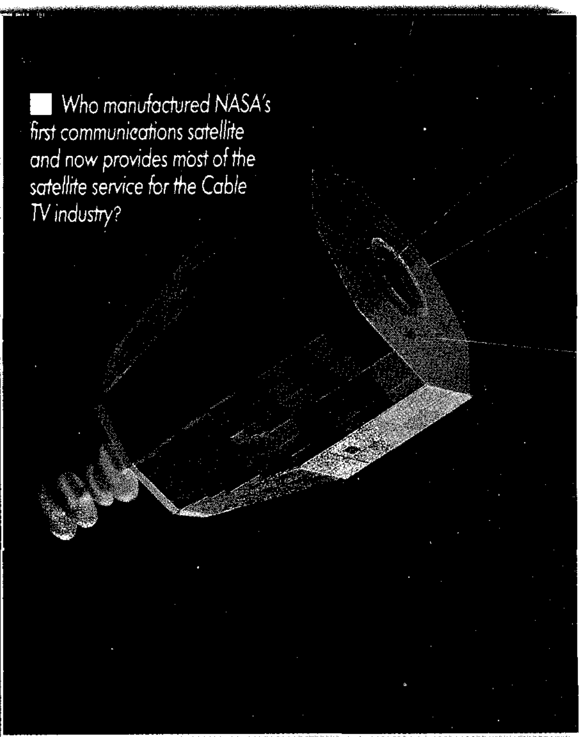
■ *Who supplies the automatic test systems [illegible] performance of the Army's M1 tanks and attack helicopters?*

■ *Who is developing the first high-powered Direct Broadcast Satellite?*

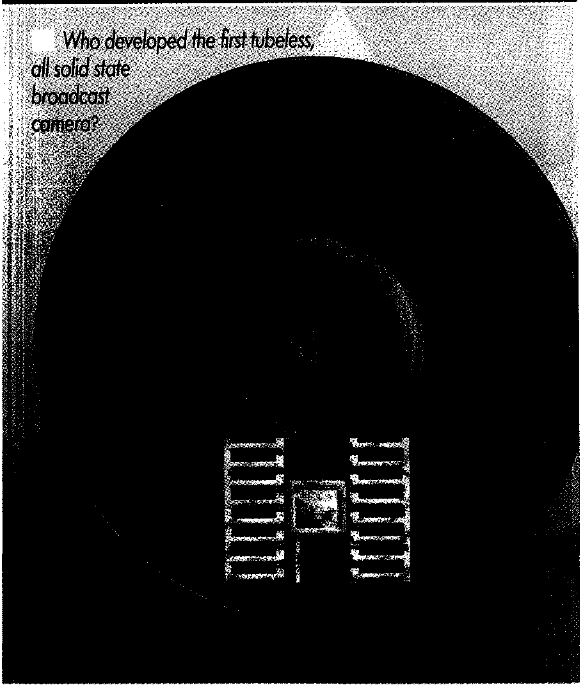
Who supplied the video cameras and video equipment for the Space Shuttle?

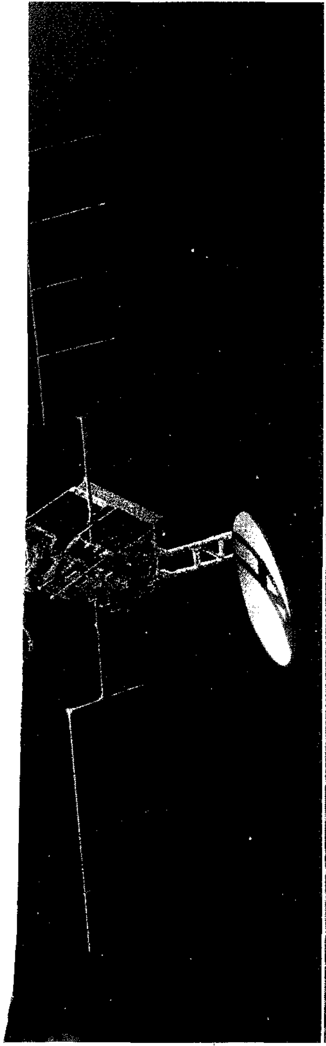


■ Who manufactured NASA's first communications satellite and now provides most of the satellite service for the Cable TV industry?

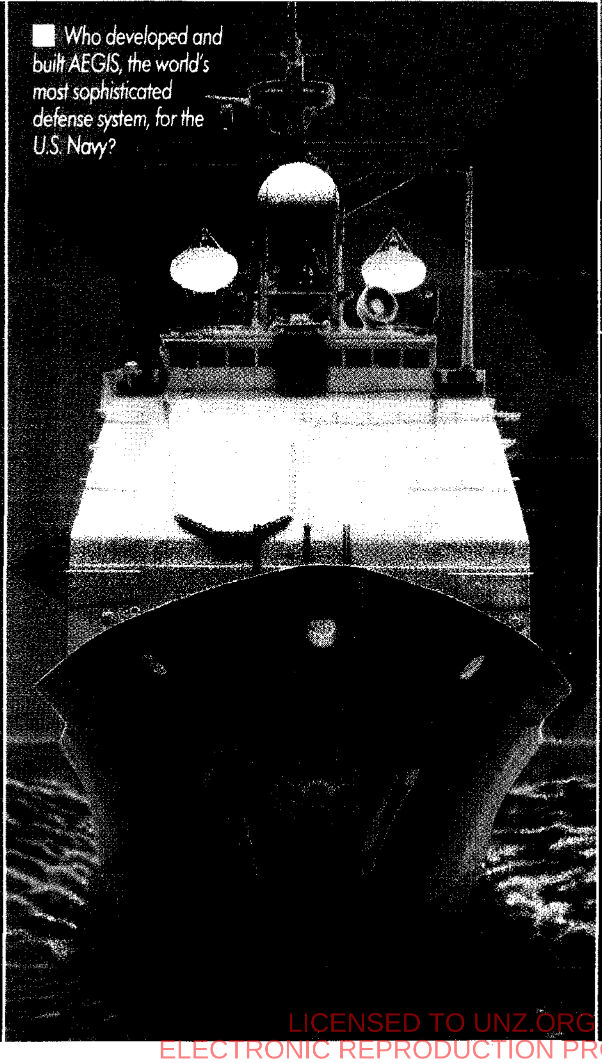


■ Who developed the first tubeless, all solid state broadcast camera?





■ Who developed and built AEGIS, the world's most sophisticated defense system, for the U.S. Navy?



■ Who conceived, developed and built all the polar-orbiting weather satellites in the free world?

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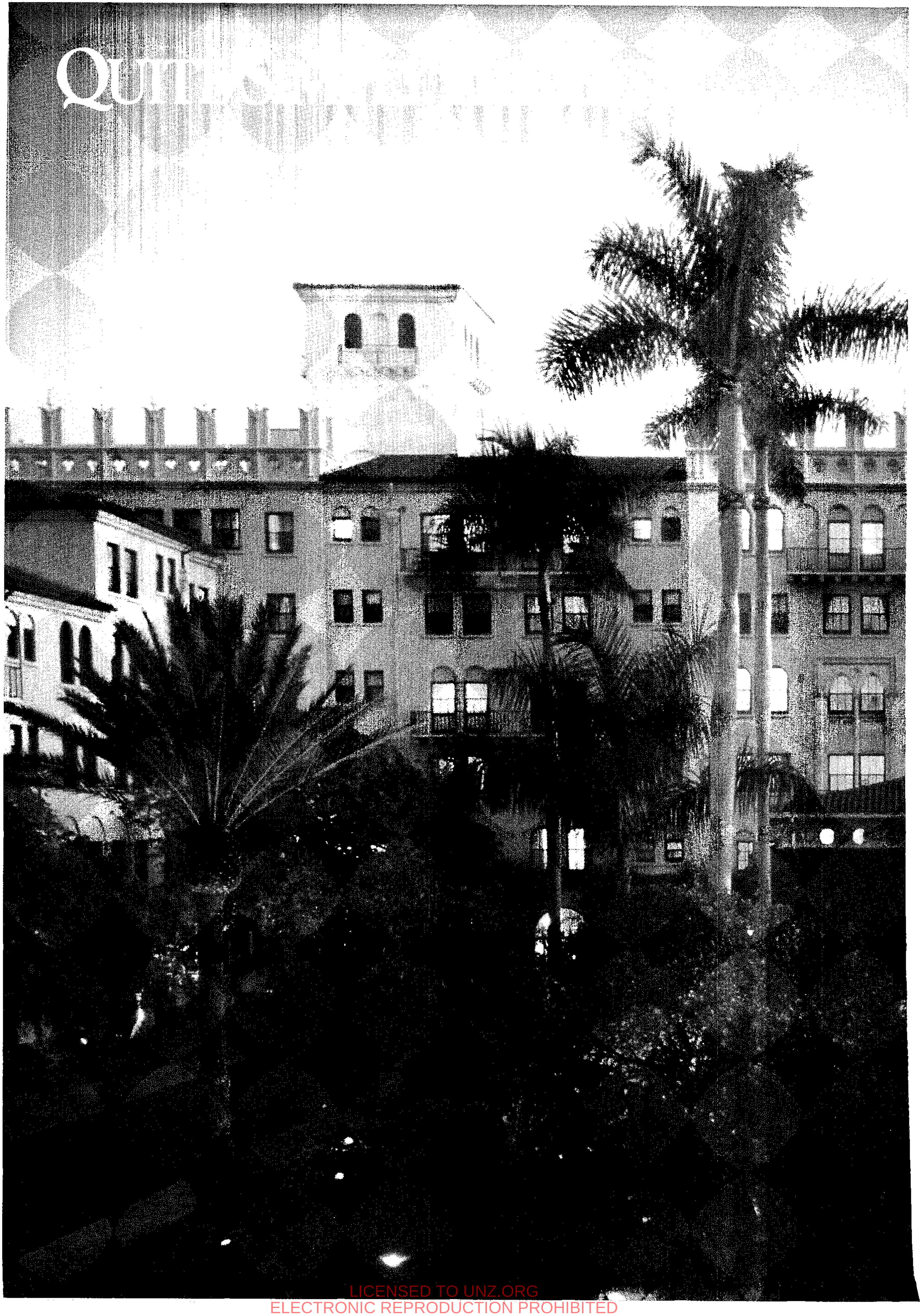

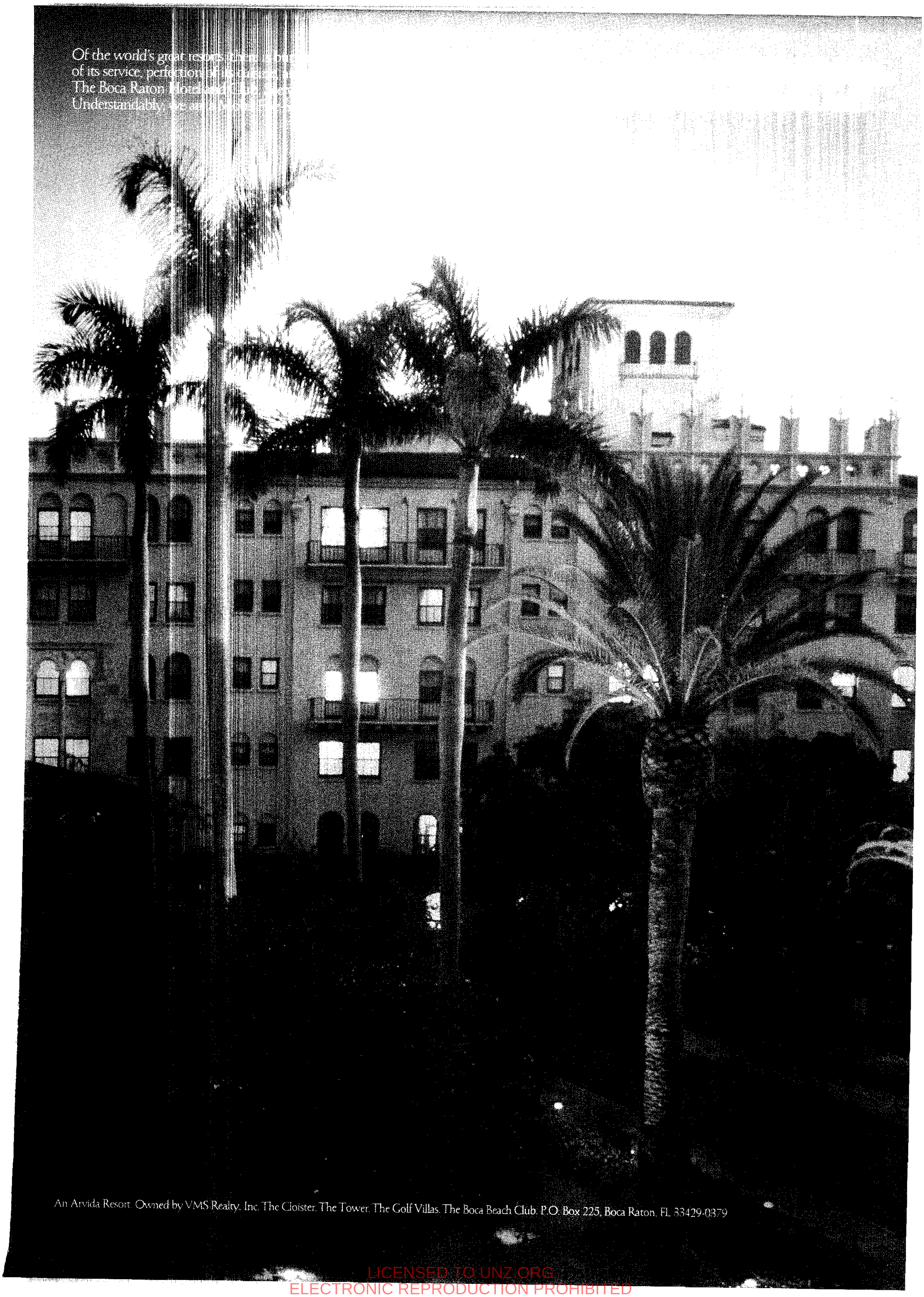Of the world's great resorts [illegible]
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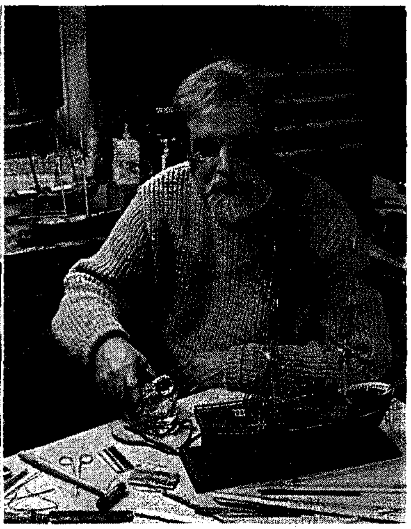

New York's Jack Putnam is a perfectionist, whether it be rigging for his model or his drink, white rum.

At home in San Juan, President of Condado Travel, José Targas and wife Carmen. Their drink: white rum.

At their beautiful Ponderosa Ranch home at Incline Village on Lake Tahoe, Nevada, Joyce and William Anderson enjoy a warm fire with Puerto Rican white rum on the rocks.

There's nothing like white rum to cap off the last run at Squaw Valley, according to ski instructor Tim Reeve and wife Linda.

Judith and Jimmy Dilday, at the home of friends Karen and Eddie Williams in Braintree, MA, debate the outcome of Sunday football while they agree on their choice of drink, white rum on the rocks.

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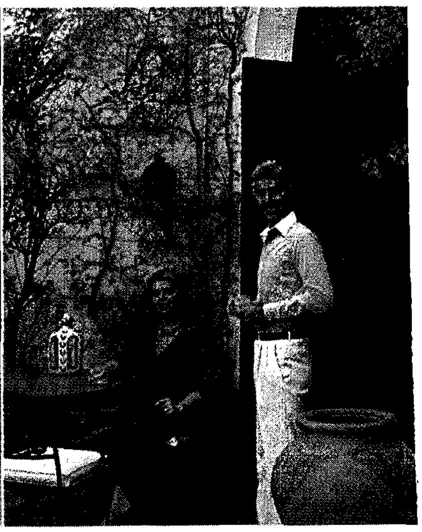

Having winter the warm, sunny, white rum way in San Juan are attorney Alvaro Cifuentes and wife Jeannie.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND of ours who, by dint of hard work, acumen, and aptitude, managed to rise to the rank of corporal during his two years in the Korea-era Army, dropped by recently to show off a letter he had received in early December from Geraldine Ferraro. The text was unremarkable. "On behalf of myself and the entire Democratic Party, I want to thank you for your generous contribution," it began, and it went on, "You and I can be proud of our participation in the 1984 elections. We worked hard and we did our very best." It was even possible—we couldn't tell for sure—that Ms. Ferraro herself had not actually *physically* signed the letter. But the salutation! The salutation more than made up for all that. "Dear Lt. Cdr.," it read. Lieutenant commander—a promotion by four ranks without any duty, active or reserve. Not only that, he'd switched services without so much as an application. (The Army has no lieutenant commanders; it's the naval equivalent of a major.) For doing nothing more than tell stories over the years about the life of an MP and the time spent at Fort Ord, in California, where the staple of the base diet was the artichoke. This was like one of those bachelors' degrees from Oxford that automatically mature into masters' degrees with the passage of four years and the payment of five pounds; this was like finding that the bottle of Welch's grape juice in the back of the refrigerator had turned into a magnum of Moët & Chandon. For several days, our friend straightened his shoulders, enjoyed the imaginary salutes of passersby, and ordered small children to paint all the stones in the neighborhood white. His ascension, he suspected, was too good to be true—but it was awfully nice of the Democrats.

Then, several days later, a second letter arrived, this one on the letterhead of Democratic National Committee Chairman Charles T. Manatt. Beginning simply "Dear Friend," it went on to beg our friend's pardon for the Ferraro missive: "Unfortunately, due to a clerical error, many of the letters contained erroneous titles or salutations. If you received one of these incorrect letters, I want to apologize for any inconvenience it may have caused you." A spokesman for the Democrats, Neel Lattimore, told us, when we called to ask, that some five thousand addressees had been mistakenly saluted by the National Committee computer. "Whoever was doing the inputting was neglecting to hit the 'mister' code," he said. "There were lots of titles—judge, colonel, general. We sent out the second letter because it was our mistake and we wanted to apologize to people."

Ever since the November election, people have been turning to each other at cocktail gatherings and asking, "What's the matter with the Democrats? Was it simply a case of an unappealing candidate, or are there structural problems that may require a rethinking of the Party's basic message?" Some of this talk has even found its way onto the Op-Ed pages of America's leading newspapers. It seems to us that the letter incident reveals a key shortcoming—shows the Democrats to be the kind of guys who if you've blown a nice big bubble will come up and pop it and then stand there watching you. Sure, reality is a fine thing, and it's great to go around with a long face about the deficit and the capital-gains tax, and whatnot. But you don't need to be throwing cold water on people just when they're enjoying their lieutenant commandership. Pretty soon, the Democrats will be mailing people advance information on the outcomes of the season's "Dallas" episodes, so we'll all be able to spend more time, in the words of the Ferraro letter, "reflecting, thinking, and planning." That may be what America needs. Still, there are Democrats who might give thought to some words of Huey Long, a proved vote-getter: "Every man a king!"

• •

Light

THE human pineal gland is a small reddish-gray lump that sits at the base of the brain between the cerebral hemispheres. It gets its name from the Latin word for "pinecone," though it resembles a pinecone only vaguely. Descartes thought it was the seat of the soul. He was wrong, but, as it turns out, he wasn't entirely off base. In some reptiles and birds, the pineal is close enough to the top of the skull to be directly affected by sunlight, and in these creatures it seems to act as a kind of third eye, helping them adjust their behavior to changes in the day-night cycle as the seasons change. The fact

NO CONTEST
MStevens

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that the human pineal is buried deep within the brain is one that Descartes found most suggestive, but it led later investigators to conclude that evolution had bypassed the gland, effectively blinding the third eye. As recently as ten years ago, medical textbooks described the pineal gland in mammals as a "vestigial" structure—a functionless evolutionary leftover, like the appendix. Just how wrong *that* assessment was we learned not long ago when we attended a scientific conference on "The Medical and Biological Effects of Light."

The driving force behind the conference was Dr. Richard J. Wurtman, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Dr. Wurtman, who is forty-eight years old but looks ten years younger, directs M.I.T.'s Laboratory of Neuroendocrine Regulation. He was introduced to the mysteries of the pineal gland while he was a student at Harvard Medical School, in 1957. Some Harvard researchers had just discovered that after the pineal glands of immature female rats were removed the rats' ovaries increased in size. Wurtman spent one summer shining bright lights on immature female rats and got the same result—enlarged ovaries—without removing their pineals.

To the small band of investigators who explored the implications of this work, it was clear by the mid-sixties that there was nothing vestigial about the mammalian pineal gland. Researchers demonstrated that the growth of the reproductive organs of many animals (from the albino laboratory rat to the Djungarian hamster) is regulated by a hormone manufactured in the pineal gland, and that the release of this hormone—named melatonin—is controlled by special nerve pathways, which bring information about light from the eyes to the pineal. But judgments enshrined in medical textbooks take time to change. As one of the pioneers in this field, Dr. Virginia M. Fiske, of Wellesley College, recalled at the conference, "it is not an exaggeration to say that, on occasion, work on the pineal was ridiculed."

Ridicule was clearly not a concern of the scientists who took part in the conference, which was held under the auspices of the New York Academy of Sciences. Of particular interest to us were their discussions of the effects of light (many of which are mediated by the pineal gland) on human beings. In separate papers, Dr. Alfred J. Lewy, of Oregon Health Sciences University, and Dr. Norman E. Rosenthal, of the National Institute of Mental Health, told of having encouraging successes in treating carefully selected groups of depressed patients with bright lights. And Dr. Lewy and Dr. Rütger A. Wever, of the Max-Planck-Institut für Pyschiatrie, in West Germany, talked about how exposure to bright light at the right time of day might help air travellers shake off the effects of jet lag.

The rationale behind the experimental "light therapies" would have gladdened Descartes's heart. Long-term studies of human volunteers (in Dr. Wever's laboratory and elsewhere) have established to the satisfaction of most scientists the existence of a biological clock that lays down a fundamental daily rhythm for many bodily functions, including fluctuations in body temperature and in the production and release of melatonin. However, evolution has left some flexibility in this daily rhythm, so that the body's clock can be synchronized with environmental rhythms created by the earth's daily rotation and its annual revolution around the sun. One important cue that helps keep the body's clock in sync with the environment is its daily dose of sunlight, which varies in timing and duration over the seasons. When human volunteers are isolated from such cues (in Germany they spend weeks at a time in isolation chambers at the bottom of a mine shaft), their internal clocks drift away from a twenty-four-hour cycle; for example, after weeks underground their body temperature may rise and fall in a twenty-three-hour or, more often, a twenty-five-hour cycle. By itself, this seems to cause no ill effects; in fact, the experimental subjects are not aware that anything inside them has changed. Troubles begin when a conflict arises between the internal clock and the outside world. For travellers who fly great distances east or west in a few hours (so that, say, the internal clock calls for behavior appropriate to early morning while the sunlight cue is telling the brain that it is high noon), the result may be the temporary symptoms of disorientation known as jet lag. What is more serious is that if some physiological abnormality causes certain people to get out of sync with their environment they may become clinically depressed.

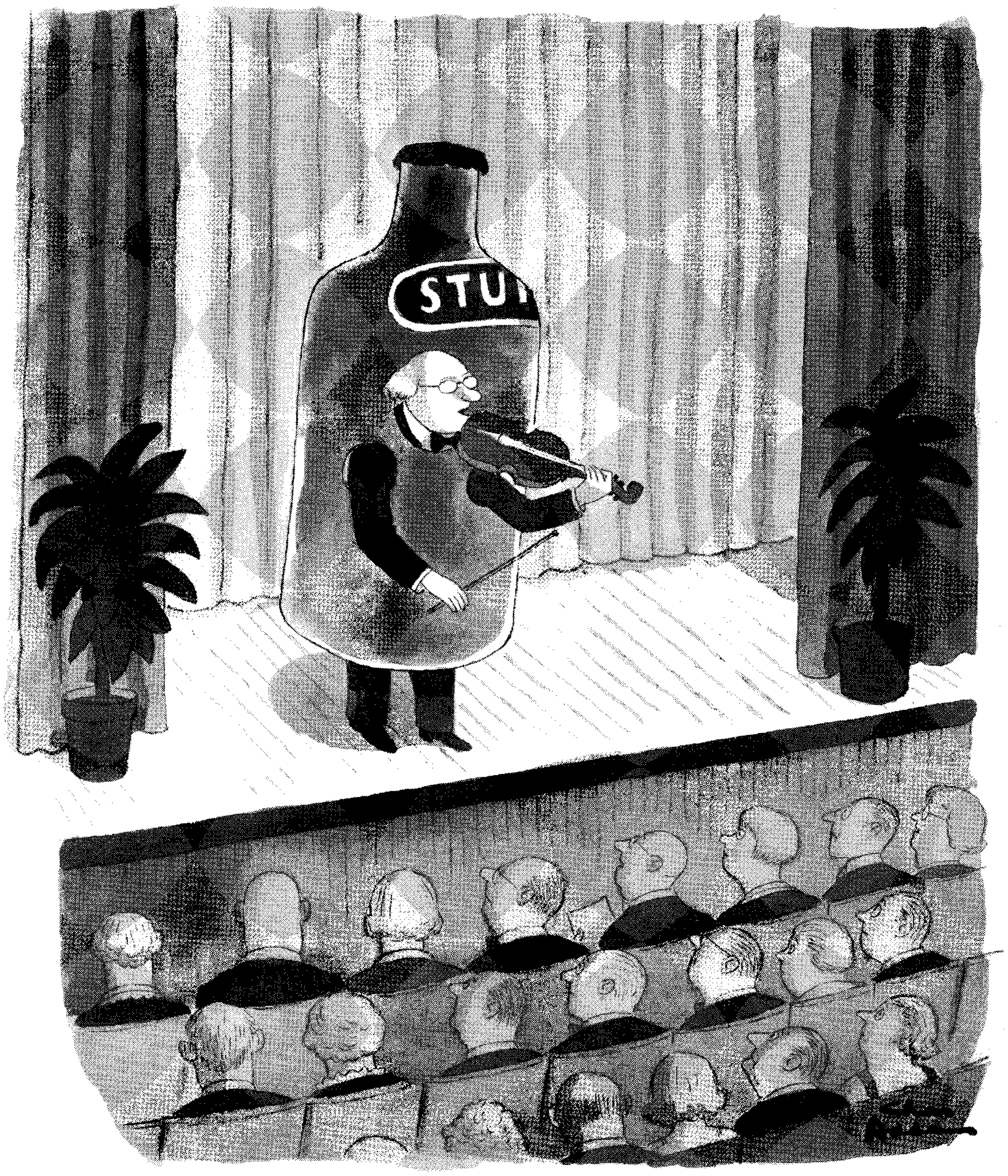
In the work reported by Dr. Rosenthal, certain patients were found to get depressed (sometimes severely enough to be hospitalized) every year with the onset of winter and to recover spontaneously each spring. To see whether these people would snap out of depression if they were exposed to an artificial spring, Dr. Rosenthal and his colleagues had them sit in front of a bank of unusually bright lights for five or six hours each day. Their depression lifted within two to four days; when treatment with the bright lights was withheld, their symptoms reappeared in about the same length of time.

Dr. Lewy has had similar success with his group of winter-depressive patients, but he believes that there may be more to the therapeutic effect than simply extending a patient's day to mimic spring or summer. He speculates that there may be people whose internal body rhythms, such as the daily rise and fall in melatonin production, become desynchronized from their own sleeping-waking cycle. Treating such patients with exposure to bright light at specific times of the day may make it possible to shift the internal clock to an earlier or later time with some precision, so as to bring the body's rhythms into closer agreement with the patient's subjective day and night.

On the basis of his understanding of the body's cyclic activities, Dr. Lewy ventured some recommendations for air passengers' self-treatment of jet lag. People flying from the East Coast to the West Coast should be able to speed up their adjustment to the new time zone by spending a few hours outside in the late afternoon for a couple of days. Travellers from the West Coast to the East Coast should follow the same procedure, but in the morning.

Exposure to ordinary artificial light seems to have no effect on our internal clocks. The reason, apparently, is that the incandescent and fluorescent fixtures we are accustomed to are simply not bright enough. Dr. Lewy has shown that light must be at least four times as bright as ordinary room lighting to have an effect on melatonin production. And even on an overcast winter day in the middle of a big city sunlight on the street will be from twenty to two hundred times as bright as the artificial lighting in a home or office. In all the experiments reported at the conference in which artificial light was used to mimic the sun, banks of fluorescent fixtures were used to attain the requisite brightness, and in most cases the fixtures were supplied by the Duro-Test Corporation, a New Jersey company that manufactures a patented fluorescent lamp, sold under the name Vita-Lite, that simulates the full beneficial spectrum of sunlight—all except the harmful ultraviolet part, that is. Luke Thorington, the vice-president of engineering of Duro-Test and the inventor of Vita-Lite, was one of the participants in the conference, which received major funding from Duro-Test. Mr. Thorington was introduced to us as "the man who holds the patent on sunlight." He is an engineer who speaks like a mystic when he gets on the subject of natural (or simulated) sunlight versus the "impoverished spectrum" of indoor lighting that most of us spend most of our waking hours under. There is an extensive literature documenting the effects of replacing ordinary fluorescent lamps with Vita-Lites of the same wattage in the home and workplace. The benefits claimed include less fatigue and higher productivity, but these findings have been challenged by other researchers, and by representatives of other lighting manufacturers, who cannot produce a fluorescent lamp that simulates the full beneficial spectrum of sunlight without infringing Duro-Test's patent.

We sought out Dr. Wurtman to ask



"This evening's concert is made possible by a grant from Stutz Beer."

him what he thought about Vita-Lite. After cautioning us that he is a part-time consultant (on the biological effects of light) to Duro-Test, he told us that the simulated-sunlight lamp has been listed as a medical device by the Food and Drug Administration. In fact, he said, there is more and more reason to think of light as a kind of drug, which, depending on the situation and the individual, can have good or bad effects. Dr. Wurtman went on to say, "In the world of nutrition, if you make a synthetic product, such as artificial orange juice, that leaves out an important ingredient of the natural product, such as Vitamin C, it is your obligation to add that missing ingredient to the product before it goes to market. We are getting to the stage where we may have to ask similar questions about indoor lighting: Should we be concerned about putting back the missing ingredients—those parts of the spectrum of natural sunlight that ordinary light bulbs leave out?"

Centennial

RUTH DRAPER is usually described as a monologuist, though the term sounds too pompous for her flights of comedy. She was really a stand-up comic, though that term sounds too hip and aggressive. What Ruth Draper did through the first half of this century was to go out on a stage, with very few props, and become various characters—a Maine fisherman's wife, an English tourist in Italy, a Scottish immigrant at Ellis Island—and just carry on, usually to hilarious effect. This unadorned performance was immensely popular; she held Broadway houses enthralled, and toured the country and the world. When she died, in 1956—at seventy-two, in her sleep, after her evening's performance—her renown faded, but a quiet influence endured. For example, when Lily Tomlin was doing impressions in a coffeehouse in Detroit an incidental comment by a stranger directed her to the Ruth Draper recordings, and she was, in her own words, "totally inspired" by the possibilities of the monologue and was from that day committed to the form; and a Ruth Draper cult has lately sprung up among young actors. This information recently emerged at a celebration of her hundredth birthday which was held in the theatre underneath St. Peter's Lutheran Church, at Citicorp. The event was part professional reminiscence, part performance, and part family affair—a rather strange mélange, but one that was not inappropriate for this unusual person—and in the end the disparate flashes that emerged from it composed themselves into a remarkably rounded picture.

An odd thing about Ruth Draper, accentuated at her centennial by a strong family presence, was that she was a "lady," born in New York in 1884—not the sort of background that encouraged women to become professional people, much less to go on the stage. But she did it, apparently without upsetting herself or anyone else. She started out casually entertaining people at social occasions; then she became in demand as a performer at private occasions in both New York and London. (This in itself seems peculiar. For example, she performed for the Queen and was later presented to the Queen as a member of society.) Eventually, Henry James, who in 1913 had called her "the little genius," redeemed himself for this remark by encouraging her to go public. "You have woven yourself a magic carpet. Stand on it," he said. She seems to have been carried along by an almost childlike confidence. When she was invited to perform in hotels across the country, she handled her own bookings. She performed for the troops. Then she went on to bigger things. She got on her magic carpet, and it flew.

The innocent-confident side of Ruth Draper came through in a lively description of her by Charles Bowden, who was her co-producer (with Richard Barr) and director in the later years ("If anyone can be said to have directed Ruth," he remarked). He first talked with her in 1946, when Alfred Lunt became ill in the middle of the run of a show that Bowden was managing, and Ruth Draper was booked in on very short notice. They met at four o'clock on the opening date, and she said, "It's only four o'clock. I don't go on till eight-thirty. Why do you want me here so soon?" Bowden replied that he thought they ought to look over the script, and she said, "What script?" He said they had to discuss lighting cues and other technicalities. She replied, "You ring up the curtain, I go on. And when I'm finished I come off and you ring down the curtain." He said they should discuss time. "What about time?" she asked. "Well, it would be overtime for the union members and be quite expensive if we run beyond eleven-thirty," he said. She replied, "Oh, the unions have always been very kind to me." Not entirely reassured, he noted that time still mattered, since people get tired of even the best performance after a while. "Oh, I always feel that before they do," Ruth Draper said, "and then I stop." The other side of this blithe attitude was that she could perform only under conditions of unadulterated spontaneity. She could not write her material down without spoiling it, and if she knew that a recording machine was on, or even that a person was taking dictation, she froze. Toward the end of her life, Bowden realized that her work was simply going to evaporate when she died. Through the intervention of Toscanini, a recording session was arranged at RCA. But, try as she might, as soon as the machines were on she became wooden. They tried to solve this by recording at eight-thirty—theatre time—and by gathering a little audience in the control room, and so forth, but she could not overcome her self-consciousness. Then a technician suggested that she come at seven-thirty and warm up for an hour. She did this the next day, and was—for the warmup—in top form. Surreptitiously, the switches on the recording machines were turned on. The next day, the same procedure was followed, and the next—and, always, at eight-thirty, when Ruth Draper thought the recording began, her performance curdled. The recordings that Lily Tomlin found in the Detroit Public Library had all been made in warmup time. Bowden said he had difficulty explaining to Ruth Draper the presence of certain pieces on the records. "Did I do that for the recording?" she would ask. "Well, it's there, so I must have." There may have been something of willed innocence in that; Bowden said he never knew if she knew.

In 1953, when Bowden, again in association with Barr, produced a one-woman show with Ethel Waters, Ruth Draper called him and asked, "Why isn't it me?" (The tone in which he quoted her was genuinely puzzled.) The notices for the Waters show were poor. Ruth Draper called the next day and said, "All right, now we can get on with my show." Bowden explained that he couldn't go to his investors for a one-woman show right on top of one that had failed. "Why do you have to go to your investors?" she asked. He explained what it would cost to mount a show. “I know that,” she said. “I give you a check for the amount, and two weeks into the run you pay me back. After that, we divide the profits equitably. So why do we need investors? I don’t want anyone to gamble on me.” “Ruth, I can’t guarantee that I’ll be able to return your money,” he said. She said, “Oh, you don’t have to *guarantee* it. You can just give it to me.” (This is exactly what happened with every Draper show produced by Bowden and Barr.)

Here’s Ruth Draper in her dressing room before curtain time, as Bowden described her: “It was always the same routine. First, she would put a bit of cream on her face from a bottle of Nivea—always the tiniest size, the ten-cent size. Then she’d take the cream off with Kleenex, very slowly. Then she would begin carefully outlining her eyes with a pencil. The pencil had no point, and, while I’m not certain, I think it was just an artist’s pencil anyway. Then she would dip her finger into a very old jar of Guerlain lip rouge and do her lips with a wide, extravagant gesture. The rouge in that jar was as hard as a golf ball. It was pitted with age. Then she’d look up and say ‘Done.’ Her face was unchanged.” In one of the more sentimental remarks of the evening, Neilla Warren, who knew Ruth Draper and is now writing a biography of her, said she was sure that “Ruth, looking down from her pink cloud at the occasion, is close to tears”—and added, almost as an aside, “She nearly always was.”

“We don’t say you’ve been bad. You’ve just made some bad choices.”

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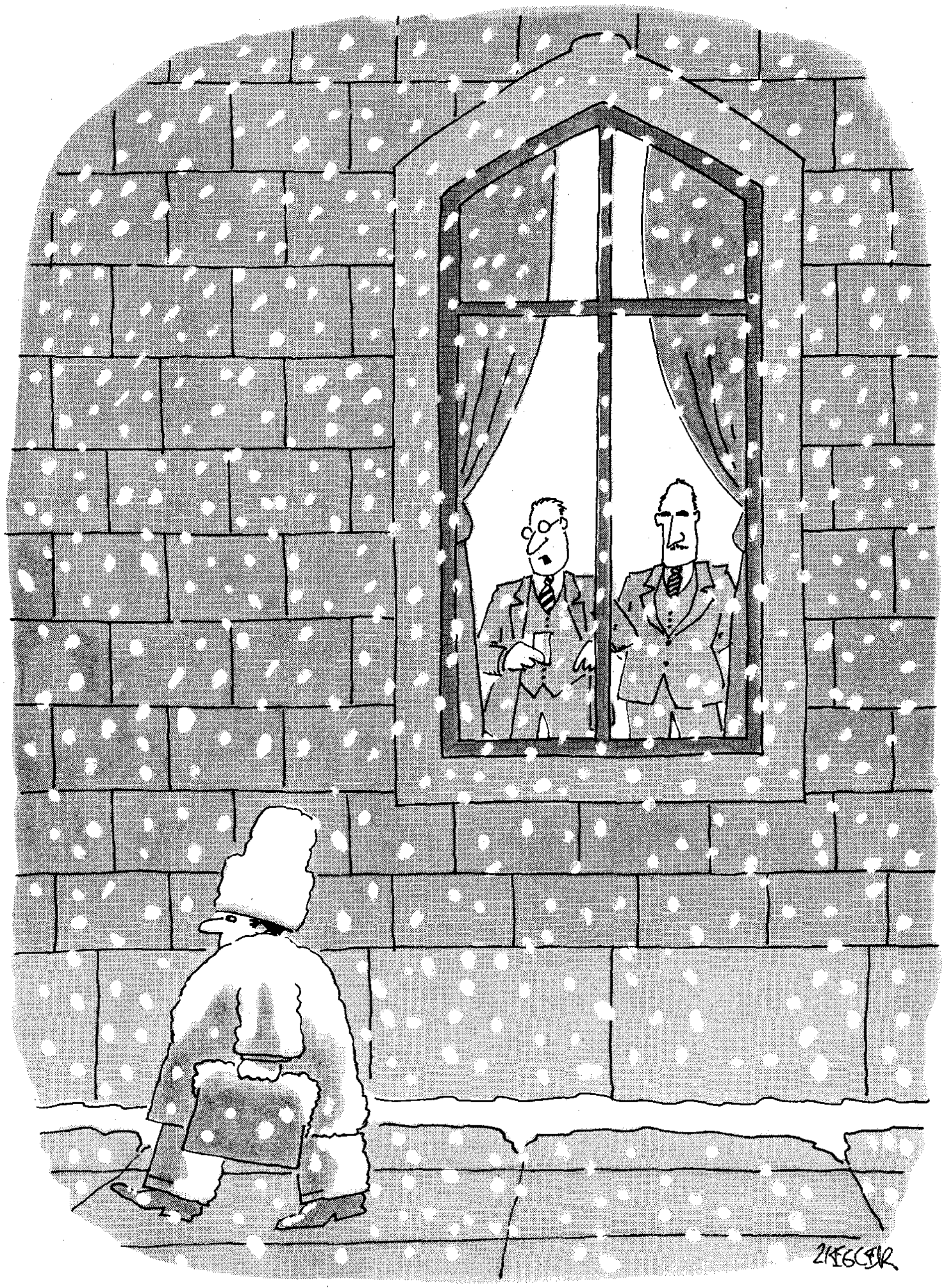
The centerpiece of the evening was Patrizia Norcia’s performance of two Draper pieces, each containing several characters. (Miss Norcia, an actress who has been studying Ruth Draper’s work for seven years, or ever since she first encountered it, at the Yale School of Drama, can perform six hours of Draper material.) The characters ranged from the flat-out silly—a giggly Swedish peasant girl singing a folk song (made-up versions of foreign languages were a Draper specialty)—to the impossible-serious: a silent rendition of a woman in an Italian church praying before a portrait of the Madonna and having a mystical-religious experience. Miss Norcia brought off not only both of these extremes but the solid middle-ground characters as well: a Midwestern woman guiding a tour of Midwestern women through an Italian church; a cynical beggar-woman in the church; an Englishwoman trying to copy the famous fresco in the church, in competition with a friend. Laughter came in steady waves. The comedy in this material lives, and one reason may be that it always goes one step beyond caricature. It mocks, and sharply, but there is an affection for the characters, no matter how absurd, that also comes through. Lily Tomlin said to us on the phone later, “I guess it’s just the completeness. There’s such a richness of language and character and humor and humanity and, I guess, artistry. Artistry is the word.”

We heard from Ruth Draper’s nephew William Carter, a former U.N. official, about “Aunt Scrub,” so named because when he and his brother, after an autumn of rugby playing, went to visit her at a house she had in England, she immediately plunged them into a bathtub. Aunt Scrub took the boys on a bicycle tour of the neighborhood, alarming natives with particularly loud and outrageous versions of her made-up foreign languages. We heard from her nephew Paul Draper, the dancer, who performed with his aunt (and had suspected beforehand that she wasn’t “a real theatre person”), about Ruth Draper coping with an absolutely dead audience, and Ruth Draper meandering on as the fisherman’s wife past the moment of union overtime while the producer made violent “cut” signals in the wings. Wildly frustrated, both producer and nephew assumed that she was just being innocent. “Ruth, *please* don’t go on like that past eleven. *Please*,” the producer said when she finally came off. Ruth Draper replied, “I thought she’d never stop talking.” Paul Draper’s daughter Pamela, herself an actress, rounded off the evening with her memory of visiting her great-aunt’s place in Maine. There were always lots of children, she said, and Ruth Draper always tucked each one in for the night. (Ruth Draper herself never married.) To each she would recite a poem—always the same poem, which Pamela Draper said she would recite for us now. It was by Alexander Anderson, a Scotsman, and was written in heavy Scots dialect. The first line was “The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht.” It was, as we had been warned,



"It's sticking."

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nearly unintelligible, though obviously full of dramatic, and even alarming, moments. When she was finished, Pamela said, "Happy Birthday, Aunt Ruth," and, to the audience, "Sweet dreams to all of you."

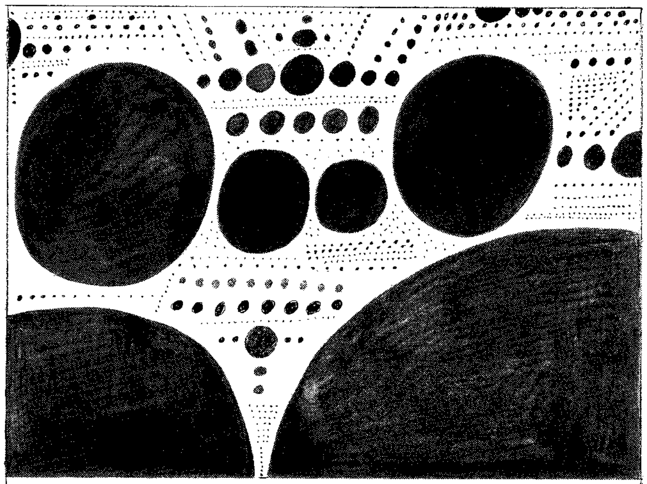
Flowers

LAST fall, when we first met the painter and textile designer Leslie Tillett, he was telling a standing-room-only crowd at the New School about the oldest rug in the world, a Siberian carpet stitched in the days when, as he put it, Confucius was saying his sayings. We talked with him again the other day, this time in his East Side studio and home, where he was getting ready for the February launching of a brand-new enterprise—decorative upholstery and drapery fabrics made from patterns drawn by Harlem youths who, he said, were "ages four to twelve, though some are three, actually." Tillett and a colleague, Brian Goodin, were excitedly holding up bolts of cloth and explaining, and holding up new bolts and explaining, faster and faster. "Every decorative-fabric collection needs certain ingredients," Tillett said, hoisting a bolt of roses and tulips. "One of these ingredients is flowers. But, with all the hundreds of drawings we were getting from the school we were working with, which is called the Children's Art Carnival of Harlem, there were no flowers. None. I asked Betty Blayton Taylor, the school's executive director, why that was, and she said, 'Well, there aren't that many flowers up here, actually.' Not only that—there are almost no florists. So I called a bunch of people I know in the wholesale flower trade and the silk-flower business, and all, and pretty soon the Art Carnival building—a brownstone on Hamilton Terrace—looked like a funeral parlor. And pretty soon after that we started getting pictures of flowers."

Tillett, who has been serving as the project consultant, says he will drop from sight as soon as the new enterprise, Harlem Works, Inc., is officially under way and the fabric is on sale to decorators at Walters Wicker, a nationwide chain. "This is to be entirely Harlem-run, employing entirely Harlem people," said Goodin, a forty-year-old immigrant from Jamaica, who was wearing a brilliant Ghanaian scarf. "Politicians come up to Harlem and talk about creating jobs, and no one delivers. We have forty per cent unemployment. Harlem is in the restaurant business, the entertainment business, the service business—a lot of maids live in Harlem. But this will be one of the first industrial projects started by individuals—no government money. Someday, the company may turn out pillows and pot holders as well as fabric, and employ as many as forty people. And when people have worked for us for a while they'll be able to go out on their own and get other jobs—or start their own companies." The designs, bright and sprawling, will, Goodin said, "bowl people over, because children paint a lot of things that can't be painted."

Tillett said, "They don't know about perspective. They paint what's in their heads, and they paint it straight from their heads." All the pictures are on the sort of paper and in the sort of color and drawn with the sort of abstracted concentration that make you instantly think Art Class; it doesn't take much imagination to see the dirty brushes abandoned in a sink, and the pink liquid soap and paper towels for cleaning up. "Can you imagine what these kids could draw if we could get them out into the world?" Tillett asked. "Can you imagine what they'll draw when they've been to a beach and seen *fish*? To a farm and seen animals with four legs, one at each *corner*?"

INVENTORY



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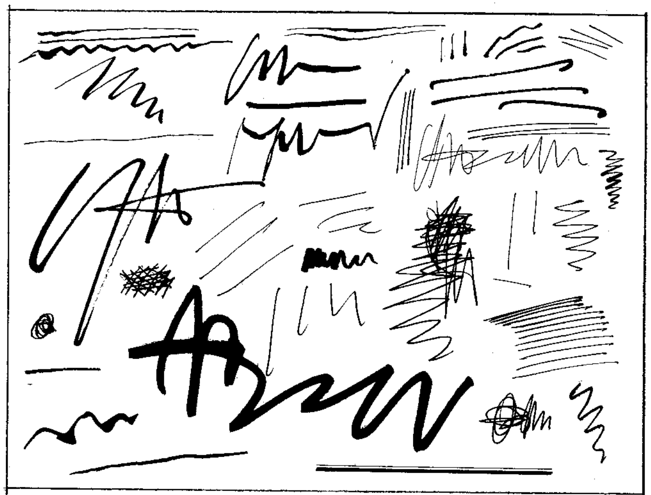

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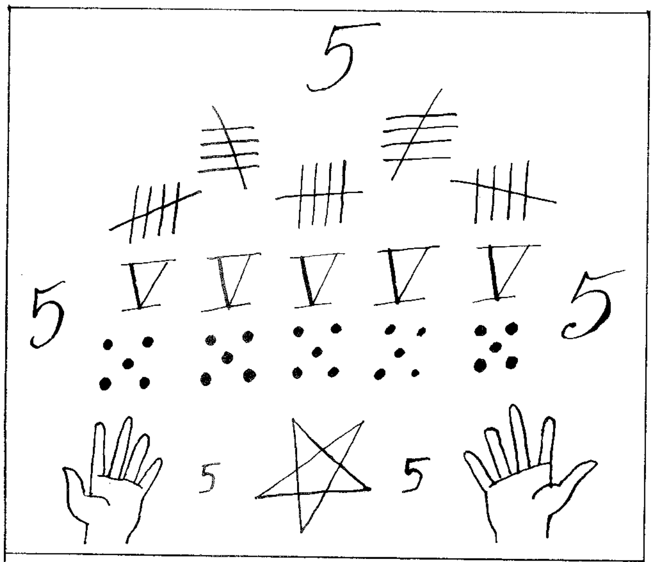
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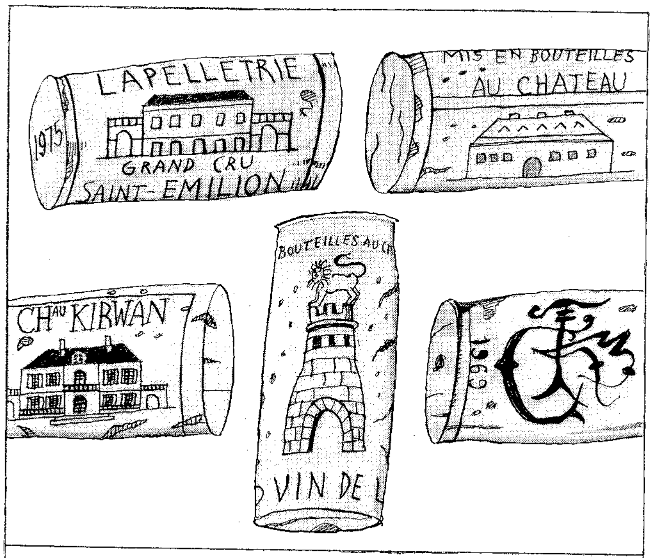
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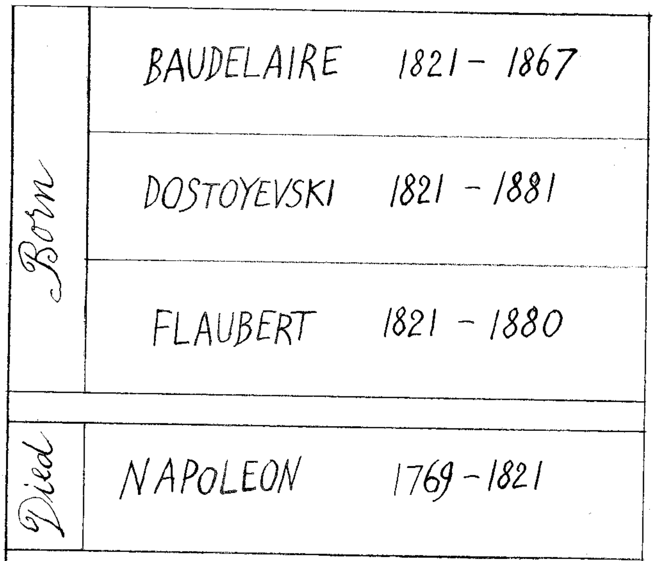
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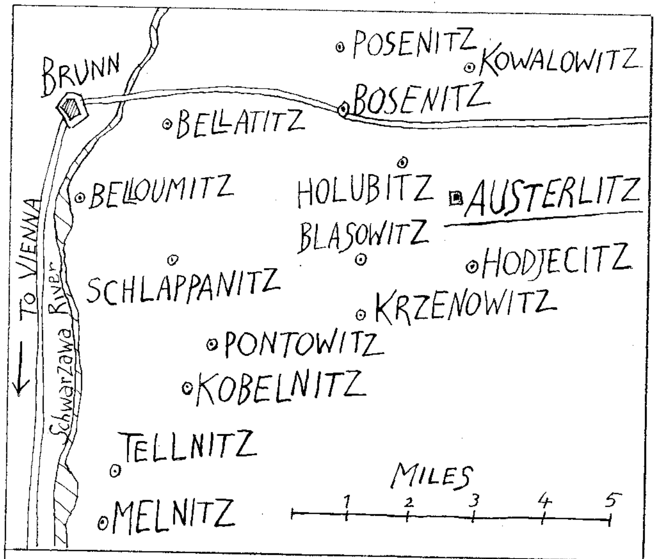
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AUSTERLITZ

ST

MILES CITY, MONTANA

My father came across the field, carrying the body of the boy who had been drowned. There were several men together, returning from the search, but he was the one carrying the body. The men were muddy and exhausted, and walked with their heads down, as if they were ashamed. Even the dogs were dispirited, dripping from the cold river. When they all set out, hours before, the dogs were nervy and yelping, the men tense and determined, and there was a constrained, unspeakable excitement about the whole scene. It was understood that they might find something horrible.

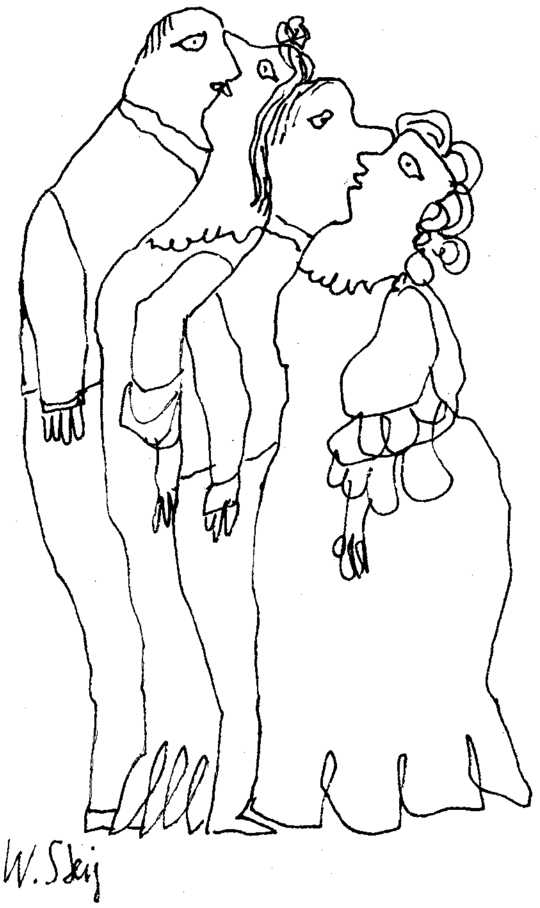
The boy's name was Steve Gauley. He was eight years old. His hair and clothes were mud-colored now and carried some bits of dead leaves, twigs, and grass. He was like a heap of refuse that had been left out all winter. His face was turned in to my father's chest, but I could see a nostril, an ear, plugged up with greenish mud.

I don't think I really saw all this. Perhaps I saw my father carrying him, and the other men coming with him, and the dogs, but I would not have been allowed to get close enough to see something like mud in his nostril. I must have heard someone talking about that and imagined that I saw it. I see his face unaltered except for the mud—Steve Gauley's familiar, sharp-honed, sneaky-looking face—and it wouldn't have been like that; it would have been bloated and changed and perhaps muddied all over after so many hours in the water.

To have to bring back such news, such evidence, to a waiting family, particularly a mother, would have made searchers move heavily, but what was happening here was worse. It seemed a worse shame (to hear people talk) that there was no mother, no woman at all—no grandmother or aunt, or even a sister—to receive Steve Gauley and give him his due of grief. His father was a hired man, a drinker but not a drunk, an erratic man without being entertaining, not friendly but not exactly a troublemaker. His fatherhood seemed accidental, and the fact that the child had been left with him when the mother went away, and that they continued living together, seemed accidental. They lived in a steep-roofed, gray-shingled hillbilly sort of house that was just a bit better than a shack—the father fixed the roof and put supports under the porch, just enough and just in time—and their life was held together in a similar manner; that is, just well enough to keep the Children's Aid at bay. They didn't eat meals together or cook for each other, but there was food. Sometimes the father would give Steve money to buy food at the store, and Steve was seen to buy quite sensible things, such as pancake mix and macaroni dinner.

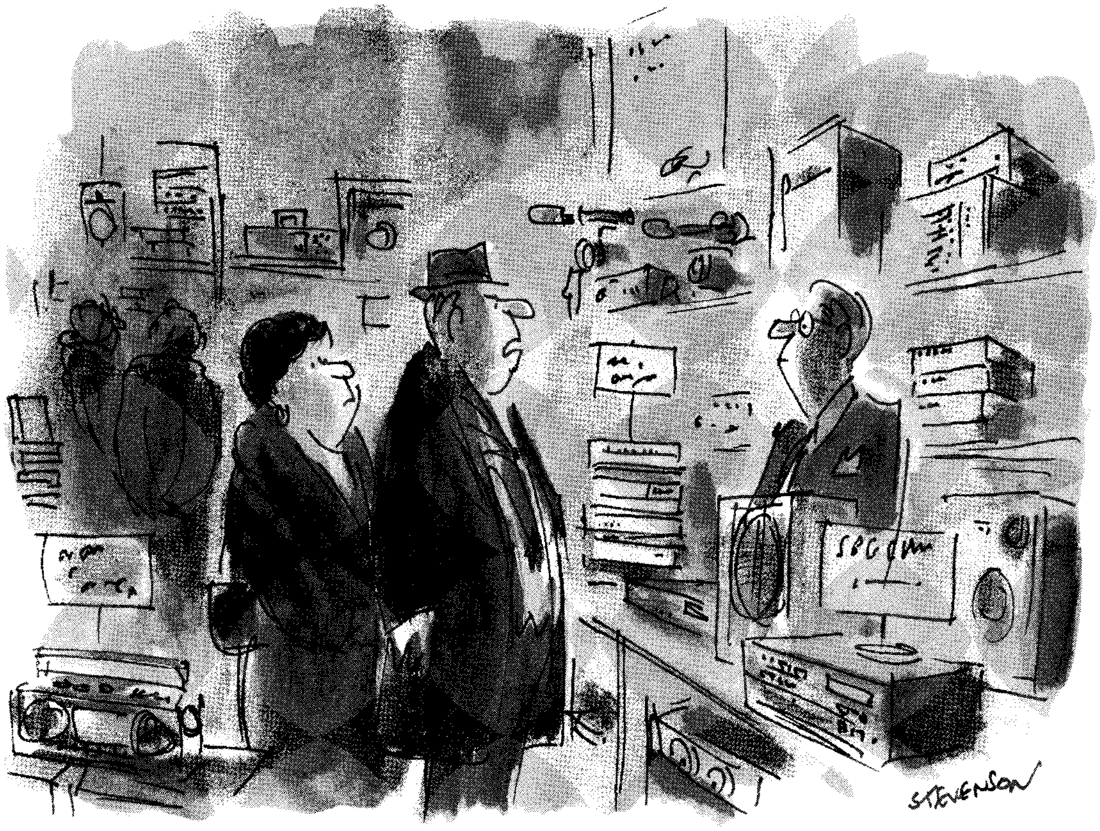
I had known Steve Gauley fairly well. I had not liked him more often than I had liked him. He was two years older than I was. He would hang around our place on Saturdays, scornful of whatever I was doing but unable to leave me alone. I couldn't be on the swing without him wanting to try it, and if I wouldn't give it up he came and pushed me so that I went crooked. He teased the dog. He got me into trouble—deliberately and maliciously, it seemed to me afterward—by daring me to do things I wouldn't have thought of on my own: digging up the potatoes to see how big they were, when they were still only the size of marbles, and pushing over the stacked firewood to make a pile we could jump off. At school we never spoke to each other. He was solitary, though not tormented. But on Saturday mornings when I saw his thin, self-possessed figure sliding through the cedar hedge I knew I was in for something, and he would decide what. Sometimes it was all right. We pretended we were cowboys who had to tame wild horses. We played in the pasture by the river, not far from the place where Steve drowned. We were horses and riders both, screaming and neighing and bucking and waving whips of tree branches beside a little nameless river that flows into the Saugeen, in southern Ontario.

The funeral was held in our house. There was not enough room at Steve's father's place for the large crowd that was expected, because of the circumstances. I have a memory of the crowded room but no picture of Steve in his coffin, or of the minister, or of wreaths of flowers. I remember that I was holding one flower, a white narcissus, which must have come from a pot somebody forced indoors, because it was too early for even the forsythia bush or the trilliums and marsh marigolds in the woods. I stood in a row of children, each of us holding a narcissus. We sang a children's hymn, which somebody played on our piano: "When He Cometh, When He Cometh, to Make Up His Jewels." I was wearing white ribbed stockings, which were disgustingly itchy and which wrinkled at the knees and ankles. The feeling of these stockings on my legs is mixed up with another feeling in my memory. It is hard to describe. It had to do with my parents. Adults in general but my parents in particular. My father, who had carried Steve's body from the river, and my mother, who must have done most of the arranging of this funeral. My father in his dark-blue suit and my mother in her brown velvet dress with the creamy satin collar. They stood side by side opening and closing their mouths for the hymn, and I stood removed from them, in the row of children, watching. I felt a furious, and sickening, disgust. Children sometimes



Animal Magnetism

have an access of disgust concerning adults. The size, the lumpy shapes, the bloated power. The breath, the coarseness, the hairiness, the horrid secretions. But this was more. And the accompanying anger had nothing sharp and self-respecting about it. There was no release, as when I would finally bend and pick up a stone and throw it at Steve Gauley. It could not be understood or expressed, though it died down after a while into a heaviness, then just a taste, an occasional taste—a thin, familiar misgiving.



"We're looking for one of those contraptions that record the trash on TV when you're out at some damn party."

TWENTY years or so later, in 1961, my husband, Andrew, and I got a brand-new car, our first—that is, our first brand-new. It was a Morris Oxford, oyster-colored (the dealer had some fancier name for the color)—a big small car, with plenty of room for us and our two children. Cynthia was six and Meg three and a half.

Andrew took a picture of me standing beside the car. I was wearing white pants, a black turtleneck, and sunglasses. I lounged against the car door, canting my hips to make myself look slim.

"Wonderful," Andrew said. "Great. You look like Jackie Kennedy." All over this continent probably, dark-haired, reasonably slender young women were told, when they were stylishly dressed or getting their pictures taken, that they looked like Jackie Kennedy.

Andrew took a lot of pictures of me, and of the children, our house, our garden, our excursions and possessions. He got copies made, labelled them carefully, and sent them back to his mother and his aunt and uncle, in Ontario. He got copies for me to send to my father, who also lived in Ontario, and I did so, but less regularly than he sent his. When he saw pictures he thought I had already sent lying around the house, Andrew was perplexed and annoyed. He liked to have this record go forth.

That summer we were presenting ourselves, not pictures. We were driving back from Vancouver, where we lived, to Ontario, which we still called "home," in our new car. Five days to get there, ten days there, five days back. For the first time, Andrew had three weeks' holiday. He worked in the legal department at B.C. Hydro.

On a Saturday morning we loaded suitcases, two thermos bottles—one filled with coffee and one with lemonade—some fruit and sandwiches, picture books and coloring books, crayons, drawing pads, insect repellent, sweaters (in case it got cold in the mountains), and our two children into the car. Andrew locked the house and Cynthia said ceremoniously, "Goodbye, house."

Meg said, "Goodbye, house." Then she said, "Where will we live now?"

"It's not goodbye forever," said Cynthia. "We're coming back. Mother! Meg thought we weren't ever coming back!"

"I did not," said Meg, kicking the back of my seat.

Andrew and I put on our sunglasses and we drove away, over the Lions Gate Bridge and through the main part of Vancouver. We shed our house, the neighborhood, the city, and—at the crossing point between Blaine, Washington, and British Columbia—our country. We were driving east across the United States, taking the most northerly route, and would cross into Canada again at Sarnia, Ontario. I don't know if we chose this route because the Trans-Canada Highway was not completely finished at the time or if we just wanted the feeling of driving through a foreign, a very slightly foreign, country—that extra bit of interest and adventure.

We were both in high spirits. Andrew congratulated the car several times. He said he felt so much better driving it than our old car, a 1951 Austin that slowed down dismally on the hills and had a fussy-old-lady image. So Andrew said now.

"What kind of image does this one have?" said Cynthia. She listened to us carefully and liked to try out new words such as "image." Usually she got them right.

"Lively," I said. "Slightly sporty. It's not showoff."

"It's sensible, but it has class," Andrew said. "Like my image."

Cynthia thought that over and said

with a cautious pride, "That means like you think you want to be, Daddy?"

As for me, I was happy because of the shedding. I loved taking off. In my own house, I seemed to be often looking for a place to hide—sometimes from the children but more often from the jobs to be done and the phone ringing and the sociability of the neighborhood. I wanted to hide so that I could get busy at my real work, which was a sort of wooing of distant parts of myself. I lived in a state of siege, always losing just what I wanted to hold on to. But on trips there was no difficulty. I could be talking to Andrew, talking to the children and looking at whatever they wanted me to look at—a pig on a sign, a pony in a field, a Volkswagen on a revolving stand—and pouring lemonade into plastic cups, and all the time those bits and pieces would be flying together inside me. The essential composition would be achieved. This made me hopeful and lighthearted. It was being a watcher that did it. A watcher, not a keeper.

We turned east at Everett and climbed into the Cascades. I showed Cynthia our route on the map. First I showed her the map of the whole United States, which showed also the bottom part of Canada. Then I turned to the separate maps of each of the states we were going to pass through. Washington, Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin. I showed her the dotted line across Lake Michigan, which was the route of the ferry we would take. Then we would drive across Michigan to the bridge that linked the United States and Canada, at Sarnia. Ontario. Home.

Meg wanted to see, too.

"You won't understand," said Cynthia. But she took the road atlas into the back seat.

"Sit back," she said to Meg. "Sit still. I'll show you."

I could hear her tracing the route for Meg, very accurately, just as I had done it for her. She looked up all the states' maps, knowing how to find them in alphabetical order.

"You know what that line is?" she said. "It's the road. That line is the road we're driving on. We're going right along this line."

Meg did not say anything.

"Mother, show me where we are right this minute," said Cynthia.

I took the atlas and pointed out the road through the mountains, and she took it back and showed it to Meg. "See where the road is all wiggly?" she said. "It's wiggly because there are so many turns in it. The wiggles are the turns." She flipped some pages and waited a moment. "Now," she said, "show me where we are." Then she called to me, "Mother, she understands! She pointed to it! Meg understands maps!"

It seems to me now that we invented characters for our children. We had them firmly set to play their parts. Cynthia was bright and diligent, sensitive, courteous, watchful. Sometimes we teased her for being too conscientious, too eager to be what we in fact depended on her to be. Any reproach or failure, any rebuff, went terribly deep with her. She was fair-haired, fair-skinned, easily showing the effects

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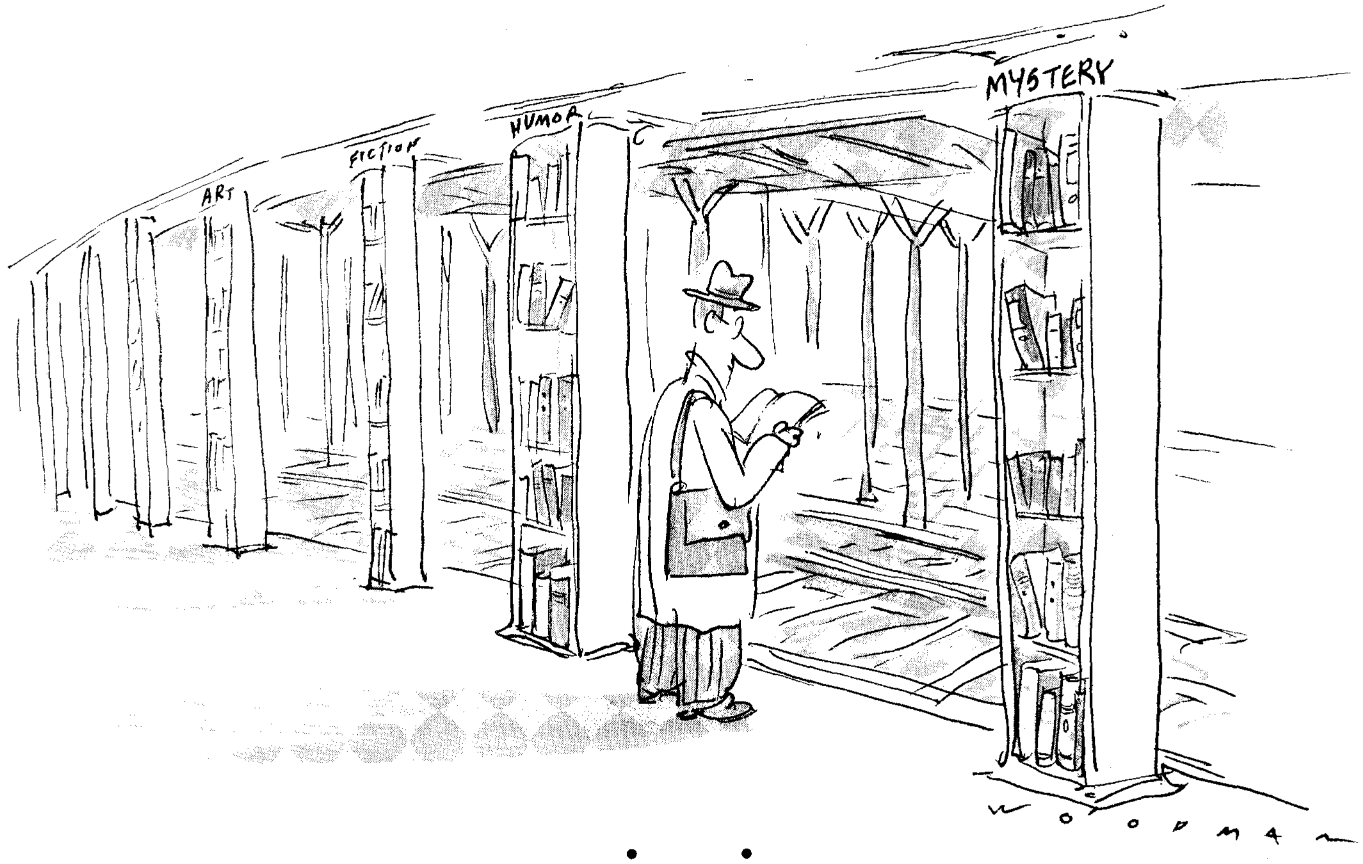
SOUL MUSIC: THE DERRY AIR

A strong drink, hundred-year-old
schnapps, to be sipped at, invading
the secret places that lie in wait and
lonely between bone and muscle, or
counting (Morse code for insomniacs)
the seconds round the heart
when it stutters to itself. Or to be
taken in at the eyes in small
doses, phrase by somatic phrase, a line
of laundry after dawn, air clean as
vodka, snow all over, the laundry
lightly shaking itself from frigid
sleep. Shirts, pajamas, flowered
sheets, empty socks, empty trousers—
risen as at a last day's dawn
to pure body, light as air. Whiteness
whiter than snow, blueness bluer than
the new day brightening the sky-lid
behind trees stripped of their illusions,
webbed geometry subtler than
any speech. It is a fierce blue eye
farther off than God, witnessing
house-boxes huddled together in rows
for comfort, blindly fronting
the deserted street down which, in time,
come farting lorries full of soldiers.
You are a fugitive "I," a singing
nerve. You flit from garden to garden
in your fit of silence, bits of you
flaking off in steam and sizzling
like hot fat in the snow. Listen
to the pickers and stealers, the shots,
man shouts, wail of women, kids crying,
who clutch stuffed dolls, Teddy bears,
and shiver, holding tight as a kite
whatever hand is offered. Here is
the light glinting on top boots, on
the barrel of the M-16 that grins, holding
its breath, beyond all argument. And here
is a small room where robust winter sunlight
rummages much of the day when the day is cloudless,
making some ordinary potted plants
flower to your surprise again, again,
and again: pink, anemic red, wax-white
their resurrection petals. Like hearts
drawn by children, like oiled lance points,
their unquestionable green leaves seem
alive with expectation.

—Eamon Grennan



of the sun, raw winds, pride, or humiliation. Meg was more solidly built, more reticent—not rebellious but stubborn sometimes, mysterious. Her silences seemed to us to show her strength of character, and her negatives were taken as signs of an imperturbable independence. Her hair was brown, and we cut it in straight bangs. Her eyes were a light hazel, clear and dazzling.

We were entirely pleased with these characters, enjoying the contradictions as well as the confirmations of them. We disliked the heavy, the uninventive, approach to being parents. I had a dread of turning into a certain kind of mother—the kind whose body sagged and ripened, who moved in a woolly-smelling, milky-smelling fog, solemn with trivial burdens. I believed that all the attention these mothers paid, their need to be burdened, was the cause of colic, bed-wetting, asthma. I favored another approach—the mock desperation, the inflated irony of the professional mothers who wrote for magazines. In those magazine pieces the children were splendidly self-willed, hard-edged, perverse, indomitable. So were the mothers, through their wit, indomitable. The other mothers I warmed to were the sort who would phone up and say, "Is my embryo Hitler by any chance over at your house?" They cackled clear above the milky fog.

We saw a dead deer strapped across the front of a pickup truck.

"Somebody shot it," Cynthia said. "Hunters shoot the deer."

"It's not hunting season yet," Andrew said. "They may have hit it on the road. See the sign for deer crossing?"

"I would cry if we hit one," Cynthia said sternly.

I had made peanut-butter-and-marmalade sandwiches for the children and salmon-and-mayonnaise for us. But I had not put any lettuce in, and Andrew was disappointed.

"I didn't have any," I said.

"Couldn't you have got some?"

"I'd have had to buy a whole head of lettuce just to get enough for sandwiches, and I decided it wasn't worth it."

This was a lie. I had forgotten.

"They're a lot better with lettuce."

"I didn't think it made that much difference." After a silence I said, "Don't be mad."

"I'm not mad. I like lettuce on sandwiches."

"I just didn't think it mattered that much."

"How would it be if I didn't bother to fill up the gas tank?"

"That's not the same thing."

"Sing a song," said Cynthia. She started to sing:

Five little ducks went out one day,
Over the hills and far away.
One little duck went
"Quack-quack-quack."
Four little ducks came swimming back.

Andrew squeezed my hand and said, "Let's not fight."

"You're right. I should have got lettuce."

"It doesn't matter that much."

I wished that I could get my feelings about Andrew to come together into serviceable and dependable feeling. I had even tried writing two lists, one of things I liked about him, one of things I disliked—in the cauldron of intimate life, things I loved and things I hated—as if I hoped by this to prove something, to come to a conclusion one way or the other. But I gave it up when I saw that all it proved was what I already knew—that I had violent contradictions. Sometimes the very sound of his footsteps seemed to me tyrannical, the set of his mouth smug and mean, his hard, straight body a barrier interposed—quite consciously, even dutifully, and with a nasty pleasure in its masculine authority—between me and whatever joy or lightness I could get in life. Then, with not much warning, he became my good friend and most essential companion. I felt the sweetness of his light bones and serious ideas, the vulnerability of his love, which I imagined to be much purer and more straightforward than my own. I could be greatly moved by an inflexibility, a harsh propriety, that at other times I scorned. I would think how humble he was, really, taking on such a ready-made role of husband, father, breadwinner, and how I myself in comparison was really a secret monster of egotism. Not so secret, either—not from him.

At the bottom of our fights we served up what we thought were the ugliest truths. "I know there is something basically selfish and basically untrustworthy about you," Andrew once said. "I've always known it. I also know that that is why I fell in love with you."

"Yes," I said, feeling sorrowful but complacent.

"I know that I'd be better off without you."

"Yes. You would."

"You'd be happier without me."

"Yes."

And finally—finally—racked and purged, we clasped hands and laughed, laughed at those two benighted people, ourselves. Their grudges, their grievances, their self-justification. We leapfrogged over them. We declared them liars. We would have wine for dinner, or decide to give a party.

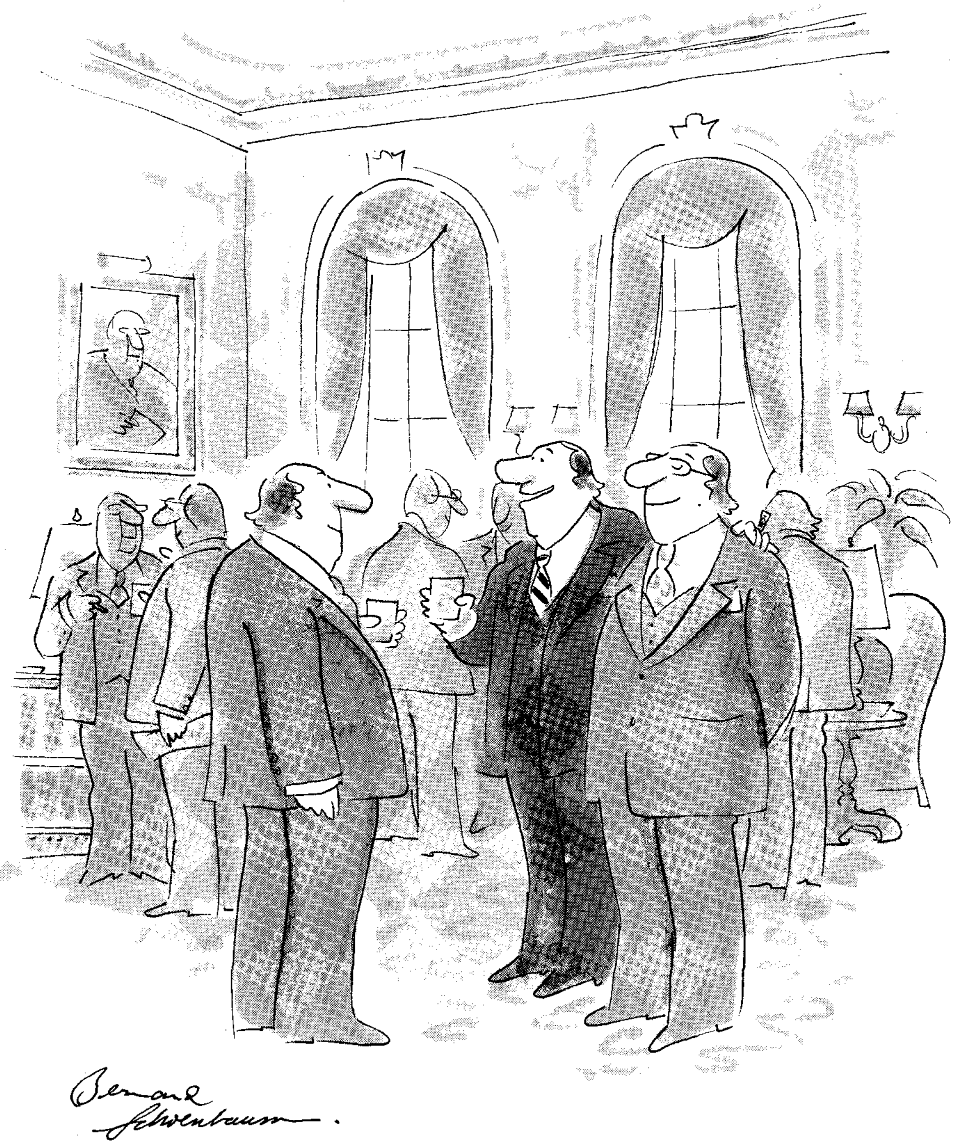
I haven't seen Andrew for years, don't know if he is still thin, has gone completely gray, insists on lettuce, tells the truth, or is hearty and disappointed.

We stayed the night in Wenatchee, Washington, where it hadn't rained for weeks. We ate dinner in a restaurant built about a tree—not a sapling in a tub but a tall, sturdy cottonwood. In the early-morning light we climbed out of the irrigated valley, up dry, rocky, very steep hillsides that would seem to lead to more hills, and there on the top was a wide plateau, cut by the great Spokane and Columbia Rivers. Grainland and grassland, mile after mile. There were straight roads here, and little farming towns with grain elevators. In fact, there was a sign announcing that this county we were going through, Douglas County, had one of the highest wheat yields of any county in the United States. The towns had planted shade trees. At least, I thought they had been planted, because there were no such big trees in the countryside.

All this was marvellously welcome to me. "Why do I love it so much?" I said to Andrew. "Is it because it isn't scenery?"

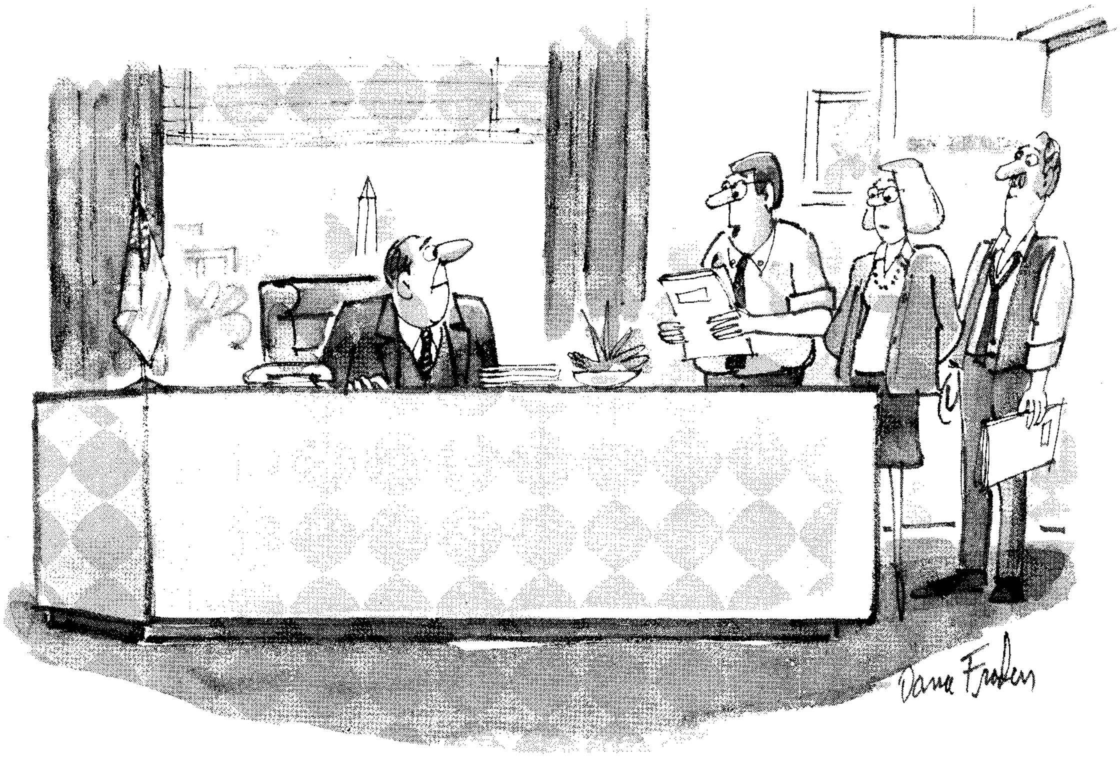
"It reminds you of home," said Andrew. "A bout of severe nostalgia." But he said this kindly.

When we said "home" and meant Ontario, we had very different places in mind. My home was a turkey farm, where my father lived as a widower, and though it was the same house my mother had lived in, had papered, painted, cleaned, furnished, it showed the effects now of neglect and of some wild sociability. A life went on in it that my mother could not have predicted or condoned. There were parties for the turkey crew, the gutters and pluckers, and sometimes one or two of the young men would be living there temporarily, inviting their own friends and having their own impromptu parties. This life, I thought, was better for my father than being lonely, and I did not disapprove, had certainly no right to disapprove. Andrew did not like to go there, naturally enough, because he was not the sort who could sit around the kitchen table with the turkey crew, telling jokes. They were intimidated by him and contemptuous of him, and it seemed to me that my father, when they were around, had to be on their side. And it wasn't only Andrew who had trouble. I could manage those jokes, but it was an effort.



"As you know, Phil, I'm a nice fellow. But Ed here is even nicer."

I wished for the days when I was little, before we had the turkeys. We had cows, and sold the milk to the cheese factory. A turkey farm is nothing like as pretty as a dairy farm or a sheep farm. You can see that the turkeys are on a straight path to becoming frozen carcasses and table meat. They don't have the pretense of a life of their own, a browsing idyll, that cattle have, or pigs in the dappled orchard. Turkey barns are long, efficient buildings—tin sheds. No beams or hay or warm stables. Even the smell of guano seems thinner and more offensive than the usual smell of stable manure. No hints of hay coils and rail fences and songbirds and the flowering hawthorn. The turkeys were all let out into one long field, which they picked clean. They didn't look like great birds there but like fluttering laundry.



"Sir, we've come to the conclusion that it's absolutely impossible to assemble a tax plan that doesn't benefit the rich."

Once, shortly after my mother died and I was married—in fact, I was packing to join Andrew in Vancouver—I was at home alone for a couple of days with my father. There was a freakishly heavy rain all night. In the early light we saw that the turkey field was flooded. At least, the low-lying parts of it were flooded—it was like a lake with many islands. The turkeys were huddled on these islands. Turkeys are very stupid. (My father would say, "You know a chicken? You know how stupid a chicken is? Well, a chicken is an Einstein compared with a turkey.") But they had managed to crowd to higher ground and avoid drowning. Now they might push each other off, suffocate each other, get cold and die. We couldn't wait for the water to go down. We went out in an old rowboat we had. I rowed and my father pulled the heavy, wet turkeys into the boat and we took them to the barn. It was still raining a little. The job was difficult and absurd and very uncomfortable. We were laughing. I was happy to be working with my father. I felt close to all hard, repetitive, appalling work, in which the body is finally worn out, the mind sunk (though sometimes the spirit can stay marvellously light), and I was homesick in advance for this life and this place. I thought that if Andrew could see me there in the rain, red-handed, muddy, trying to hold on to turkey legs and row the boat at the same time, he would only want to get me out of there and make me forget about it. This raw life angered him. My attachment to it angered him. I thought that I shouldn't have married him. But who else? One of the turkey crew?

And I didn't want to stay there. I might feel bad about leaving, but I would feel worse if somebody made me stay.

Andrew's mother lived in Toronto, in an apartment building looking out on Muir Park. When Andrew and his sister were both at home, his mother slept in the living room. Her husband, a doctor, had died when the children were still too young to go to school. She took a secretarial course and sold her house at Depression prices, moved to this apartment, managed to raise her children, with some help from relatives—her sister Caroline, her brother-in-law Roger. Andrew and his sister went to private schools and to camp in the summer.

"I suppose that was courtesy of the Fresh Air Fund?" I said once, scornful of his claim that he had been poor. To my mind, Andrew's urban life had been sheltered and fussy. His mother came home with a headache from working all day in the noise, the harsh light of a department-store office, but it did not occur to me that hers was a hard or admirable life. I don't think she herself believed that she was admirable—only unlucky. She worried about her work in the office, her clothes, her cooking, her children. She worried most of all about what Roger and Caroline would think.

Caroline and Roger lived on the east side of the park, in a handsome stone house. Roger was a tall man with a bald, freckled head, a fat, firm stomach. Some operation on his throat had deprived him of his voice—he spoke in a rough whisper. But everybody paid attention. At dinner once in the stone house—where all the dining-room furniture was enormous, darkly glowing, palatial—I asked him a question. I think it had to do with Whittaker Chambers, whose story was then appearing in *The Saturday Evening Post*. The question was mild in tone, but he guessed its subversive intent and took to calling me Mrs. Gromyko, referring to what he alleged to be my "sympathies." Perhaps he really craved an adversary, and could not find one. At that dinner I saw Andrew's hand tremble as he lit his mother's cigarette. His Uncle Roger had paid for Andrew's education, and was on the board of directors of several companies.

"He is just an opinionated old man," Andrew said to me later. "What is the point of arguing with him?"

Before we left Vancouver, Andrew's mother had written, "Roger seems quite intrigued by the idea of your buying a small car!" Her exclamation mark showed apprehension. At that time, particularly in Ontario, the choice of a small, European car over a large, American car could be seen as some sort of declaration—a declaration of tendencies Roger had been sniffing after all along.

"It isn't that small a car," said Andrew huffily.

"That's not the point," I said. "The point is, it isn't any of his business!"

"He's bored."

WE spent the second night in Missoula. We had been told in Spokane, at a gas station, that there was a lot of repair work going on along Highway 2, and that we were in for a very hot, dusty drive, with long waits, so we turned onto the interstate, and drove through Cœur d'Alene and Kellogg into Montana. After Missoula we turned south, toward Butte, but detoured to see Helena, the state capital. In the car we played Who Am I?

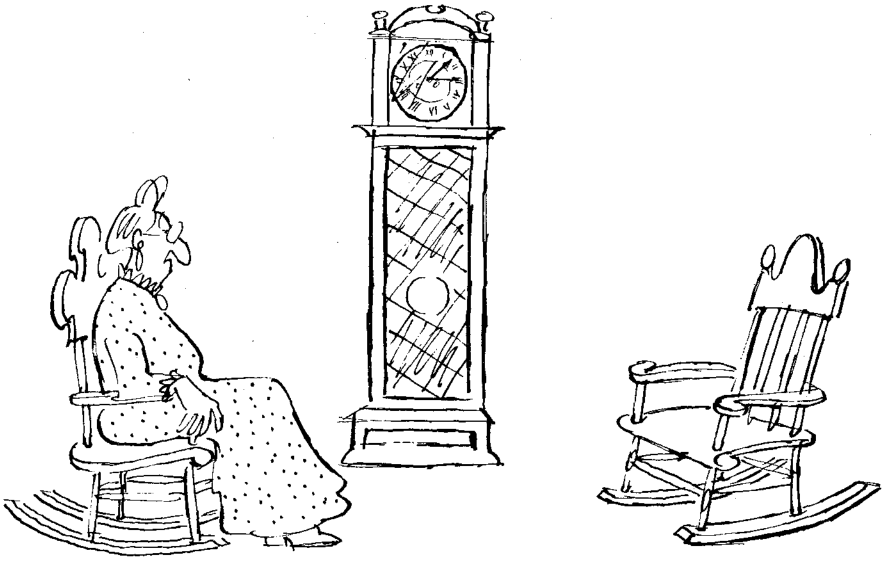
Cynthia was somebody dead, and an American, and a girl. Possibly a lady. She was not in a story. She had not been seen on television. Cynthia had not read about her in a book. She was not anybody who had come to the kindergarten, or a relative of any of Cynthia's friends.

"Is she human?" said Andrew, with a sudden shrewdness.

"No! That's what you forgot to ask!"

"An animal," I said reflectively.

"Is that a question? Sixteen questions!"



"No, it is not a question. I'm thinking. A dead animal."

"It's the deer," said Meg, who hadn't been playing.

"That's not fair!" said Cynthia. "She's not playing!"

"What deer?" said Andrew.

I said, "Yesterday."

"The day before," said Cynthia. "Meg wasn't playing. Nobody got it."

"The deer on the truck," said Andrew.

"It was a lady deer, because it didn't have antlers, and it was an American and it was dead," Cynthia said.

Andrew said, "I think it's kind of morbid, being a dead deer."

"I got it," said Meg.

Cynthia said, "I think I know what morbid is. It's depressing."

Helena, an old silver-mining town, looked forlorn to us even in the morning sunlight. Then Bozeman and Billings, not forlorn in the slightest—energetic, strung-out towns, with miles of blinding tinsel fluttering over used-car lots. We got too tired and hot even to play Who Am I? These busy, prosaic cities reminded me of similar places in Ontario, and I thought about what was really waiting there—the great tombstone furniture of Roger and Caroline's dining room, the dinners for which I must iron the children's dresses and warn them about forks, and then the other table a hundred miles away, the jokes of my father's crew. The pleasures I had been thinking of—looking at the countryside or drinking a Coke in an old-fashioned drugstore with fans and a high, pressed-tin ceiling—would have to be snatched in between.

"Meg's asleep," Cynthia said. "She's so hot. She makes me hot in the same seat with her."

"I hope she isn't feverish," I said, not turning around.

What are we doing this for, I thought, and the answer came—to show off. To give Andrew's mother and my father the pleasure of seeing their grandchildren. That was our duty. But beyond that we wanted to show them something. What strenuous children we were, Andrew and I, what relentless seekers of approbation. It was as if at some point we had received an unforgettable, indigestible message—that we were far from satisfactory, and that the most commonplace success in life was probably beyond us. Roger dealt out such messages, of course—that was his style—but Andrew's mother, my own mother and father couldn't have meant to do so. All they meant to tell us was "Watch out. Get along." When I was in high school my father teased me that I was getting to think I was so smart I would never find a boyfriend. He would have forgotten that in a week. I never forgot it. Andrew and I didn't forget things. We took umbrage.

"I wish there was a beach," said Cynthia.

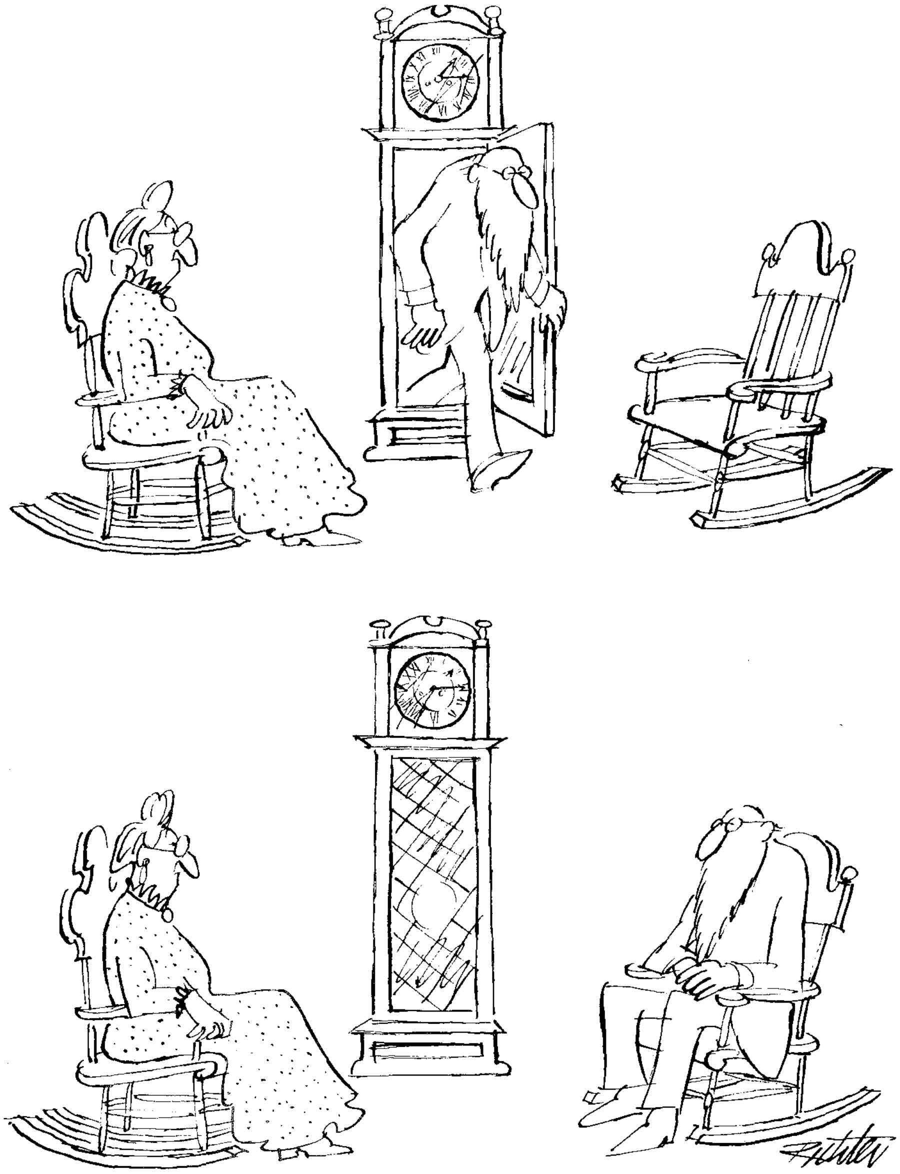
"There probably is one," Andrew said. "Right around the next curve."

"There isn't any curve," she said, sounding insulted.

"That's what I mean."

"I wish there was some more lemonade."

"I will just wave my magic wand and produce some," I said. "O.K., Cynthia? Would you rather have



grape juice? Will I do a beach while I'm at it?"

She was silent, and soon I felt repentant. "Maybe in the next town there might be a pool," I said. I looked at the map. "In Miles City. Anyway, there'll be something cool to drink."

"How far is it?" Andrew said.

"Not so far," I said. "Thirty miles, about."

"In Miles City," said Cynthia, in the tones of an incantation, "there is a beautiful blue swimming pool for children, and a park with lovely trees."

Andrew said to me, "You could have started something."

BUT there was a pool. There was a park, too, though not quite the oasis of Cynthia's fantasy. Prairie trees—cottonwoods and poplars—worn grass, and a high wire fence around the pool. Within this fence, a wall, not yet completed, of cement blocks. Nobody was around. There were no shouts or splashes. Over the entrance I saw a sign that said the pool was closed every day from noon until two o'clock. It was then twenty-five after twelve.

Nevertheless I called out, "Is anybody there?" I thought somebody must be around, because there was a small truck parked near the entrance. On the side of the truck were these words: "We have Brains, to fix your Drains. (We have Roto-Rooter too.)"

A girl came out, wearing a red lifeguard's shirt over her bathing suit. "Sorry, we're closed."

"We were just driving through," I said.

"We close every day from twelve until two. It's on the sign." She was eating a sandwich.

"I saw the sign," I said. "But this is the first water we've seen for so long, and the children are awfully hot, and I wondered if they could just dip in and out—just five minutes. We'd watch them."

A boy came into sight behind her. He was wearing jeans and a T-shirt with the words "Roto-Rooter" on it.

I was going to say that we were driving from British Columbia to Ontario, but I remembered that Canadian place names usually meant nothing to Americans. "We're driving right across the country," I said. "We haven't time to wait for the pool to open. We were just hoping the children could get cooled off."

Cynthia came running up barefoot behind me. "Mother. Mother, where is my bathing suit?" Then she stopped, sensing the serious adult negotiations. Meg was climbing out of the car—just wakened, with her top pulled up and her shorts pulled down, showing her pink stomach.

"Is it just those two?" the girl said.

"Just the two. We'll watch them."

"I can't let any adults in. If it's just the two, I guess I could watch them. I'm having my lunch." She said to Cynthia, "Do you want to come in the pool?"

"Yes, please," said Cynthia firmly.

Meg looked at the ground.

"Just a short time, because the pool is really closed," I said. "We appreciate this very much," I said to the girl.

"Well, I can eat my lunch out there, if it's just the two of them." She looked toward the car as if she thought I might try to spring some more children on her.

When I found Cynthia's bathing suit, she took it into the changing room. She would not permit anybody, even Meg, to see her naked. I changed Meg, who stood on the front seat of the car. She had a pink cotton bathing suit with straps that crossed and buttoned. There were ruffles across the seat.

"She *is* hot," I said. "But I don't think she's feverish."

I loved helping Meg to dress or undress, because her body still had the solid unself-consciousness, the sweet indifference, something of the milky smell, of a baby's body. Cynthia's body had long ago been pared down, shaped and altered, into Cynthia. We all liked to hug Meg, press and nuzzle her. Sometimes she would scowl and beat us off, and this forthright independence, this ferocious bashfulness, simply made her more appealing, more apt to be teased and tickled in the way of family love.

Andrew and I sat in the car with the windows open. I could hear a radio playing, and thought it must belong to the girl or her boyfriend. I was thirsty, and got out of the car to look for a concession stand, or perhaps a soft-drink machine, somewhere in the park. I was wearing shorts, and the backs of my legs were slick with sweat. I saw a drinking fountain at the other side of the park and was walking toward it in a roundabout way, keeping to the shade of the trees. No place became real till you got out of the car. Dazed with the heat, with the sun on the blistered houses, the pavement, the burned grass, I walked slowly. I paid attention to a poor thin leaf, ground a Popsicle stick under the heel of my sandal, squinted at a trash can strapped to a tree that I would never see *again*.

Where are the children?

I turned around and moved quickly, not quite running, to a part of the fence beyond which the cement wall was not completed. I could see some of the pool. I saw Cynthia, standing about waist-deep in the water, fluttering her hands on the surface and discreetly watching something at the end of the pool, which I could not see. I thought by her pose, her discretion, the look on her face that she must be watching some byplay between the lifeguard and her boyfriend. I couldn't see Meg, but I thought she must be playing in the shallower water—both the shallow and the deep ends of the pool were out of my sight.

"Cynthia!" I had to call twice before she knew where my voice was coming from. "Cynthia! Where's Meg?"

It always seems to me, when I recall this scene, that Cynthia turns very gracefully toward me, then turns all around in the water—making me think of a ballerina on point—then spreads her arms in a gesture of the stage. "Dis-ap-peared!"

Cynthia was naturally graceful, and she did take dancing lessons, so these movements may have been as I have described. She did say "Disappeared," after looking all around the pool, but the strangely artificial style of speech and gesture, the lack of urgency, is more likely my invention. The fear I felt instantly when I couldn't see Meg *—even while I was telling myself she* must be in the shallower water—must have made Cynthia's movements seem unbearably slow and inappropriate to me, and the tone in which she could say "Disappeared" before the implications struck her (or was she covering, at once, some ever-ready guilt?) was heard by me as quite exquisitely, monstrously self-possessed.

I cried out for Andrew, and the lifeguard came into view. She was pointing toward the deep end of the pool, saying, "What's that?"

There, just within my view, a cluster of pink ruffles appeared, a bouquet, beneath the surface of the water. Why would a lifeguard stop and point, why would she ask what that was, why didn't she just dive into the water and swim to it? She didn't swim, she ran all the way around the edge of the pool. But by this time Andrew was over the fence. So many things seemed not quite plausible—Cynthia's behavior, then the lifeguard's—and now I had the impression that Andrew jumped with one bound over this fence, which seemed about seven feet high. He must have climbed it very quickly, getting a grip on the wire.

I could not jump or climb it, so I ran to the entrance, where there was a sort of latticed gate, locked. It was not very high, and I did pull myself over it. I ran through the cement corridors, through the disinfectant pool for your feet, and came out on the edge of the pool.

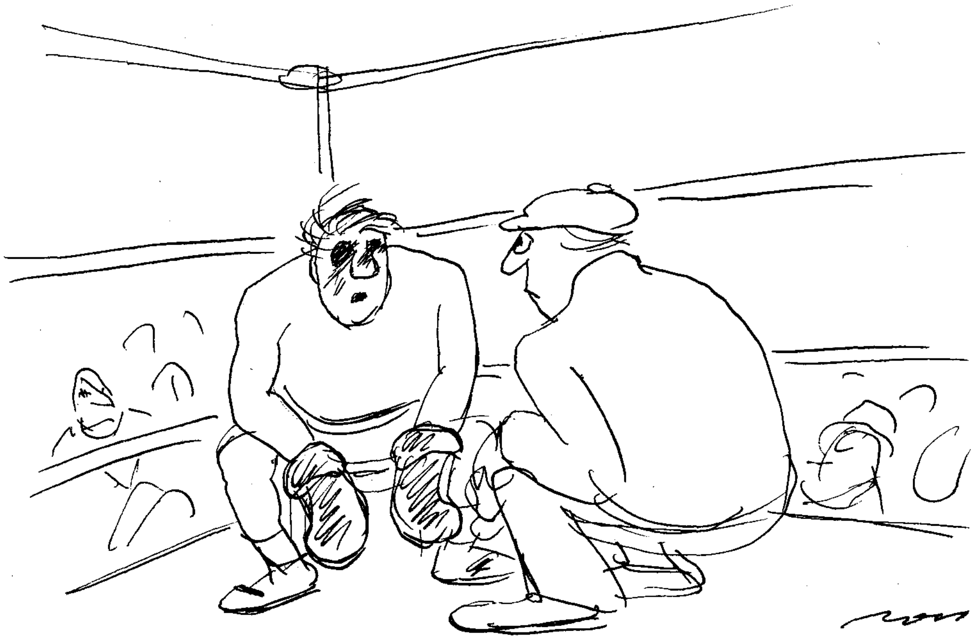
The *drama was over.*

Andrew had got to Meg first, and had pulled her out of the water. He just had to reach over and grab her, because she was swimming somehow, with her head underwater—she was moving toward the edge of the pool. He was carrying her now, and the lifeguard was trotting along behind. Cynthia had climbed out of the water and was running to meet them. The only person aloof from the situation was the boyfriend, who had stayed on the bench at the shallow end, drinking a milkshake. He smiled at me, and I thought that unfeeling of him, even though the danger was past. He may have meant it kindly. I noticed that he had not turned the radio off, just down.

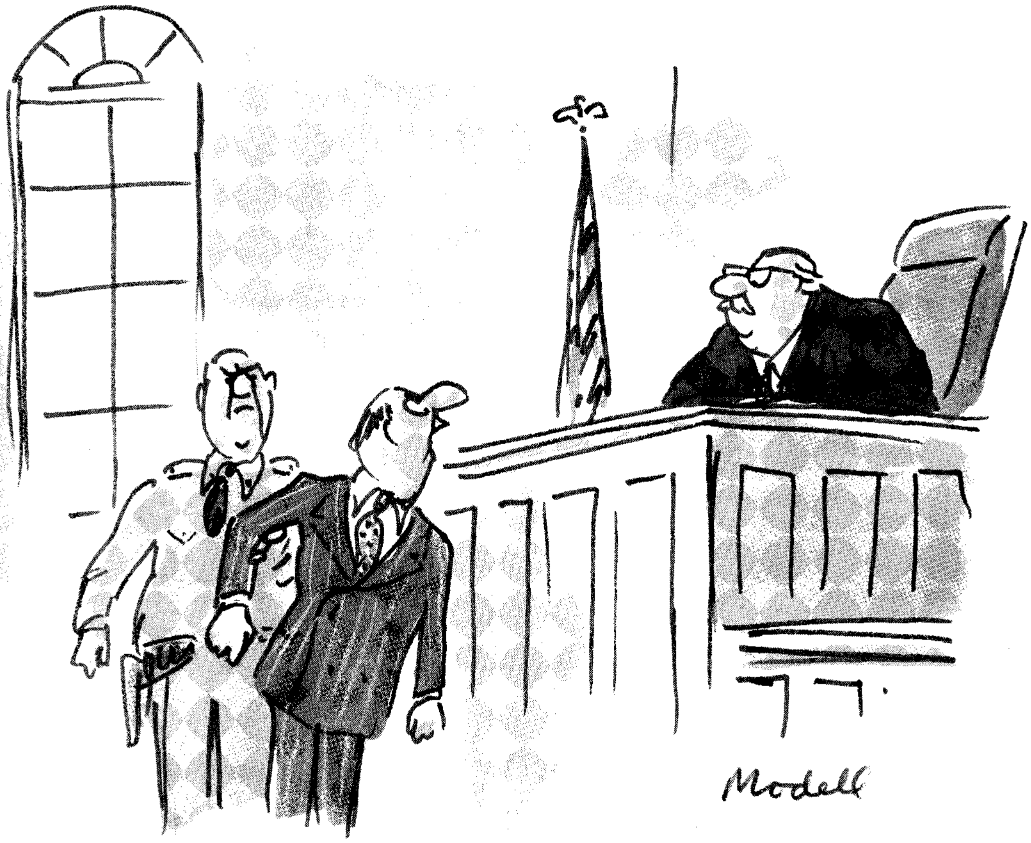
Meg had not swallowed any water. She hadn't even scared herself. Her hair was plastered to her head and her eyes were wide open, golden with amazement.

"I was getting the comb," she said. "I didn't know it was deep."

Andrew said, "She was swimming! She was swimming by herself. I saw her bathing



"He's very skilled."



"That's the last time I ever throw myself on the mercy of your court."

suit in the water and then I saw her swimming."

"She nearly drowned," Cynthia said. "Didn't she? Meg nearly drowned."

"I don't know how it could have happened," said the lifeguard. "One moment she was there, and the next she wasn't."

What had happened was that Meg had climbed out of the water at the shallow end and run along the edge of the pool toward the deep end. She saw a comb that somebody had dropped lying on the bottom. She crouched down and reached in to pick it up, quite deceived as to the depth of the water. She went over the edge and slipped into the pool, making such a light splash that nobody heard—not the lifeguard, who was kissing her boyfriend, nor Cynthia, who was watching them. That must have been the moment under the trees when I thought, Where are the children? It must have been the same moment. At that moment Meg was slipping, surprised, into the treacherously clear blue water.

"It's O.K.," I said to the lifeguard, who was nearly crying. "She can move pretty fast." (Though that wasn't what we usually said about Meg at all. We said she thought everything over and took her time.)

"You swam, Meg," said Cynthia, in a congratulatory way. (She told us about the kissing later.)

"I didn't know it was deep," Meg said. "I didn't drown."

WE had lunch at a takeout place, eating hamburgers and fries at a picnic table not far from the highway. In my excitement I forgot to get Meg a plain hamburger, and had to scrape off the relish and mustard with plastic spoons, then wipe the meat with a paper napkin, before she would eat it. I took advantage of the trash can there to clean out the car. Then we resumed driving east, with the car windows open in front. Cynthia and Meg fell asleep in the back seat.

Andrew and I now talked quietly about what had happened. Suppose I hadn't had the impulse just at that moment to check on the children? Suppose we had gone uptown to get drinks, as we had thought of doing? How had Andrew got over the fence? Did he jump or climb? (He couldn't remember.) How had he reached Meg so quickly? And think of the lifeguard not watching. And Cynthia, taken up with the kissing. Not seeing anything else. Not seeing Meg drop over the edge.

Disappeared.

But she swam. She held her breath and came up swimming.

What a chain of lucky links.

That was all we spoke about—luck. But I was compelled to picture the opposite. At this moment we could have been filling out forms. Meg removed from us, Meg's body being prepared for shipment. To Vancouver—where we had never noticed such a thing as a graveyard—or to Ontario? The scribbled drawings she had made this morning would be still in the back seat of the car. How could this be borne all at once, how did people bear it? The plump, sweet shoulders and hands and feet, the fine brown hair, the rather satisfied, secretive expression—all exactly the same as when she had been alive. The most ordinary tragedy. A child drowned in a swimming pool at noon on a sunny day. Things tidied up quickly. The pool open as usual at two o'clock. The lifeguard is a bit shaken up and gets the afternoon off. She drives away with her boyfriend in the Roto-Rooter truck. The body sealed away in some kind of shipping coffin. Sedatives, phone calls, arrangements. Such a sudden vacancy, a blind sinking and shifting. Waking up groggy from the pills, thinking for a moment it wasn't true. Thinking if only we hadn't stopped, if only we hadn't taken this route, if only they hadn't let us use the pool. Probably no one would ever have known about the comb.

There's something trashy about this kind of imagining, isn't there? Something shameful. Laying your finger on the wire to get the safe shock, feeling a bit of what it's like, then pulling back. I believed that Andrew was more scrupulous than I about such things, and that at this moment he was really trying to think about something else.

When I stood apart from my parents at Steve Gauley's funeral and watched them, and had this new, unpleasant feeling about them, I thought that I was understanding something about them for the first time. It was a deadly-serious thing. I was understanding that they were implicated. Their big, stiff, dressed-up bodies did not stand between me and sudden death, or any kind of death. They gave consent. So it seemed. They gave consent to the death of children and to my death not by anything they said or thought but by the very fact that they had made children—they had made me. They had made me, and for that reason my death—however grieved they were, however they carried on—would seem to them anything but impossible or unnatural. This was a fact, and even then I knew they were not to blame.

But I did blame them. I charged them with effrontery, hypocrisy. And not just on my own behalf. On Steve Gauley's behalf, and on behalf of all children, who knew that by rights they should have sprung up free, to live a new, superior kind of life, not to be caught in the snares of grownups, with their sex and funerals.

Steve Gauley drowned, people said, because he was next thing to an orphan and was let run free. If he had been warned enough and given chores to do and kept in check, he wouldn't have fallen from an untrustworthy tree branch into a spring pond, a full gravel pit near the river—he wouldn't have drowned. He was neglected, he was free, so he drowned. And his father took it as an accident, such as might happen to a dog. He didn't have a good suit for the funeral, and he didn't bow his head for the prayers. But he was the only grownup that I let off the hook. He was the only one I didn't see giving consent. He couldn't prevent anything, but he wasn't implicated in anything, either—not like the others, saying the Lord's Prayer in their unnaturally weighted voices, oozing religion and dishonor.

At Glendive, not far from the North Dakota border, we had a choice—either to continue on the interstate or head northeast, toward Williston, taking Route 16, then some secondary roads that would get us back to Highway 2.

We agreed that the interstate would be faster, and that it was important for us not to spend too much time—that is, money—on the road. Nevertheless, we decided to cut back to Highway 2.

"I just like the idea of it better," I said.

Andrew said, "That's because it's what we planned to do in the beginning."

"We missed seeing Kalispell and Havre. And Wolf Point. I like the names."

"We'll see them on the way back."

Andrew's saying "on the way back" in such an easy tone was a surprising pleasure to me. Of course, I had believed that we would be coming back, with our car and our lives and our family intact, having covered all that distance, having dealt somehow with those loyalties and problems, held ourselves up for inspection in such a foolhardy way. But it was a relief to hear him say it.

"What I can't get over," said Andrew, "is how you got the signal. It's got to be some kind of extra sense that mothers have."

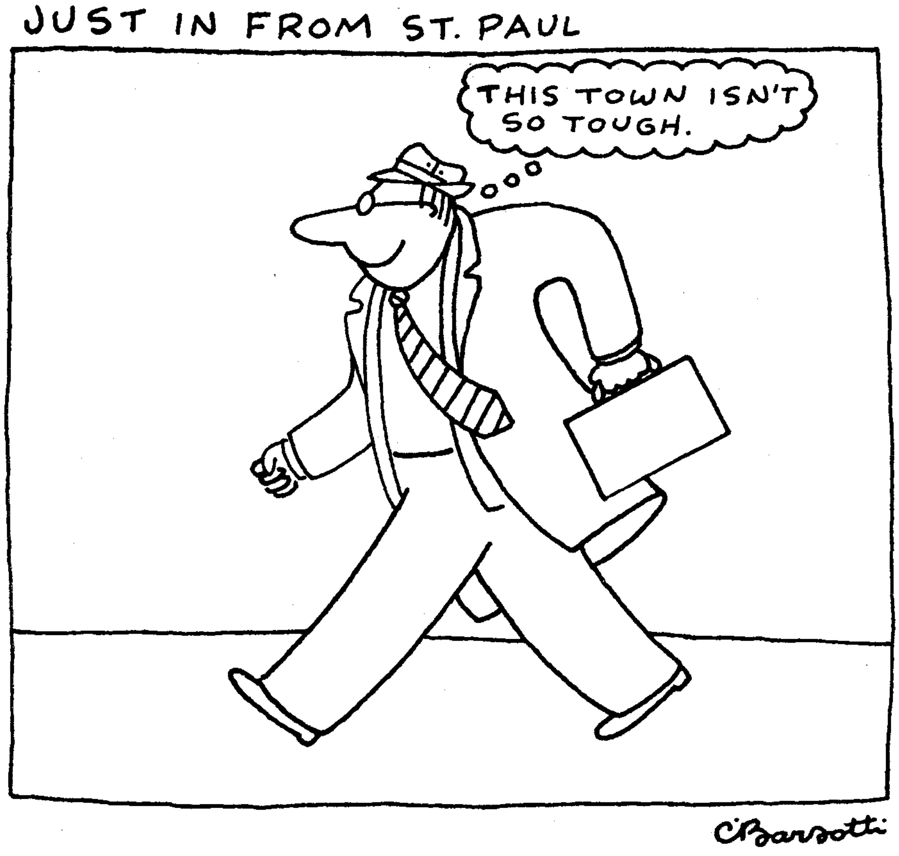
Partly I wanted to believe that, to bask in my extra sense. Partly I wanted to warn him—to warn everybody—never to count on it.

"What I can't understand," I said, "is how you got over that fence."

"Neither can I."

So we went on, with the two in the back seat trusting us, because of no choice, and we ourselves trusting to be forgiven in time what first had to be seen and condemned by those children: whatever was flippant, arbitrary, careless, callous—all our natural, and particular, mistakes.

—Alice Munro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•

Trapped in a world of intrigue and adventure, you seek a long-lost hoard of untold wealth—pursued by a Philistine who is trying to kill you!

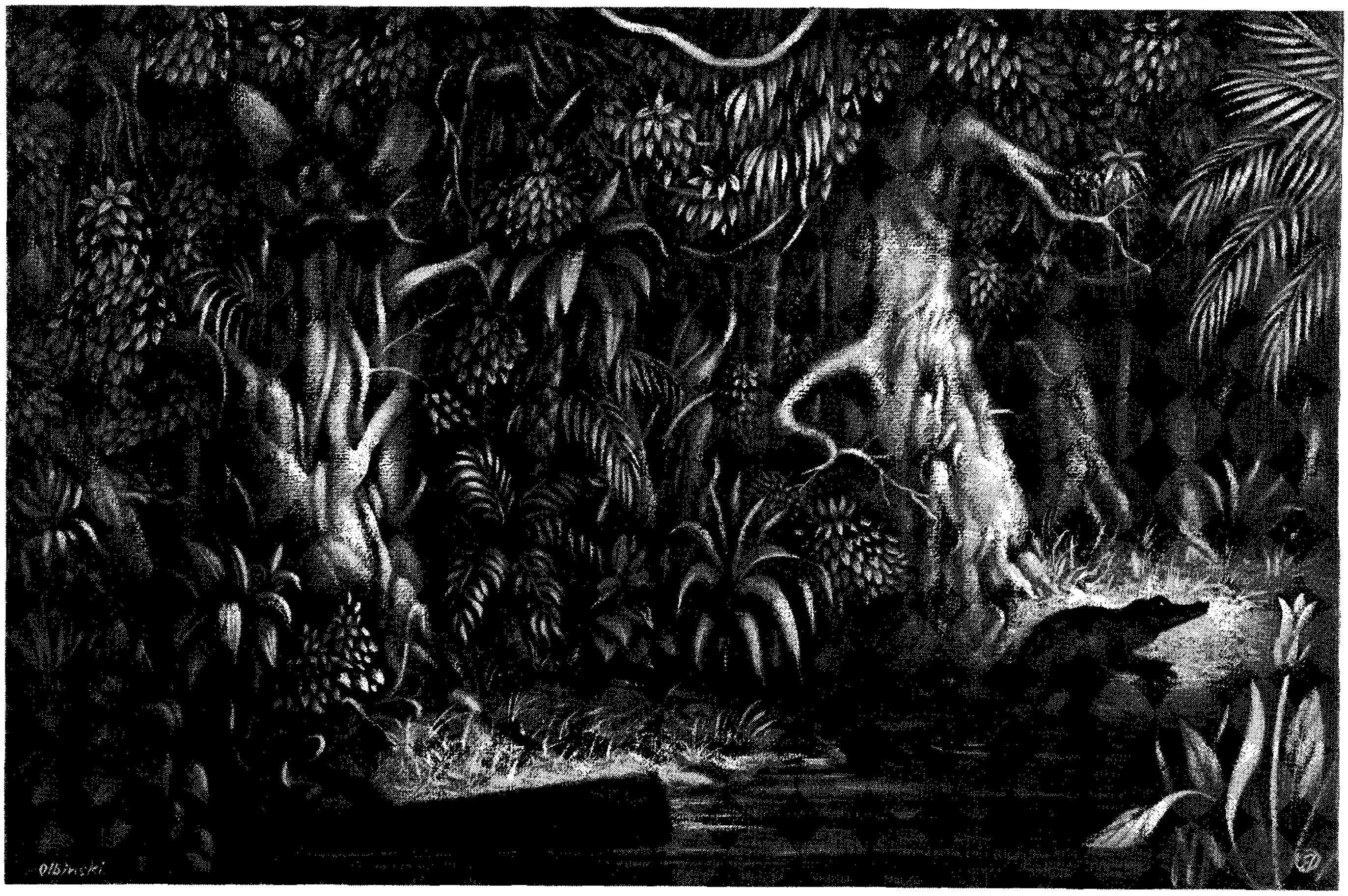
The setting is *real*—from the biblical Book of Judges. Unlike many other computer games, this one is a welcome break from the haunted houses, man-eating monsters, and juvenile space treks. You'll be able to create your own surprises as you play with history—in the ancient hills of Judea.

NO PRIOR KNOWLEDGE OF THE BIBLE IS REQUIRED.—*Liner notes for "The Philistine Ploy," a video-game cassette.*

You're telling us.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

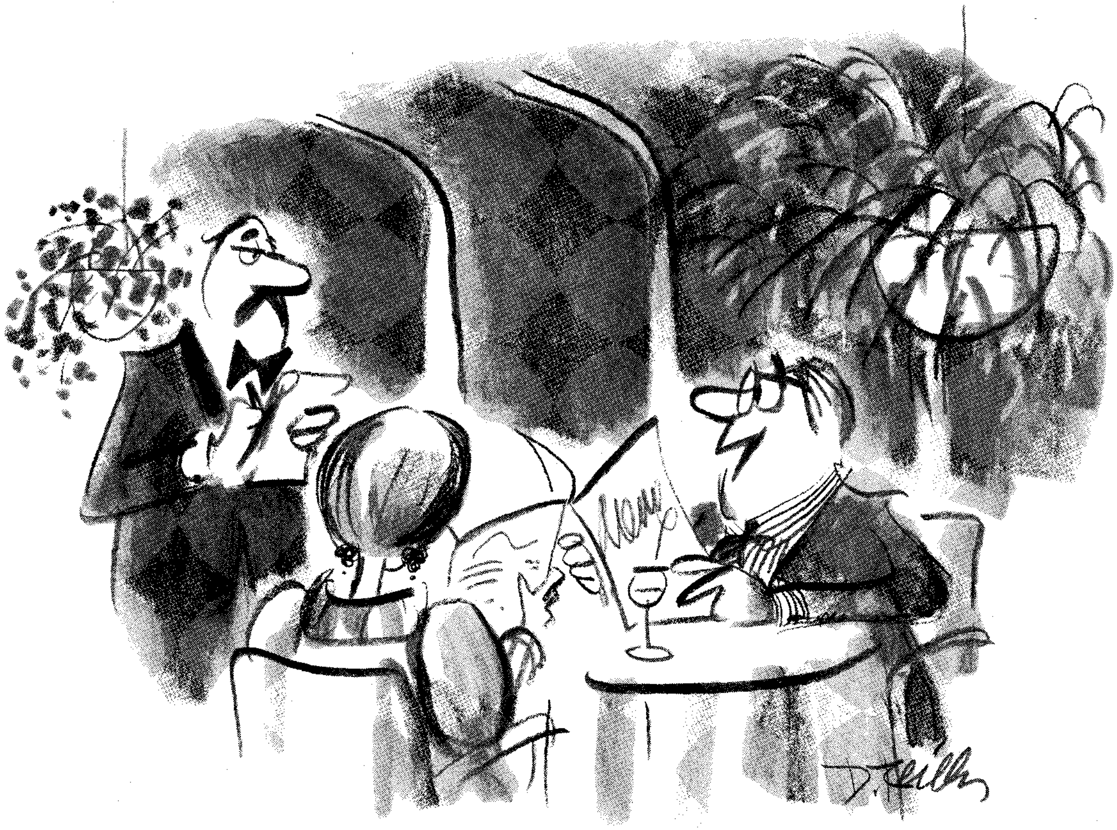
THE RAIN FORESTS



"ITS lands are high; there are in it many sierras and very lofty mountains. . . . All are most beautiful, of a thousand shapes; all are accessible and are filled with trees of a thousand kinds and tall, so that they seem to touch the sky. I am told that they never lose their foliage, and this I can believe, for I saw them as green and lovely as they are in Spain in May, and some of them were flowering, some bearing fruit, and some at another stage, according to their nature." This is how Columbus described to Ferdinand and Isabella the forests of Hispaniola—the island that is now divided into Haiti and the Dominican Republic. The description contains the seeds of two different but not incompatible views of the rain forest—the romantic and the scientific, each of which still has its adherents.

For four centuries after Columbus's discoveries, travellers and scientists had no special name for tropical rain forests. They contented themselves with calling them forests or tropical forests. The great Victorian naturalist Alfred Russel Wallace, in his 1878 book "Tropical Nature," wrote of them, more precisely, as "the primeval forests of the equatorial zone." In 1898, the German botanist A. F. W. Schimper coined the phrase "*tropische Regenwald*"—"tropical rain forest." Schimper defined such a forest as "evergreen, hygrophilous in character [growing in wet places], at least 100 feet high, but usually much taller, rich in thick-stemmed lianas and in woody as well as herbaceous epiphytes." Botanists now distinguish, or try to, among thirty or forty types of rain forest, including evergreen lowland forest, evergreen mountain forest (subdivided into broad-leaved and needle-leaved), tropical evergreen alluvial forest (subdivided according to the degree of flooding), semi-deciduous forest (lowland and mountain), and so on. Because nature is continuous and science seeks clear-cut categories, these definitions are rarely wholly satisfactory, and each brave attempt to impose order on a complex and poorly understood ecosystem leads to revisions and adjustments and new tries.

The defining characteristics of tropical rain forests are temperature and rainfall. At one end of the spectrum are forests with high rainfall (a hundred and sixty to four hundred inches a year) and a high average temperature (eighty degrees), and without pronounced cold or dry spells. These are the equatorial evergreen rain forests. North and south of the equator, the climate gradually becomes more seasonal, with increasingly pronounced cold and dry spells. The second main group of tropical rain forests (more properly called tropical moist forests or tropical semi-deciduous forests) is marked by this seasonality. These forests get less rain (forty to a hundred and sixty inches a year), their temperature varies more, and during their dry season many or all of the trees lose their leaves. Generally, these seasonal forests are not as rich in species as the equatorial forests, but because for at least part of the year their canopies are more open they have a more luxuriant understory. Two-thirds of the world's rain forest is the wetter, richer, equatorial type. Its



"Oh? Well, if pesto is passé, then by all means bring us some of whatever's taken over."

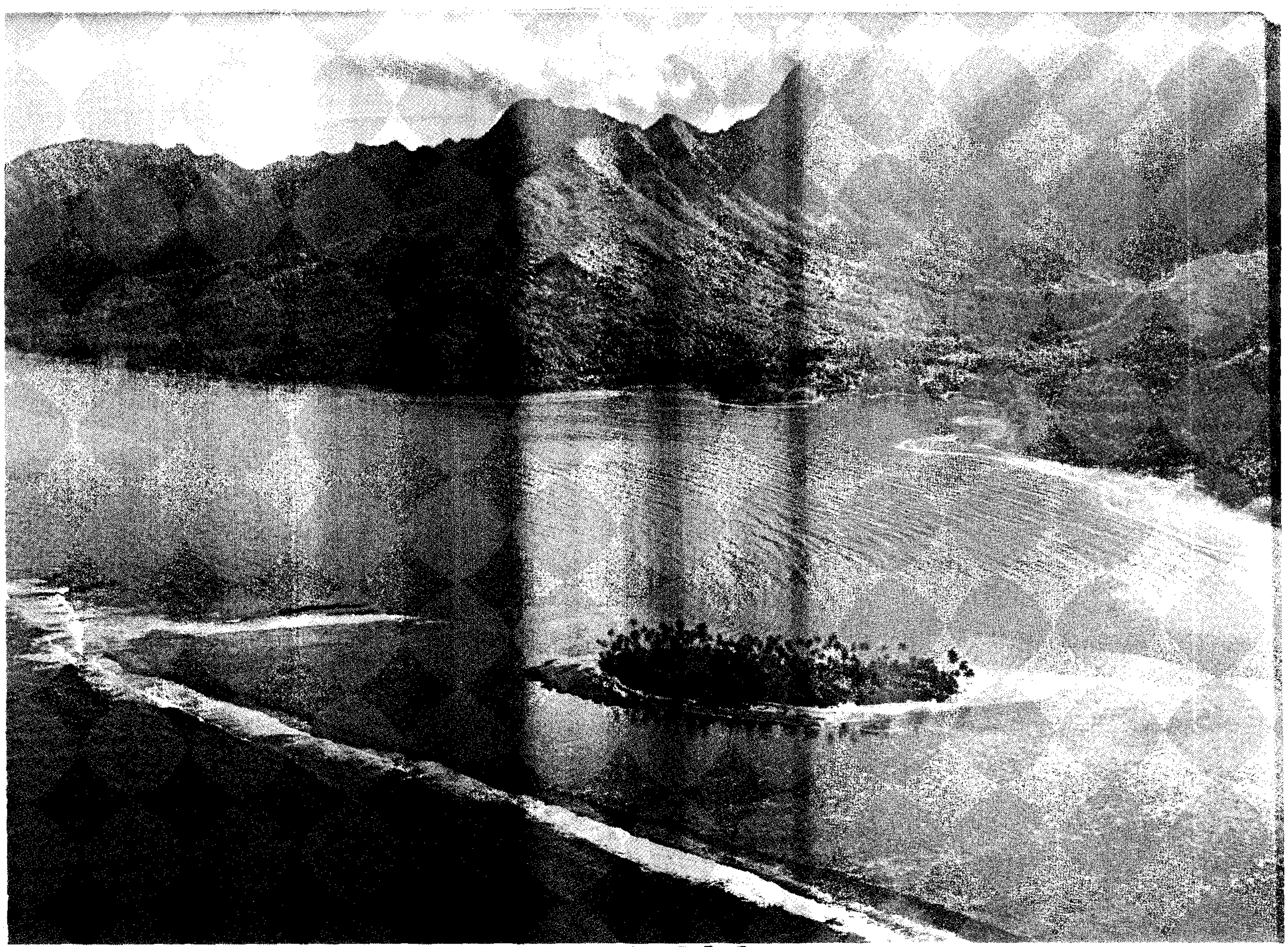
• •

major concentrations are in lowland Amazonia, the Congo Basin, Sumatra, Kalimantan (on Borneo), and Papua New Guinea. Burma, Thailand, Kampuchea, Java and Sulawesi, northeast Australia, and parts of West Africa and South America all have important areas of seasonal rain forest.

THROUGHOUT the wet tropics, rain forests are the natural vegetation. All along the equator, from the Tropic of Cancer to the Tropic of Capricorn, wherever the temperature is high enough and the rain is heavy and regular enough, there is—or once was—rain forest. A few thousand years ago, the rain-forest belt covered five billion acres—twelve per cent of the earth's land surface. Man has already destroyed half of that. Most of the damage has been done in the last two hundred years—especially since the end of the Second World War. Now Latin America has fifty-seven per cent of the remaining rain forests. Southeast Asia and the Pacific islands have twenty-five per cent. Africa has eighteen per cent. Thirty-seven countries have significant areas of tropical rain forest, though three have half the total: Brazil, with a third, has by far the biggest share; Zaire and Indonesia have a tenth each.

Tropical rain forests are being destroyed faster than any other natural community. A United Nations study published in 1979 offers the most optimistic assessment of forest loss. It found that of the twenty-four hundred million acres of rain forest left in the world fourteen million were permanently destroyed each year—almost thirty acres every minute of every day. In 1980, the National Academy of Sciences, in Washington, D.C., announced a worse figure: more than fifty million acres—an area the size of England and Scotland—destroyed or seriously degraded each year. The most comprehensive study to date was published in 1981 by the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations; it says that at present rates almost a fifth of the world's remaining tropical rain forest will be destroyed or severely degraded by the end of the century. By that time, according to the F.A.O. study, even if there is no increase in current rates of deforestation Indonesia will have lost ten per cent of the forest it had remaining in 1981, the Philippines will have lost twenty per cent, Malaysia will have lost twenty-four per cent, and Thailand will have lost sixty per cent. In Africa, Nigeria and the Ivory Coast will have been completely deforested by 2000, and Guinea will have lost a third of its remaining rain forest, Madagascar thirty per cent, and Ghana twenty-six per cent. In Latin America, Costa Rica will have lost eighty per cent of its 1981 rain forest; Honduras, Nicaragua, and Ecuador will lose more than half of theirs; and Guatemala, Colombia, and Mexico will have lost a third.

Mainland India, Bangladesh, Haiti, and Sri Lanka have already lost all their primary rain forests. By 1990, the lowland rain forests—the richest in terms of plant and animal species—of peninsular Malaysia, Thailand, the Philippines, Guatemala, Panama, Sierra Leone, and the Ivory Coast will have been reduced to a few remnant patches. And the United Nations says, in its 1978 state-of-knowledge report on tropical forest ecosystems, "At the present rate of forest destruction, all accessible tropical forests will have disappeared by the end of this century." Some large blocks—in Amazonia and Zaire, for example—may survive, provided that no new roads are built to open them to loggers, miners, and settlers. At the present rate, Brazil will lose eight per cent of its existing forest by the year 2000, and though that loss may sound small, it amounts to sixty-three million acres—an area almost three times the size of Portugal. But the rate of deforestation in the world's remaining rain forests is likely to increase. In Brazil, satellite studies carried out by the Brazilian Forestry Development Institute show that sixty per cent of the area deforested by 1978 had been cut between 1975 and 1978. The pressures to open these areas will intensify sharply in the near future. The logging industry is already turning its attention from the nearly depleted forests of Southeast Asia to the relatively untouched riches of Amazonia. And



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We even went so far as to put the first Club Med village offered to America in Tahiti itself: Club Med Moorea.

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And virtually everything is included in one reasonable, prepaid price. The Tahitians taught us that hassling with money is no way to live, let alone a way to vacation. Tipping is out of the question, too—it's simply bad manners in Tahiti, or Club Med.

If all this seems appealing to you, there's a good reason. After all, it's taken the people of Tahiti since the Bronze Age just to perfect a vacation such as this.

So join us in Tahiti at Club Med Moorea. The village has just been completely refurbished, and is reopening in its full splendor in March 1985. For reservations or more information about Club Med, simply call your travel agent or Club Med at 1-800-528-3100 and ask for Ms. Moffett.

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Guess which one will grow up to be the engineer.

As things stand now, it doesn't take much of a guess.

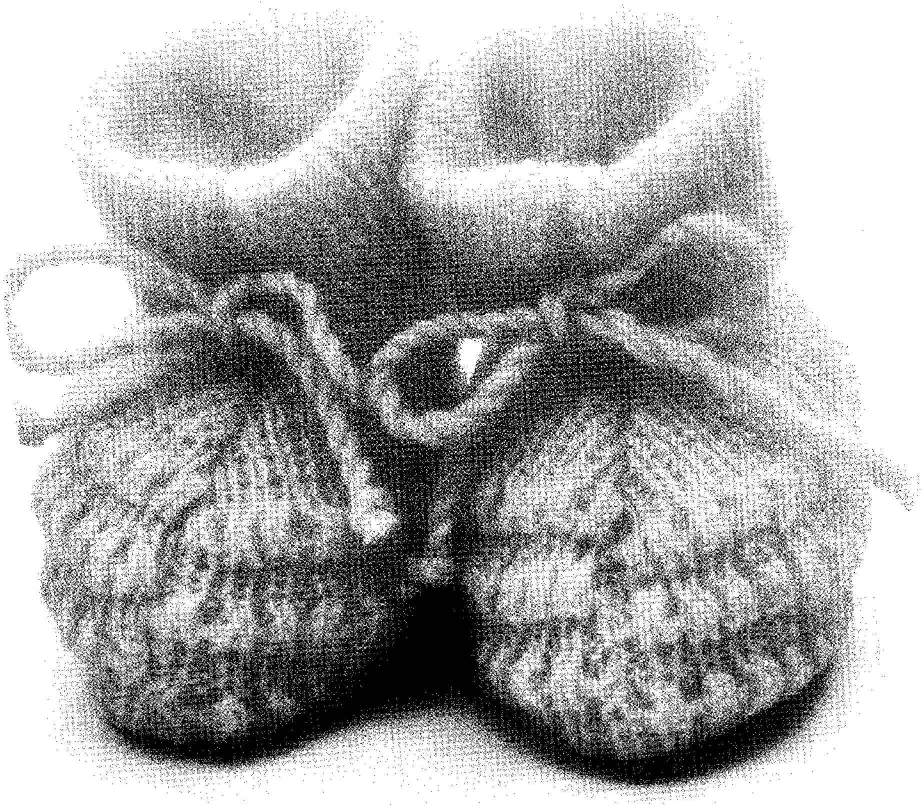
Because by and large, *he* is encouraged to excel in math and science. *She* isn't.

Whatever the reason for this discrepancy, the cost to society is enormous because it affects women's career choices and limits the contributions they might make.

Only 4% of all engineers are women.

Only 13.6% of all math and science Ph.D.'s are women.

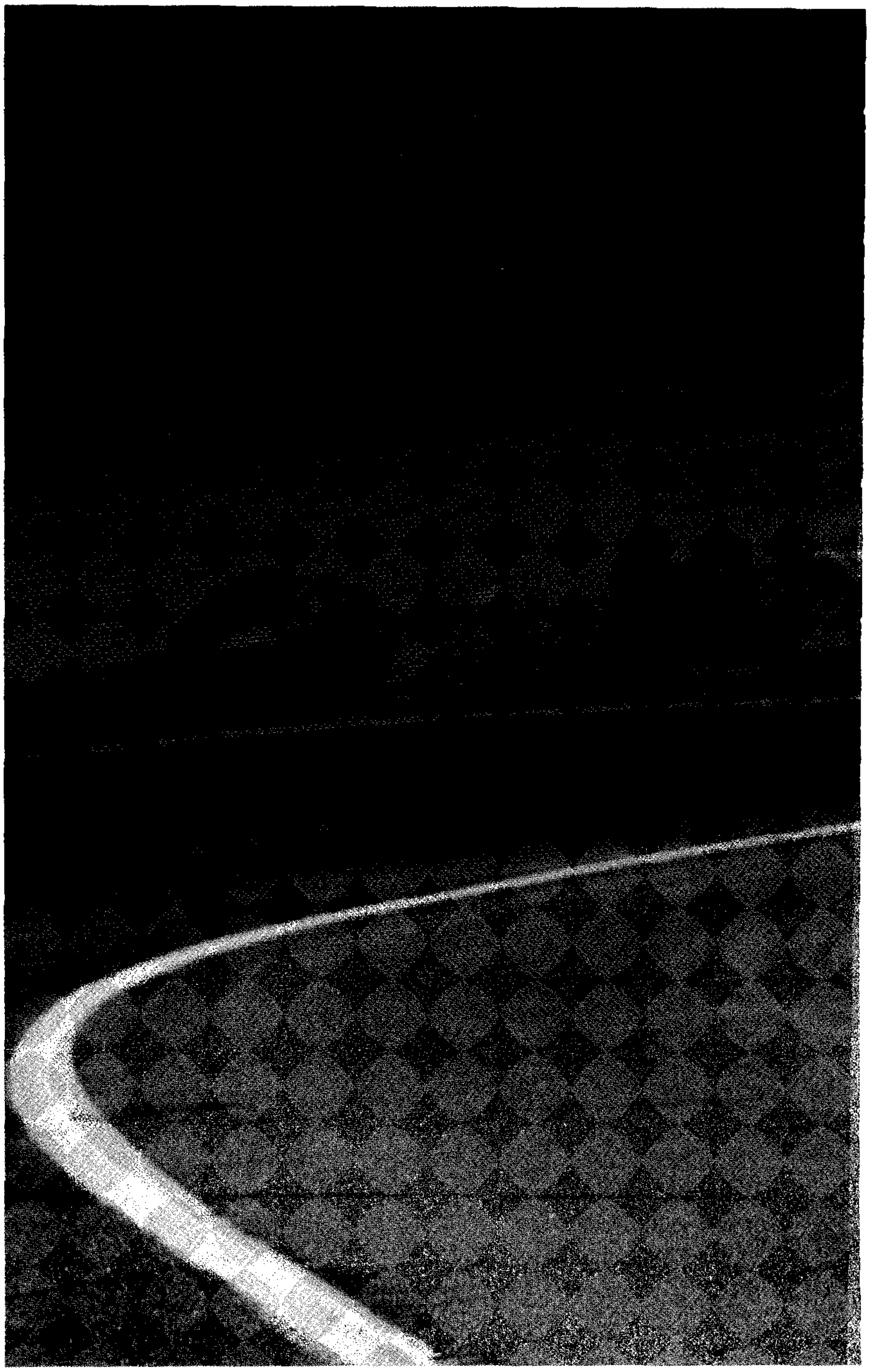
And an encouraging, but still low, 31.3% of all professional computer programmers are women.



In the past ten years, IBM has supported more than 90 programs designed to strengthen women's skills in these and other areas. This support includes small grants for pre-college programs in engineering, major grants for science programs at leading women's colleges, and grants for doctoral fellowships in physics, computer science, mathematics, chemistry, engineering, and materials science.

We intend to continue supporting programs like these. Because we all have a lot to gain with men and women on equal footing. IBM®

Why is it that most performance cars neve



Introducing the Peugeot 505 Turbo

When she first suggested a cross-country drive, he was sure she was kidding.

"Our only vacation in three years and you want to spend it in the car. Strictly for college kids."

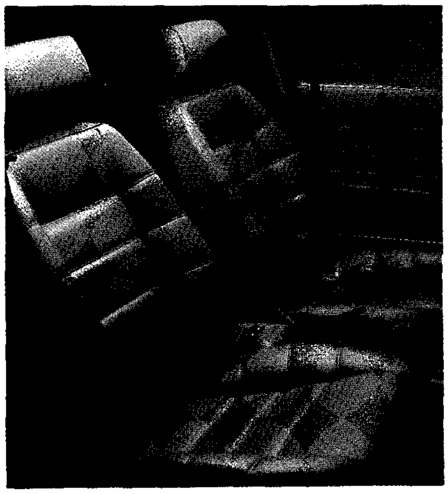
Fortunately, logic and reason did not prevail.

And they took off, just the two of them. No kiddies, no kitties, no springer spaniel.

But logic did enter the picture when they purchased a new car for their transcontinental odyssey. A Peugeot 505 Turbo.

Its fuel-injected turbo engine can take you from 0-50 in a commendable 6.5 seconds. But Peugeot believes there's more to performance than acceleration curves. How well, for instance, does a car measure up from 0-500? That's 0-500, in miles.

The 505 Turbo does very well, thank you. Start with the Peugeot shock absorbers which utilize eight valves instead of the customary two. Or its four-wheel independent suspension. Both contribute to the 505 Turbo's remarkably comfortable ride. So do the seats, which are constructed of costly polymerized foam, instead of old-fashioned springs.

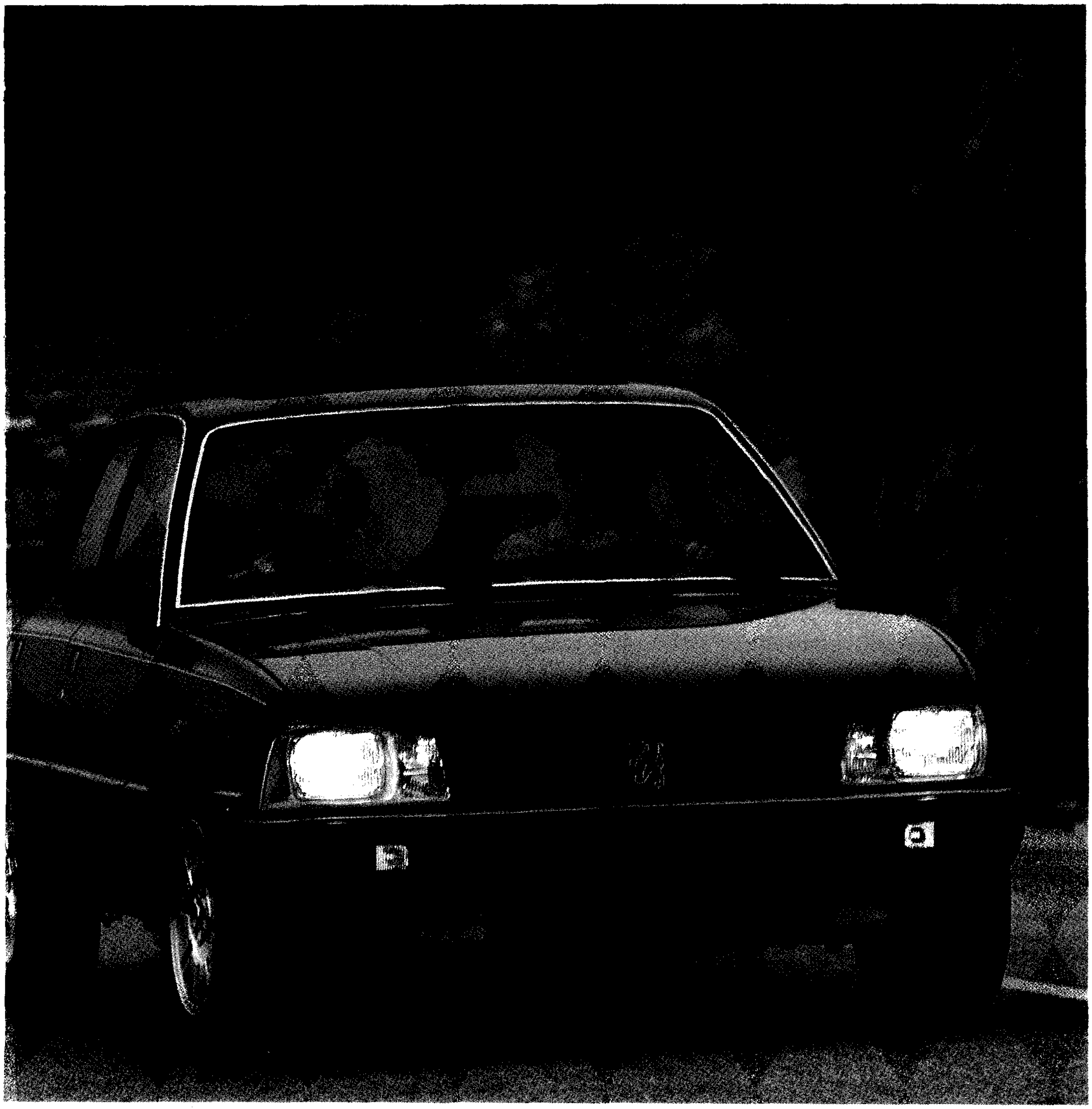


This is one good reason Peugeots are so comfortable. In the 505 Turbo, the deep contoured bucket seats are upholstered in velour. Leather is optional.

Also, Peugeot doesn't squeeze its occupants into a cramped cockpit-like interior. It gives you ample headroom, legroom and breathing room.

Then there's the 505 Turbo's standard equipment which would be rare on other luxury cars, let alone pe
formance cars: electric sunroof, cruis
control, front and rear spoiler, limite
slip differential, and a whole array of other luxury features—all included ir

ave much to say about creature comforts?



the Turbo's list price of $18,150.*

Yet its creature comforts notwithstanding, the 505 Turbo is very much a driver's car. Its rack and pinion steering system, for example, can actually "read" different road conditions, giving the driver the precise power assistance required.

If you'd like to read more about the Peugeot 505 Turbo, call 1-800-447-2882 in the continental U.S. for a brochure and the name of your nearest Peugeot dealer.

*Based on P.O.E. manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual price may vary by dealer. Destination charges, taxes, dealer preparation, if any, and license fees are extra.

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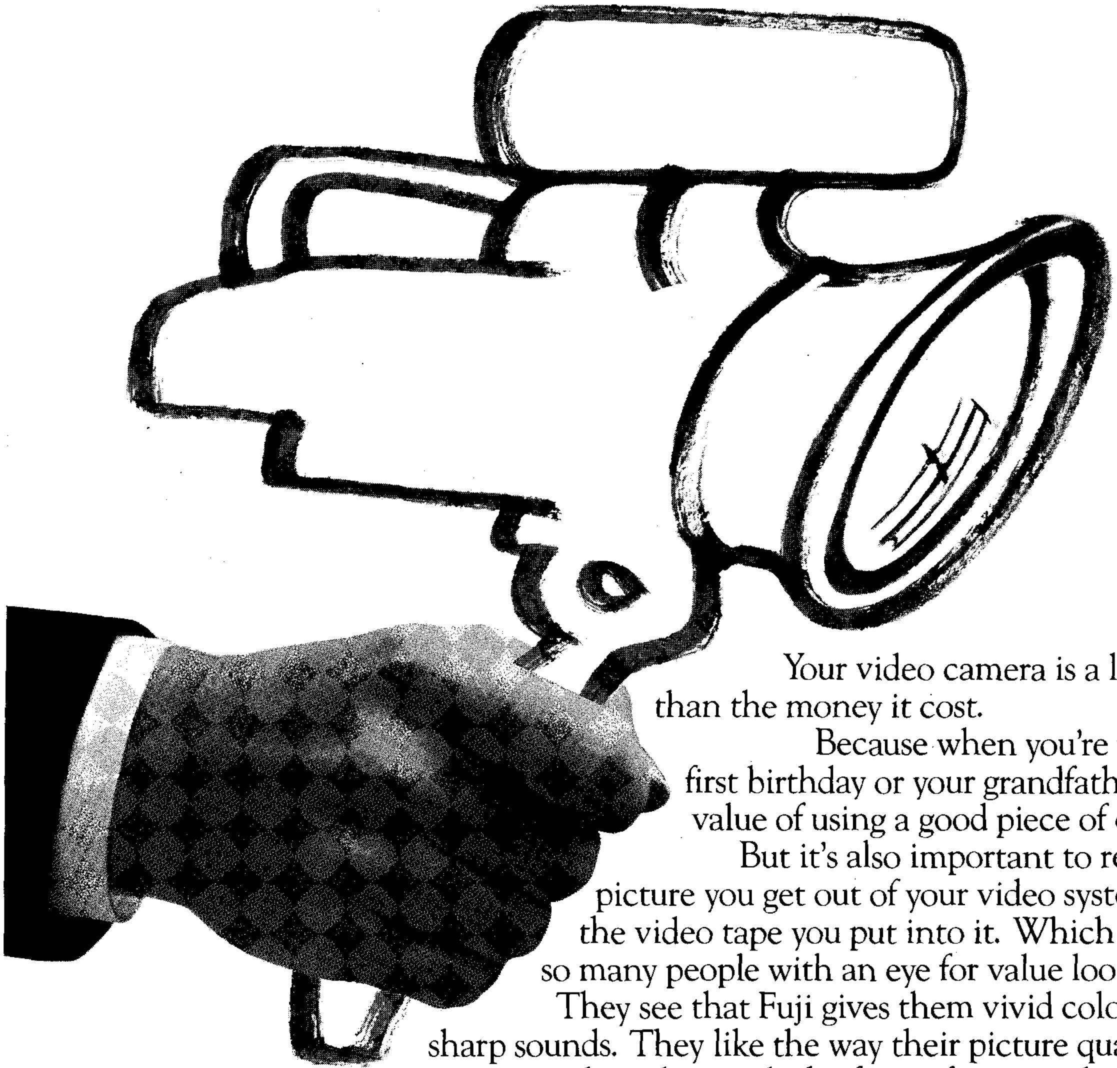

Your video camera is a lot more valuable than the money it cost.

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vast industrial developments are under way in or being planned for many of the few remaining unspoiled areas.

Why are these forests—the richest, oldest, most complex ecosystems on earth—being cut down at such a rate? Why destroy a forest? To sell its timber, to get at the gold and iron underneath, to get more land for agriculture. There are psychological motives, too: the wish to conquer nature; fear of the unknown; nationalistic and strategic desires to occupy uncontrolled regions. Overpopulation is usually cited as the main cause of deforestation. Rain forests are often used as safety valves by governments to defuse pressure for land reform. The safety-valve theory is misguided. Rain forests are not empty; small groups of people are already living wherever the forest can support human life. Nor is the intact forest idle. It conditions the soil, regulates rainfall, and maintains the water cycle far beyond its own borders. Most attempts to turn rain forest into farmland have failed disastrously, damaging the forest, disrupting the soil and water balance for other farmers, and leaving the settlers even more desperate for land.

The true cause of agricultural settlement in rain forests is often inequitable land distribution rather than simple overpopulation. Among the rain-forest countries, only Haiti, India, Sri Lanka, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, and El Salvador have a population density higher than four hundred people per square mile; Japan, Great Britain, Belgium, the Netherlands, and West Germany all have more than six hundred. Brazil, which has had a policy of moving settlers into the Amazonian rain forest, does not need that land for agriculture. Leaving aside the Amazonian forest, it has roughly the same population density as the United States—about sixty-two people per square mile, compared with sixty-five in America. Western Europe averages more than four hundred people per square mile. The Netherlands is prosperous with more than a thousand people per square mile. Brazil has two and three-tenths acres of farmland per person—more than the United States, which is the world's greatest exporter of food. Taking potential farmland into account but still leaving aside Amazonia, each family in Brazil could have ten acres. Instead, four and a half per cent of Brazil's landowners own eighty-one per cent of the country's farmland, and seventy per cent of the country's rural households are landless. In Java, eighty-five per cent of the families have no land at all, but of the island's landowners just one per cent own a third of the land. In India, more than half the arable land is owned by eight per cent of the rural population. In El Salvador, whose population is five million, fewer than two thousand families own forty per cent of the land. And, when it comes to farmers who rent land from others, the picture isn't much better. In most developing countries, less than ten per cent of the rural population farms more than half the land. In Peru, one per cent of the population farms more than eighty per cent of the land.

Common though it is for government officials, businessmen, and international agencies, like the United Nations and the World Bank, to attribute deforestation to masses of poor people searching for land, there are many areas in which that pressure is not the main cause of forest destruction. Land hunger is not even the prime motivation in many government-sponsored settlement schemes. Some of the largest ones—in Indonesia and Brazil, for example—are intended mainly to secure national sovereignty by establishing a civilian presence in frontier regions. In the words of one member of the Brazilian junta, "When we are certain that every corner of the Amazon is inhabited by genuine Brazilians, and not by Indians, only then will we be able to say that the Amazon is ours."

In Latin America, cattle ranching for the export trade is the chief culprit in rain-forest destruction. According to Brazilian government figures, thirty-eight per cent of all deforestation in the Brazilian Amazon between 1966 and 1975 is attributable to large-scale cattle ranching, thirty-one per cent to agricultural colonization, and twenty-seven per cent to highway construction. The government gave fiscal incentives to ninety per cent of the ranches, and more than half the agricultural clearing was done under a government-sponsored peasant-colonization program. That program has now ended, in favor of investment in large-scale logging operations, hydroelectric dams, mines, and industrial development—activities that do not result from population pressure. "Those countries in which current forest harvesting is of great-

"Oh, my goodness, here's another picture of me in today's paper! Make sure they all get pasted in my scrapbook."

est concern (Indonesia, Brazil, Malaysia, and Colombia) also have *relatively* low population densities," a 1982 State Department survey said. Nevertheless, industrial development and settlement often go hand in hand, because the roads enable settlers to reach previously inaccessible forests, and because settlers prefer to plant on the conveniently pre-cleared land that loggers and others leave behind them.

In Southeast Asia, Oceania, and Africa, logging vies with peasant agriculture as the main cause of deforestation. According to figures from the F.A.O., peasant agriculture in Indonesia affects half a million acres of rain forest a year, but that is only a quarter of the area annually affected by logging. Some heavily logged countries are now reaching the point of no return. Since 1960, more than half of peninsular Malaysia's rain forests have been logged, and the official forecast of that country's Federal Department of Forestry is that the remaining forest resources will be exhausted by 1990. One-quarter of the Ivory Coast's foreign earnings comes from timber, but with more than a million acres being cut by loggers each year the timber will run out well before the end of this decade. Sixty per cent of Africa's rain forest is in the Congo, and the Congolese government has scheduled logging of sixty-eight per cent of it.

In spite of claims that rain forests must be sacrificed for the betterment of the poor and the landless, the effect of most rain-forest exploitation is to redistribute wealth upward. The permanent, wide-reaching benefits of the intact forest—the protection of wildlife, water catchments, and soil, and the provision of food, medicines, and building materials—are sacrificed for short-term profits for a small group of investors and consumers.

THE mass of life that makes up a tropical rain forest may seem at first to be a crowded jumble, but an underlying order can be found by studying the separate parts and their interconnections. The forest appears to be a confused tangle partly because of the climbing plants that cross from tree to tree and destroy the sense of order that might arise from a collection of straight, unbranched trunks. Epiphytes—plants that grow on tree trunks, on branches, on lianas (mostly woody climbers), and even on leaves—add to the feeling of density. The forest's fullness is accentuated by its different layers. Besides the layers made up of the ground plants and the shrubs, the lianas and other vines, and the epiphytes, the trees themselves are layered, for they range in height from fifty to a hundred and fifty feet, the smaller ones obscuring the giants from ground view.

The complexity of a tropical rain forest sometimes strains the crude framework of modern biology, which was derived from the much simpler ecosystems of the temperate zones. In order to begin to make sense of the richness of rain-forest life, scientists have somewhat artificially resolved the rain forest into a number of strata—usually three or four. Each layer provides a distinct ecological niche, so that one sees, in the phrase of Alexander von Humboldt, the explorer and naturalist of Amazonia, "a forest above a forest."

Visitors new to rain forests, primed by the purple prose that characterizes almost all writing on the subject, are often disappointed not to find the trees dripping with bizarre and brilliant flowers and the air reverberating with the cries and howls of strange creatures. The forest does not advertise itself; the overwhelming impression is of a green stillness. Even the naturalist Henry Bates, travelling with Alfred Wallace at the beginning of Wallace's eleven-year sojourn in Amazonia, felt let down. Writing of their first visit to the forest, in 1848, he asked, "But where were the flowers? To our great disappointment we saw none, or only such as were insignificant in appearance. Orchids are very rare in the dense forests of the low lands. I believe it is now tolerably well ascertained that the majority of forest trees in equatorial Brazil have small and inconspicuous flowers. . . . We were disappointed also in not meeting with any of the larger animals in the forest. There was no tumultuous movement, or sound of life. We did not see or hear monkeys, and no tapir or jaguar crossed our path. Birds, also, appeared to be exceedingly scarce."

Luckily for Bates, who counted on a London sale price of at least fourpence for each insect he collected, the forest was more heavily populated than it first appeared to be. "I afterwards saw reason to modify my opinion, founded on these first impressions, with regard to the amount and variety of animal life in this and other parts of the Amazonian forests," he wrote. "There is, in fact, a great variety of mammals, birds, and reptiles, but they are widely scattered, and all excessively shy of man." Many animals are strictly nocturnal or live only in the trees. It is by its sounds that the life of the forest makes itself known to the outsider. Sooner or later come the disquieting roars of howler monkeys, and then these fade out, to be replaced by cries of unseen birds, the crash of a falling branch, the rustling of leaves as a small creature skitters away, and various unidentifiable noises. The newcomer sees little movement or color. It helps to be quiet, to have an eye for detail, and to know where to look; it is even better to have a companion who knows the forest well.

The main canopy of the forest is formed by the crowns of the middle stratum of trees, generally those from a hundred to a hundred and thirty feet high. A few taller trees emerge from this canopy, too widely separated to form a continuous layer. Below the canopy are trees from fifty to eighty feet high and the relatively sparse understory, consisting of shrubs, non-woody plants, seedlings, and young trees. The forest floor is often bare save for a thin litter of leaves. Superimposed on this framework are the climbers and epiphytes—plants that occupy all levels, and even move back and forth from one to another.

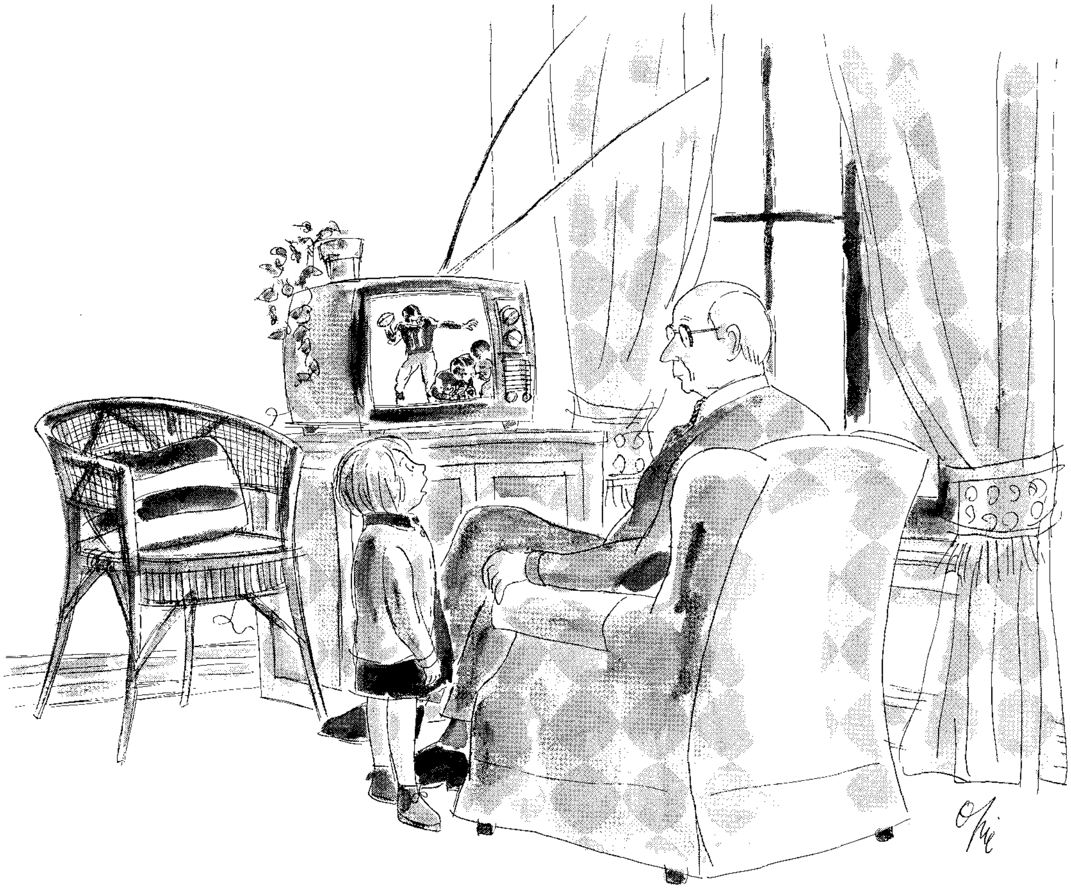
The tallest trees in the world are not in tropical rain forests. The giant redwoods of California and the eucalyptuses of Australia, some of which are more than three hundred feet high, outstrip the emergents of the rain forest, which rarely reach two hundred feet. Nor are rain-forest trees known for their great girth. The vast majority have relatively slender trunks. Larger trees are dotted about the forest—a circumference of fifty-six feet has been recorded—but most are no more than three feet around.

Tree roots are more prominent in rain forests than in temperate forests. Many roots break through the surface and snake along the forest floor, posing a hazard to walkers. Most of the trees have shallow root systems, and their inadequacy as anchors is brought home to anyone walking or sleeping in the forest, who, perhaps several times in a day or night, will hear the cracking of branches and the muffled thud that signals a tree hitting the ground. Because the trees are tall, slender, and shallow-rooted, many of them have evolved auxiliary means of support. Some have buttresses—giant flanges that flare out from the trunk and act as props. Frequently, buttresses are so big—rising as high as fifteen feet and increasing a tree's girth by many times—that they protect a tree from human interference. Loggers cannot cut through the trunk at ground level; they are forced to work on a platform built overhead or to abandon the job. But the flatness and the size of buttresses do make them attractive to small-scale woodcutters, who have mutilated many trees in the process of cutting usable planks from them.

Other trees are supported by curious root formations called stilt roots. These are roots that grow down from the trunk or the branches of a tree. Palms often have stilt roots, as do many trees growing in swampy areas. Some stilts are straight; others arch out from the trunk in graceful bows, twenty or thirty of them surrounding the lower part of the tree and hiding it from view. The web of climbers that spreads through a rain forest also serves to give some support to trees, but it can have the opposite effect, too, when a liana-entangled tree falls and pulls several others down with it.

Many rain-forest plants can tolerate low sunlight, especially when they are young, and some even prefer deep shade. But most trees deploy their limited resources to insure that they get as much sun as they can. Trees also have ways of protecting their nutrients from being lost to animals or soaked away by rain, and they use the nutrients efficiently. Entirely different species share certain characteristics useful in conserving the nutrients. The lowest branches of most canopy trees, for example, are seventy or more feet above the ground, where there is enough sunlight to pay back, through a higher rate of photosynthesis, the energy required to form branches. The leaves are often thick enough to store nutrients from rainwater, and are tough and glossy in order to reduce leaching and transpiration (emission of water vapor from leaf pores). Many tropical-rain-forest trees have oblong leaves with a pointed "drip tip," which leads the rain off so that a pool of water does not collect on the leaf and leach away its precious store of nutrients. By keeping the leaf relatively dry, the drip tip also protects it from being colonized by moisture-loving lichens, algae, and mosses. Emergent trees, exposed continuously to the drying effects of full sunlight, do not need protection against damp, and seldom have drip tips, but they are more likely to lose their nutrients to rain and transpiration, so their leaves tend to be even thicker than those of canopy trees. Most of the low-growing plants, living in deep shade and a very humid atmosphere, have large, thin leaves to intercept more of the scarce sunlight.

Epiphytes and lianas depend on the forest's framework of trees and shrubs for physical support. By exploiting difficult niches, they contribute to the density and richness of the forest. Epiphytes are not parasites. They grow on the trunks, branches, and leaves of other plants, using them for support and collecting water and nutrients from their surfaces, but they do not harm their hosts; in fact, recent research has shown that many trees send out feeder roots from between their branches and trunks into the organic matter accumulated by the epiphytes they support. The biggest problem for epiphytes, with no access to the ground litter, is getting enough water and nutrients. They survive by extracting nutrients from the dead leaves and twigs that fall on them from the canopy. Most epiphytes require strong sun and keep to high branches; a few



"Gramps, is it true that you've forgotten more about football than those smart-aleck sports announcers will ever know?"

• •

grow in the depths of the forest, where it is shady and damp.

Orchids are among the most common epiphytes in tropical rain forests. Like other epiphytes, they have special structures that enable them to absorb water quickly when it is available, and thus protect them from dehydrating. Many have bulging stems that look like bulbs and hold extra water. An orchid also has two kinds of roots. One kind anchors the orchid to its support; the other kind consists of a number of long, free-hanging roots encased in a white, water-absorbing tissue that helps them to scavenge water and nutrients from the air, the ground, tree trunks, and branches. Once orchids have absorbed water, they store it in thick, waxy leaves that slow transpiration.

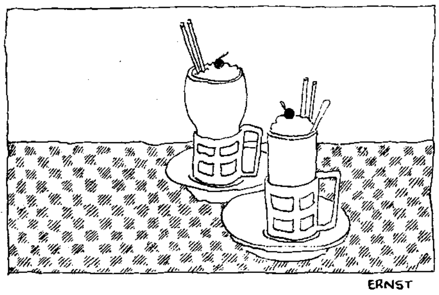
Bromeliads, which are members of the pineapple family, also have thick, waxy leaves. These are arranged in a tight rosette that forms a tank and catches rain and debris falling from the forest canopy. Eventually, the plant develops its own compost heap, which provides it and the animals that nest in it with water and nourishment. Some of these tanks can hold more than twelve gallons of water. The miniature gardens thus formed support many typically terrestrial species, among them cockroaches, earthworms, and snakes, high up in the forest canopy. And, thanks to the pools of water in some epiphytic plants, even some aquatic species, such as salamanders and frogs, can live high in the trees.

Stranglers, most of which belong to the fig family, are bizarre plants that start out as epiphytes. They germinate in treetops, and eventually put out long roots that anchor in the ground and send nutrients back up to the plant. With this boost, a strangler expands rapidly. Its own crown starts to shade out the crown of its host tree, taking most of the available sunlight. In addition, the strangler's roots surround the host's trunk, outdoing its roots in the competition for nutrients and water. Finally, the support tree dies and decays, leaving a healthy strangler standing upright with a hollow center.

Climbing plants—the lianas and other vines—are among the most striking features of rain forests. Many plant families—notably the passionflower, legume, and cucumber families—include climbers; even a few ferns are lianas. Most rain-forest lianas are woody; their stems are variously shaped—some circular, some twisted, some wavy and flat like ribbon, and some so contorted as to be almost curly. Lianas may grow to a great size, as thick as a man's body and hundreds of feet long. Rattans are the longest lianas, several varieties growing to a length of more than five hundred feet. Certain vines, such as philodendron and the Swiss-cheese plant, which are both common houseplants, and the deadly *Strychnos toxifera*, a source of strychnine, are partly epiphytic; in addition to ground roots, they have smaller sucker roots that attach to tree trunks for support.

Lianas begin life on the forest floor and grow upward, nearly always using other plants for support, until they reach the upper level of the forest, where they finally branch out and flower, often spectacularly. Most hold on to their supports by tendrils, hooks, or sucker roots, or by twining around them, but some rise straight to the top of the canopy without any apparent support. The grip of some climbers is so binding that they can kill or deform trees—especially immature ones. Lianas grow like roller coasters, first reaching up to the canopy, then back down to the ground, but they still keep growing, moving up and down, and forming labyrinths of loops and tangles with trees and other lianas. In the darker understory, climbers conserve resources by producing small leaves, keeping photosynthesis and transpiration to a minimum. But on reaching the canopy some—*Monstera gigantea*, for example—develop much larger, different-shaped leaves and stems to take advantage of the sun. In full sunlight, the leaves of *M. gigantea* grow to be six feet long and assume a deeply cut frond shape.

FEW of the animals of a tropical rain forest move regularly between the floor and the canopy. Each species of mammal, bird, or insect lives mainly in a single layer of the forest. Each layer—the floor, the understory, the canopy, and the giant emergent trees—is a distinct habitat, with different conditions. So closely adapted are animals to their niches that in some areas as many as ninety-five per cent of the birds accustomed to the darkness of deep forest will not cross a clearing even to breed or to find food. The various levels of the forest are not easily distinguished from the ground, nor are the divisions clear-cut, but the differences are important. The upper stories get more rain and more sun. Full sunlight hits the emergents, but only one or two per cent of the light penetrates to the forest floor, and it is a place of dappled shade. In one Ivory Coast forest, the maximum daily temperature in February is eighty-two degrees at ground level and ninety in the canopy, a hundred and fifty feet above ground; and daytime humidity on the forest floor is around ninety per cent, while at the top it is only about seventy per cent.



More animals live in the canopy than in any other part of the forest. In the rain forests of the Malay Peninsula, for example, almost half the mammals (not including bats) live in the trees, compared with an average of fifteen per cent of the mammals in temperate forests. Most canopy animals are herbivorous, but a few birds of prey inhabit the treetops, among them the spectacular harpy eagle of South America and the monkey-eating eagle of the Philippines. (It was recently renamed the Philippine eagle by President Ferdinand Marcos, at the urging of conservationists, who felt that the old name gave the bird a bad image.) Relative freedom from predators makes it safe for canopy birds such as toucans, hornbills, parakeets, and birds of paradise to be colorful and showy.

Many animals—insects, especially—have shapes and colors that may seem flamboyant seen out of context but are effective camouflage in their own habitat. *Hymenopus coronatus*, a Malaysian praying mantis, looks like a tubular pink flower. In the canopy, on the end of a flowering branch, it is perfectly hidden from predators, but on the ground or in the understory, where bright flowers are rare, it would be highly visible and vulnerable. And the South American leaf-litter toad, *Bufo typhonius*, appears to be a dead leaf on the forest floor.

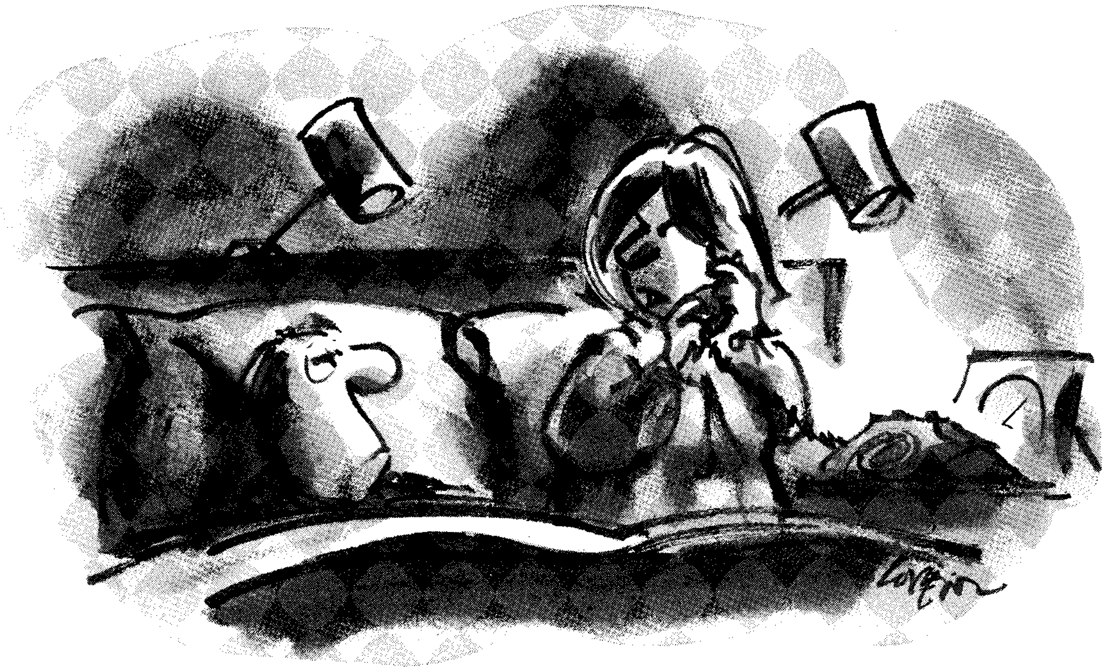
Tree-dwelling mammals—among them gibbons, howler monkeys, spider monkeys, and chimpanzees, and also sloths, marsupials, squirrels, rats, and mice—rarely come to earth. They have strong claws or prehensile tails, or more specialized devices, like the tarsier's adhesive pads, that give them a secure grip on their perches and enable them to swing or leap from branch to branch. Many tree dwellers, including some snakes, frogs, squirrels, and lizards, have winglike membranes that allow them to glide through the trees.

The understory has its peculiar characteristics—low light, high humidity, a relatively confined space—to which many unrelated species have developed similar responses. In the deep shade of the understory, both elephants and bellbirds rely on loud calls to communicate with their fellows. Tapirs, wild pigs, and anteaters all have long snouts capable of rooting insects and fungi from the earth. The animals of the lower layers can climb, if at all, only to a limited extent, so speed and good camouflage are the most useful means of surprising prey and escaping predators. Many large mammals of the understory—spotted cats and deer—move quickly and blend in well with the ground vegetation. Insects of the understory, too, are especially adept at disguise and mimicry. Some butterflies have transparent wings—the ultimate in camouflage.

The mosquitoes that carry malaria and yellow fever generally feed on monkeys and other animals in the canopy of the forest where they live. Only when the forest is cut down do they descend to the ground—away from the birds and bats that are their natural predators—to prey on human beings and understory animals. Some viruses, such as the one responsible for dengue fever, also live high in the canopy unless they are forced by tree felling to go to lower levels.

Insects make their nests in every conceivable part of the forest: on the undersides of leaves, under bark, in litter that collects on epiphytic plants, and on other arboreal creatures. Jeffrey K. Waage and Robin Best, zoologists at Brazil's National Institute for Amazonian Research, found that the three-toed sloth supports—and camouflages—various species of moths, beetles, ticks, and mites in its fur, and that sometimes as many as a hundred insects may live on a single sloth. The sloth itself is camouflaged by algae that grow on its fur and give it a protective green tint. There are many instances of insects' having mutually beneficial relationships with the plants they nest and feed on. Cecropia, a common colonizing tree of Latin-American rain-forest clearings (florists in New York sell its dramatically large leaves, dried, as decorations), is a plant that produces glycogen, an animal starch. Ants of the genus *Azteca* nest in the hollow chambers of the cecropia trunk. The ants live there with colonies of small insects that excrete a sugary solution, which the ants eat. The tree itself supplies the ants with glycogen and proteins, through special growths at the base of the leaf stalks. Producing food for these ants diverts scarce resources from the tree's main job of reproducing itself, but the cecropia's expenditure is worthwhile, because the ants protect it from its enemies: they attack anything that disturbs the tree, and prune climbers that might strangle it.

The insects of the floor play a crucial role in breaking down forest debris, which can be recycled to provide nutrients to the living plants. One of the most common insects in rain forests is the army ant, of which there are at least two hundred and forty species. Army ants are seminomadic. Some species travel in packs of as many as twenty million, foraging across a twenty-foot-wide front. They capture a variety of other insects, which they take back to their temporary nests and share with the whole colony. These bivouacs may be nothing more than the linked bodies of the worker ants surrounding and protecting the queen and her brood. As the swarm advances, some of the insects in its path manage to run or fly away—often into the clutches of a number of species that have evolved to take advantage of army-ant refugees. These camp followers include birds that eat insects the army ants flush, and flies that lay eggs or larvae on the insects. Some follow the odor trails that the ants leave on the ground. Some depend entirely upon food that army ants "deliver" to them.



"It's Harry Belknap, with a riposte."

BETWEEN forty and fifty per cent of all types of living things—as many as five million species of plants, animals, and insects—live in tropical rain forests, though the forests cover less than two per cent of the globe. These forests are the richest regions on earth both in terms of biological diversity and in terms of pure bulk—the mass of living organisms packed into a given space. The average biomass—that is, the dry weight of the plants—of a tropical rain forest is a hundred and eighty tons per acre; in temperate deciduous forests, it is only a hundred and twenty tons per acre.

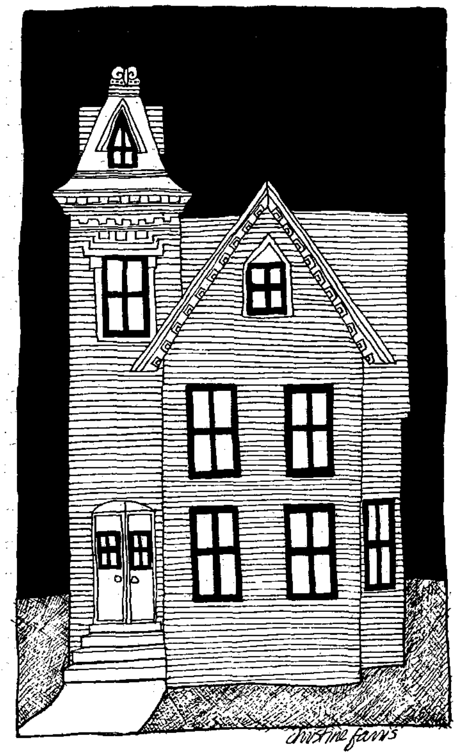
As for the diversity of the life, a

tropical rain forest may contain from forty to eighty tree species per acre, while a temperate forest has only about four tree species per acre. The forests of the North American temperate zone have around six hundred species of trees, whereas the island of Madagascar, in the Indian Ocean, has two thousand. When it comes to nonwoody plants, the contrast is even greater. Great Britain, thirteen and a half times as big as the Pacific island of New Caledonia, has about eighteen hundred species of flowering plants, compared with three thousand for the latter, eighty per cent of which grow only on New Caledonia. One square mile of rain forest near the Colombian city of Quibdó has eleven hundred plant species. Tiny Panama has as many plant species as the whole continent of Europe. Mt. Makiliang, a forested volcano in the Philippines, has more woody-plant species than the entire United States. Ghillean Prance, a tropical botanist at the New York Botanical Garden, found three hundred and fifty trees, counting only those whose trunks were at least six inches in diameter, on two and a half acres in the Amazon forest.

In fauna, too, temperate countries are poor by comparison. An area of Southeast Asia a quarter the size of Western Europe has two hundred and ninety-seven species of land mammals —more than twice as many as Europe. In a three-hundred-square-mile area of forest on the border of Panama and Costa Rica, Edward O. Wilson and the late Robert MacArthur found more than five hundred resident bird species—four times as many as there are in all the broad-leaved temperate forests of eastern North America. Daniel Janzen and Thomas Schoener captured five hundred insect species in two thousand sweeps of a net in the understory of a Central American rain forest, and insects are less numerous there than they are in the middle and canopy layers.

A typical four-square-mile patch of rain forest, according to a report by the National Academy of Sciences, contains as many as fifteen hundred species of flowering plants and as many as seven hundred and fifty species of trees; such a patch also contains a hundred and twenty-five mammal species, four hundred species of birds, a hundred of reptiles, sixty of amphibians, and a hundred and fifty of butterflies, and some sites have more. Insects in tropical rain forests are so abundant and so little known that it is difficult to establish an average density. The National Academy of Sciences report cites a recent estimate that two and a half acres might contain forty-two thousand species. One square metre of leaf litter, when analyzed, turned up fifty species of ants alone. Terry Erwin, an entomologist at the Smithsonian Institution, conducted detailed surveys of the insects on tropical trees. He estimated that each species of rain-forest tree supported about seventeen hundred insect species. Erwin's figures indicated that there might be thirty million or more insect species in tropical rain forests—many times the number that had been previously suspected. More recent work by Sir Richard Southwood, the head of Oxford University's Department of Zoology, suggests that Erwin's estimates may be low.

A high proportion of animals and plants in rain forests are endemic to one area; that is, they grow nowhere else. This is especially true of Southeast Asia and Oceania, with their more than twenty thousand islands. Papua New Guinea has three hundred and twenty endemic species of birds—almost half its total. There are a hundred and sixty-six recognized mammal species in the Philippines, of which ninety-four are endemic. Sixteen per cent of all the species of birds in the world occur in Indonesia (fourteen hundred and eighty out of nine thousand), and almost a quarter of them are endemic. Forty per cent of all birds of prey depend on rain forests. According to the conservation-monitoring unit of the International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources—an association of governments, scientific associations, and conservation organizations—the majority of all insect, reptile, and amphibian species occur in rain forests.



Rain-forest species have what one authority calls "a tendency to gigantism." Richard Spruce, the sickly nineteenth-century Yorkshire schoolteacher who spent fifteen years in Amazonia and was one of the founders of tropical botany, remarked in a letter home that "nearly every natural order of plants has here *trees* among its representatives," and continued, "Here are grasses (bamboos) of 40, 60, or more feet in height. . . . Vervains forming spreading trees with digitate leaves like the Horse-chestnut. . . . Instead of your Periwinkles we have here handsome trees exuding a milk which is sometimes salutiferous, at others a most deadly poison, and bearing fruits of corresponding qualities. Violets of the size of apple trees."

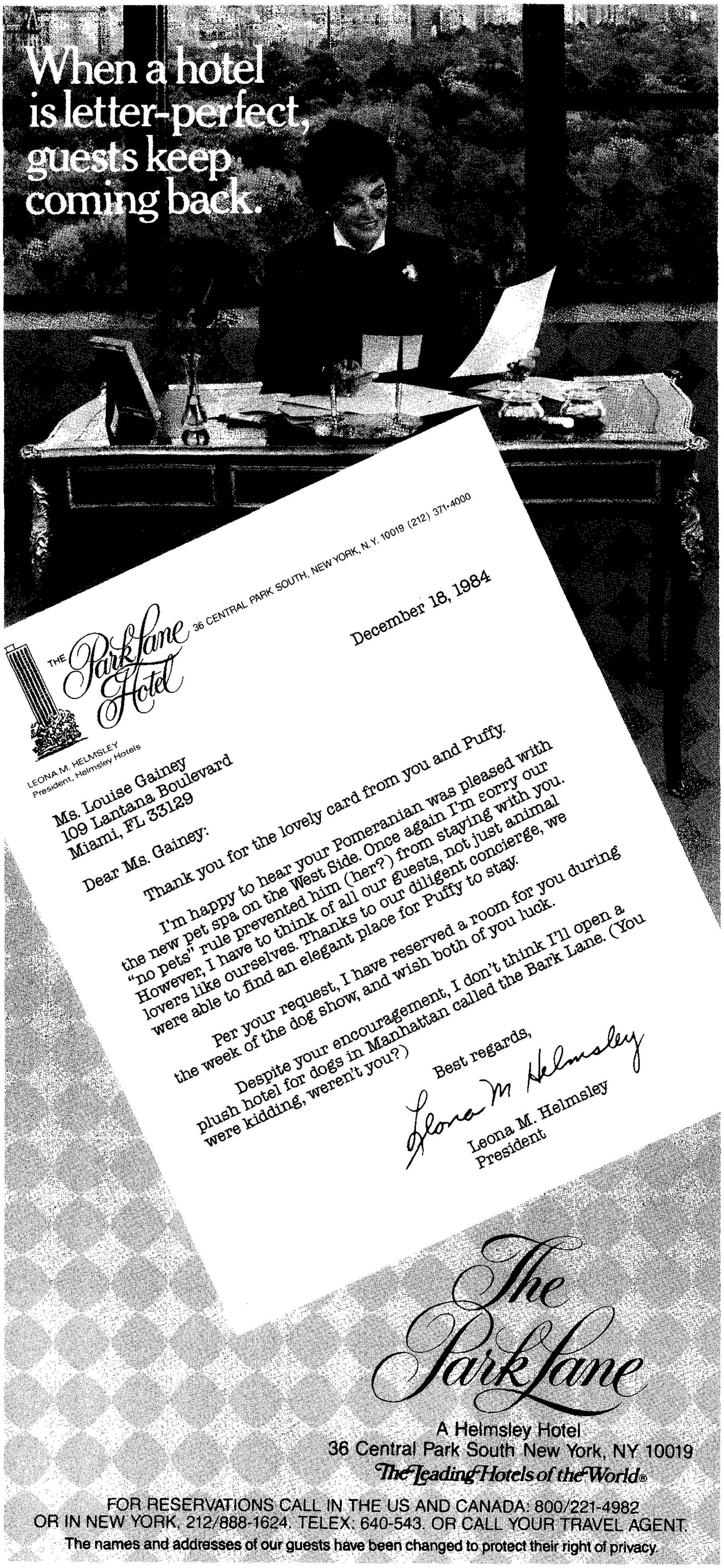
Animals show the same tendency, as the names of the African giant snail, bird-eating spiders, and the goliath beetle indicate. The electric-blue morpho butterflies, which are among the great joys of the South American rain forests (the naturalist Frank Chapman described the morpho as "the bluest thing in the world"), have wingspans of up to seven inches. Both the Queen Alexandra bird-wing butterfly and the black witch moth have ten-inch wingspans—bigger than those of many birds. In the Seychelles, there are eleven-inch-long millipedes, and slugs of the genus *Vaginulus* that are eight inches long.

With so many different species, there can be relatively few individuals of each. So, compared with the plants and animals of temperate forests, most tropical-forest species are rare. Many plant species occur less frequently than once per acre. A survey of five acres of forest in the Brazilian Amazon found nineteen hundred and eighty-six plants higher than five feet, representing five hundred and two species—an average of only four individuals of any one species. A fifty-seven-acre patch of rain forest on the Malay Peninsula was found to have three hundred and eighty-one species of trees, of which a hundred and fifty-seven occurred only once. Alfred Wallace wrote, "If the traveller notices a particular species and wishes to find more like it, he may often turn his eyes in vain in every direction. Trees of varied forms, dimensions, and colours are around him, but he rarely sees any one of them repeated. Time after time he goes towards a tree which looks like the one he seeks, but a closer examination proves it to be distinct. He may at length, perhaps, meet with a second specimen half a mile off, or may fail altogether, till on another occasion he stumbles on one by accident."

Many rain-forest species have a very limited distribution; some birds live only on one island or one mountain range. This rarity in itself makes rain-forest species particularly vulnerable to extinction. The combination of rare species and threatened habitats means that some species must have disappeared quite recently without ever becoming known to man. There are probably ten to fifteen thousand species of plants in South America alone that are still unknown to science, and perhaps two thousand as yet unnamed species of fish in South American rivers. In all likelihood, many of these will become extinct before they are found by science.

One reason for the diversity of life in rain forests is their great age. Within many rain forests, evolution has rolled on uninterrupted for the past sixty million years, and thus they are the oldest biological communities on earth. The richest rain forests are in Southeast Asia, where the climate has remained stable and favorable to life—that is, hot and moist—for many tens of millions of years. There animals such as the wormlike *Peripatus* (a link between two major groups of invertebrates: worms and arthropods) and plants like the ginkgo tree have survived almost unchanged since ancient times—living fossils. West Africa, by contrast, endured long dry periods during the Pleistocene epoch, and is the poorest of the three main regions in terms of species diversity. The creation of new niches by periodic upheavals as mountain ranges and rivers formed and disappeared, earthquakes struck and volcanoes exploded also encouraged the evolution of new species. When the population of a species is divided and then isolated—by the disappearance of a land bridge between islands, by the creation of a mountain range, or by the fragmentation of forests—natural selection takes different courses in each population, and new species may evolve. Southeast Asia owes its species richness not only to the stability of its climate but also to the creative disruption of its landscape.

In the hot and moist climate of rain



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December 18, 1984

Ms. Louise Gainey
109 Lantana Boulevard
Miami, FL 33129

Dear Ms. Gainey:

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I'm happy to hear your Pomeranian was pleased with the new pet spa on the West Side. Once again I'm sorry our "no pets" rule prevented him (her?) from staying with you. However, I have to think of all our guests, not just animal lovers like ourselves. Thanks to our diligent concierge, we were able to find an elegant place for Puffy to stay.

Per your request, I have reserved a room for you during the week of the dog show, and wish both of you luck.

Despite your encouragement, I don't think I'll open a plush hotel for dogs in Manhattan called the Bark Lane. (You were kidding, weren't you?)

Best regards,

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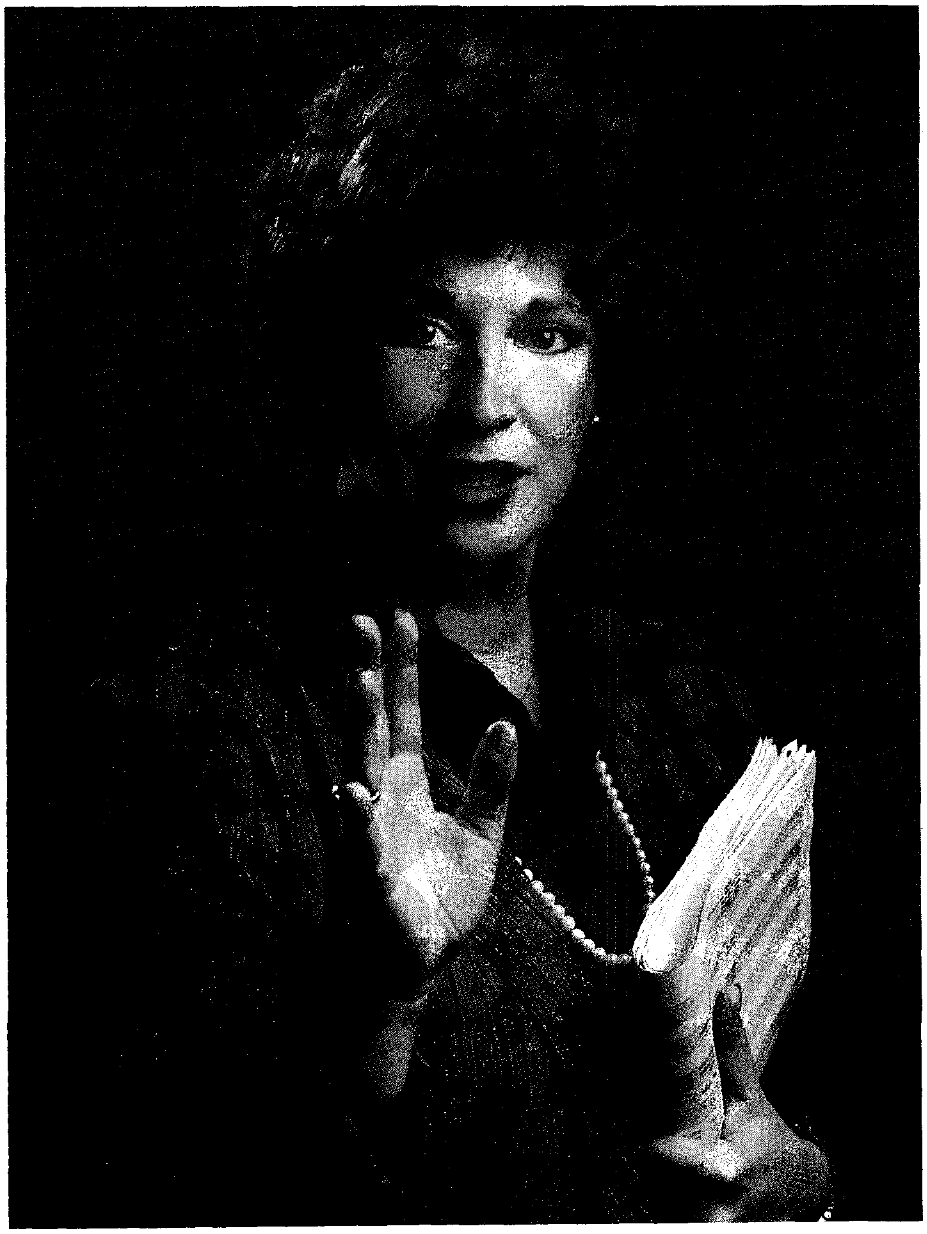

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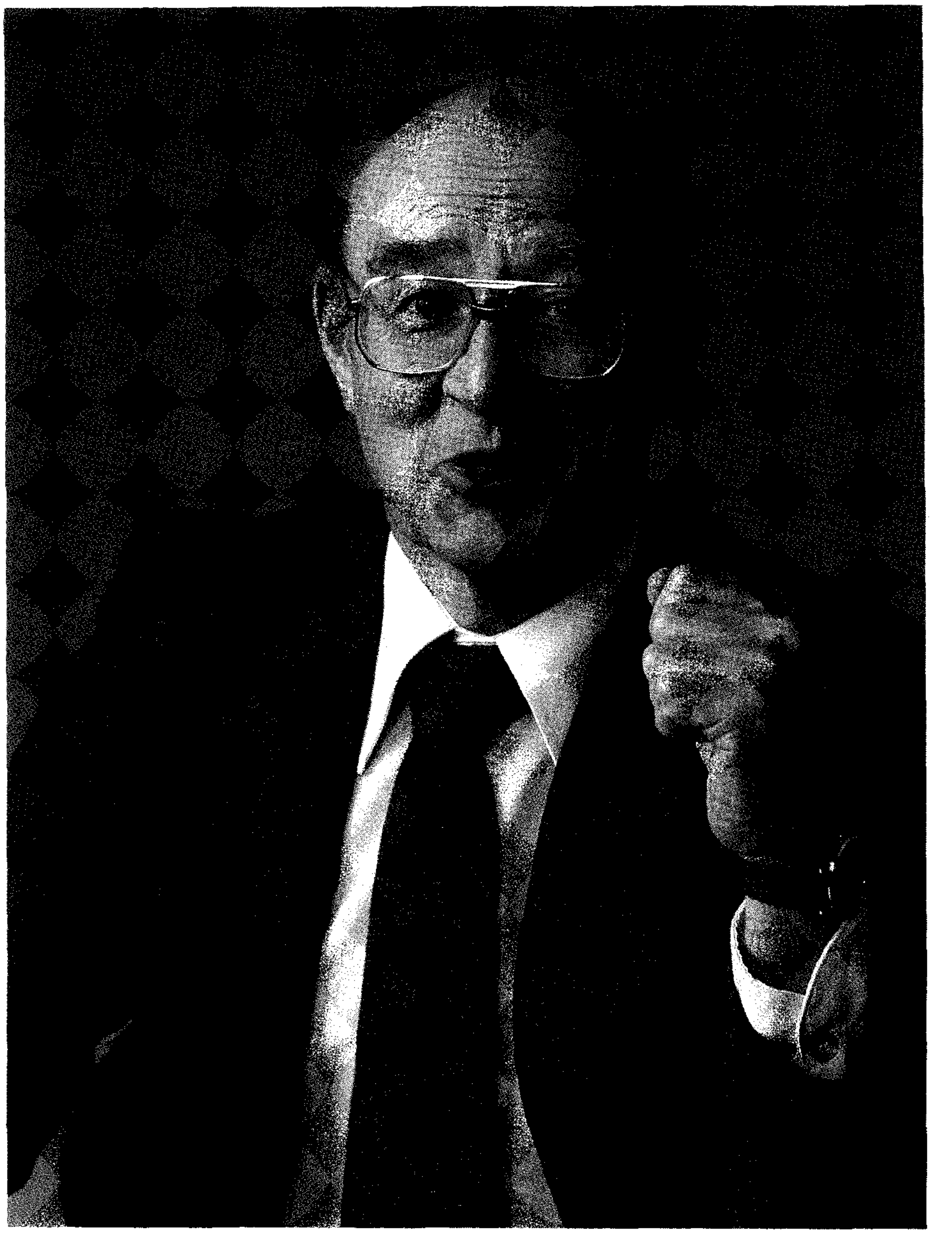

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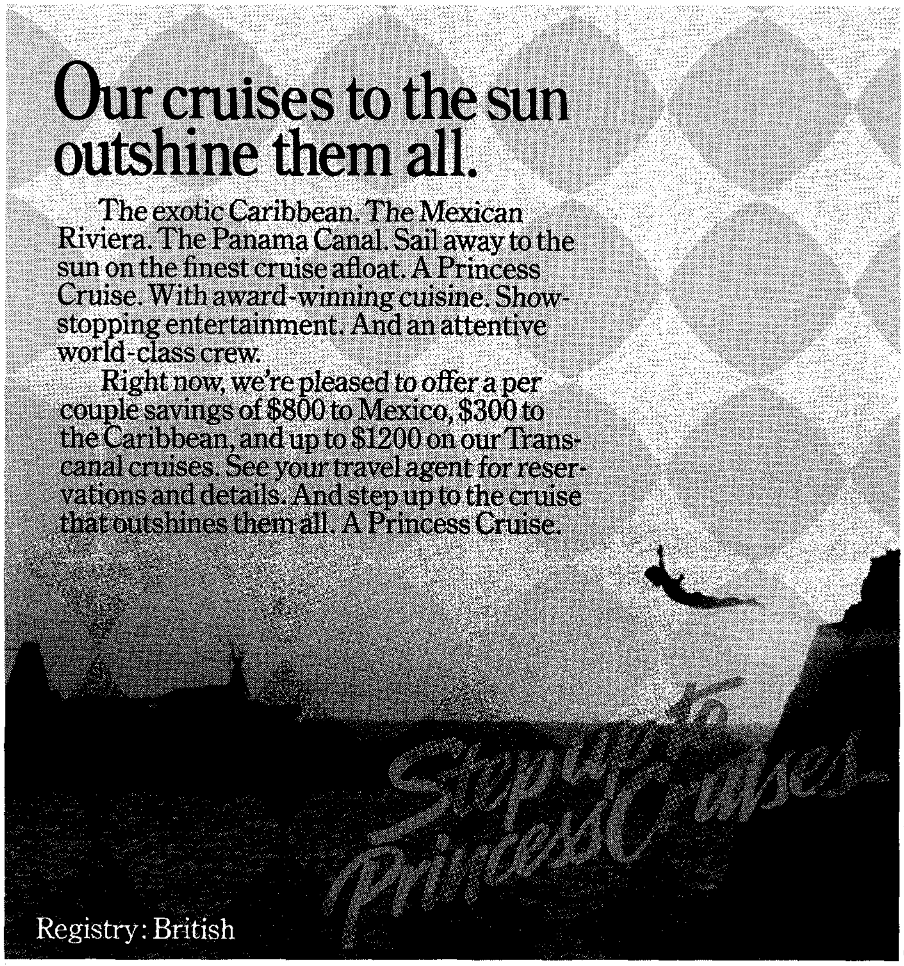
forests, with temperatures never dropping to the freezing point, organisms can grow and reproduce continuously throughout the year. There an organism's survival depends not upon its enduring periods of extreme cold or drought but upon its finding an ecological niche in which it can hold its own. Being able to adapt to changing circumstances as competing species evolve is all-important. A continuous growing—and breeding—season speeds up natural selection, so species can evolve more quickly in response to changes in their environments, and this rapid evolution contributes to the diversity of life in rain forests. Its effect is greatest among invertebrates and cold-blooded vertebrates; an individual of a given species develops much more quickly in the warm rain forest than in temperate zones. In North America, the butterfly *Danaus chrysippus* completes its life cycle in a year, but in the Philippines its life cycle occupies only twenty-three days. The beetle *Crioceris subpolita*, a Javanese species, matures in a month; its German cousin, *C. asparagi*, takes a year to complete the process.

The climate provides an abundance of ecological niches. The transition from aquatic to terrestrial life probably occurred in just such warm, moist conditions. Rain forests are the only places on earth where typically aquatic animals can live out of the water; terrestrial leeches are probably the best-known example of this phenomenon. Even marine species—fishes like the mud skipper and the climbing perch, and certain worms and crabs—can live on land in rain forests.

One disadvantage of highly specialized organisms is that, because they depend on a particular set of conditions, they are more likely to become extinct if their environment is disturbed. The United States imports about sixteen million dollars' worth of Brazil nuts every year, gathered by Indians and peasants from trees scattered throughout the forest. Some years ago, an entrepreneur decided that it would be more efficient to grow the nuts on a plantation. The trees were planted, they grew well, and in due course they flowered. But they produced no nuts. No one knows how Brazil nuts are pollinated, but they are visited regularly by male euglossine bees, whose mating rituals depend on certain chemicals available only from a few species of epiphytic orchids. The plantation had none of these orchids, nor did it have the other plants on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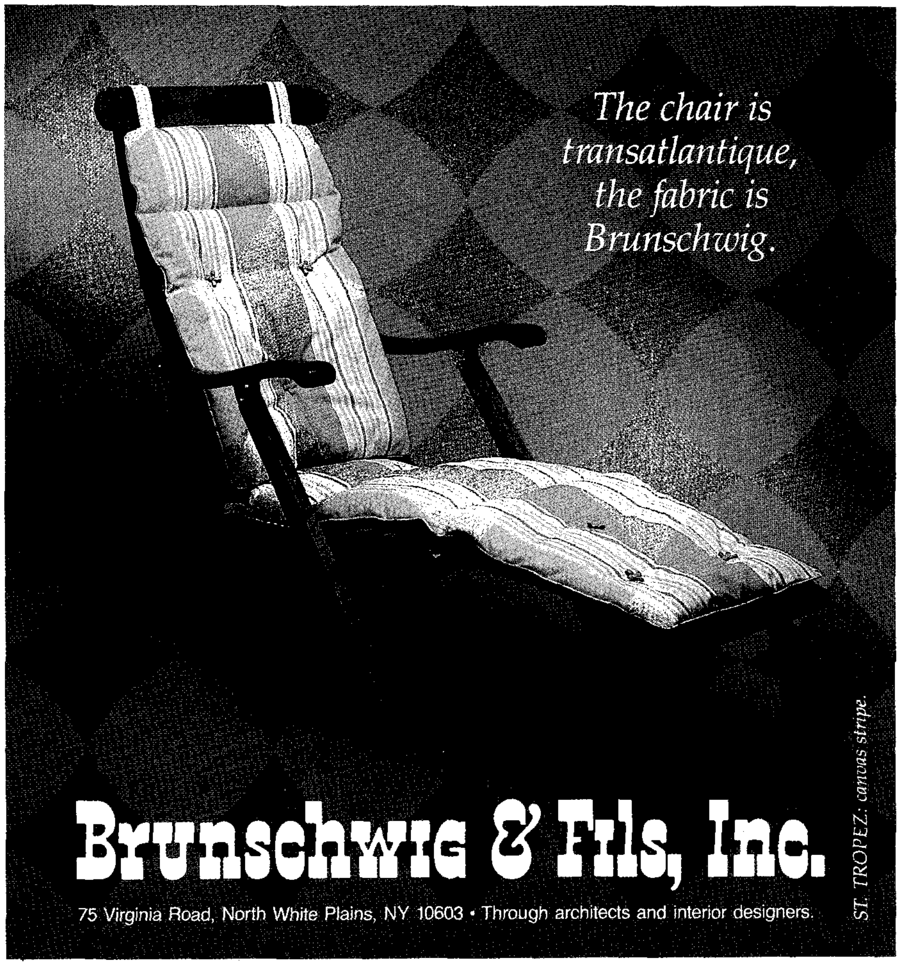
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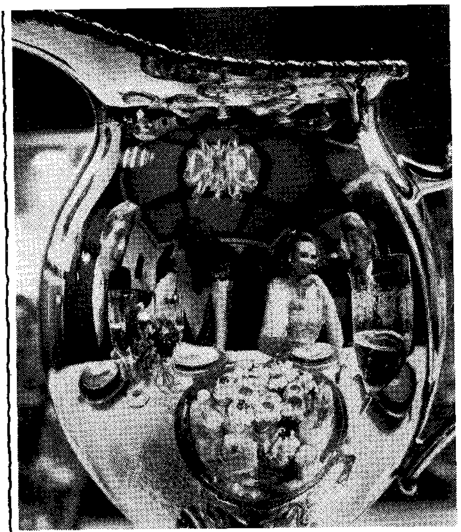
which the bees depend for food. No bees, no Brazil nuts. Brazil-nut trees must grow in a mixed forest—one big enough to encompass all the other species involved in the life cycle of the trees. Exactly what the species are is still unclear, but they include not only the euglossine bees and the plants and insects that those bees may need but also the rabbit-size rodents called agoutis, which are perhaps the only creatures that crack open the hard fruit case containing the Brazil nut. And the nuts depend upon agoutis to free them from their outer coverings.

As man destroys the rain forests, millions of species of plants and animals, the vast majority of which are unknown to science, lose their habitats. Scientists have scarcely begun to ask how man might benefit from the products of the forest. Fewer than one per cent of tropical-forest species have been examined for their possible use to mankind—that is, screened for chemical compounds. Yet one can judge their potential by the effect that rain-forest species have already had on Western medicine, agriculture, and industry. It is no exaggeration to say that without quinine, coffee, and rubber the history of medicine, agriculture, and industry—and of mankind—would be different. The human race today gets more than half its protein and half its calories from just three species of grass—wheat, rice, and maize. Ten other crops—soybeans, barley, oats, peanuts, potatoes, millet, sorghum, rye, sweet potatoes, and coconut—provide all but five per cent of the rest. Half of these, including rice, have wild ancestors in the humid tropics. Other important crops that originate in the humid tropics are coffee, bananas, eggplants, lemons, oranges, tea, cacao, cashews, cassava, peanuts, pineapples, guavas, and papayas.

Farmers used to fight pests and diseases, as well as adverse soil and weather conditions, by cultivating many different varieties of a crop. The people in just one area of the island of New Britain, part of Papua New Guinea, have developed two hundred cultivars of their staple crop, taro, each with different characteristics. Variability is just as important to the modern agribusinessman, but he gets it by changing strains regularly. Modern crop varieties, planted in monocultures, offer a clear field to predators and pests. They must be replaced every five, ten, or fifteen years as pests and diseases adapt to them. Crop breeders need genes from wild plants and from the primitive crops of forest farmers to fortify modern varieties. Explorers recently collected rice plants from subsistence farmers in the foothills of the Himalayas that turned out to be resistant to many major pests and diseases, including blast, bacterial blight, tungro virus, gall midge, and stem borer. But these wild species and ancient varieties are disappearing as forests are cut down and farmers switch to modern, high-yielding varieties. These are really high-response varieties, which require high levels of expensive and sophisticated inputs—from chemical fertilizers to irrigation.

Ironically, the success of the new breeds is undermining the position of the varieties on which their breeding programs depend. In the late nineteen-sixties, researchers at the International Rice Research Institute, in the Philippines, screened seven thousand varieties of rice, looking without success for a gene that was resistant to grassy-stunt virus—the only major rice disease for which there was no protection. Finally, in desperation, they turned to their collection of wild rices. They found one species, *Oryza nivara*, that was resistant to the virus. The seeds of the same plant species are not all genetically identical, and, of the hundreds of seeds of *O. nivara* that the institute had, only two seeds from one particular location in central India possessed the resistant gene. Collectors returned to gather more seeds from that area, but none had the resistant gene. In the years since that discovery, no one has found another source of resistance to grassy-stunt virus. Consequently, every modern rice plant has a gene derived from one of those two original seeds.

Rain-forest plants tend to be rich in what are called secondary compounds—in chemicals that help them survive but are not directly essential to growth. Some plants are poisonous, others produce warning colors, still others attract pollinators or "guardian" species that repel predators. Many of the plants and also many rain-forest animals survive by exploiting difficult ecological niches. They have evolved characteristics that enable them, for instance, to withstand toxic chemicals, to grow quickly, or to tolerate extreme heat and humidity. To us, all these elaborate defenses and adaptations simply make some species pleasant-tasting, others highly nutritious, others poisonous, and others



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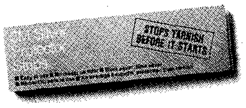

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Seventy per cent of the three thousand plants that have been identified by the National Cancer Institute, in Bethesda, Maryland, as having anticancer properties are rain-forest species. Studies have shown that the tropics are twice as likely as temperate regions to produce plants that contain alkaloids, an important group of physiologically active chemicals. Plants, or their active ingredients, can be used directly as medicine, as "building blocks" from which chemists develop semi-synthetic compounds, as blueprints for the synthesis of compounds, or perhaps to create tumors or poisons on which other compounds are tested.

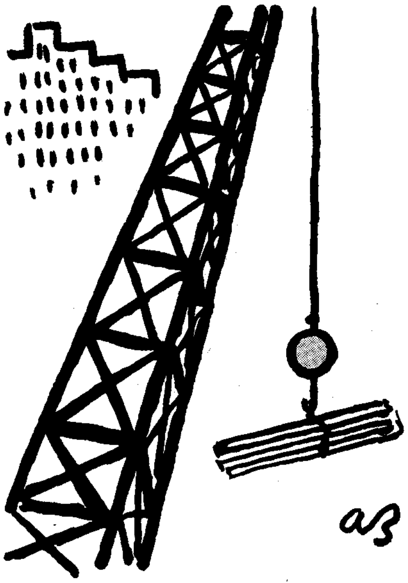
Much modern surgery depends upon the bark of a South American liana, a peculiar property of which was discovered by the Rayas Indians, who use the bark as an arrow poison. In 1541, a group of Spaniards led by Francisco de Orellana became, by accident and without realizing it, the first Europeans to travel the whole length of the Amazon River. They were also the first to record the deadly effects of this poison, curare. When a member of the group was hit in the hand by an Indian arrow, Orellana wrote, "the arrow did not penetrate half a finger, but, as it had poison on it, he gave up his soul to our Lord."

For centuries, explorers and naturalists tried to find out what was in curare—a task made more difficult by the fact that different tribes had different recipes, some calling for as many as thirty ingredients. There eventually proved to be three main types of curare, each based on a different liana. In 1800, Alexander von Humboldt, visiting the town of Esmeralda, on the Orinoco River, gave the first detailed description of curare being prepared. He wrote:

> We were fortunate enough to find an old Indian less drunk than the others who was occupied with the preparation of curare poison from the freshly collected plants. This was the local chemist. We found at his dwelling a great clay cauldron for soaking the vegetable juices, some shallow vessels for evaporation, some plaintain leaves rolled into cones, serving to filter the liquid. In the cabin which was transformed into a chemical laboratory, the greatest order prevailed. The Indian was known in the mission by the name of "maître du poison." He had the impassive air and pedantic tone formerly found in the European pharmacist. "I know," said he, "that the whites have the secret for making soap and this black powder which, if one misses, has the fault of making a loud noise that scares away the animal. Curare which we prepare is far superior to that which you make over there, beyond the seas. It is the juice of a plant which kills quietly without one knowing whence the blow came."

The first proof that curare could be a boon to medicine came from a donkey that responded to artificial respiration. Charles Waterton, an eccentric nineteenth-century explorer (a passionate Catholic, he made his home into a museum with exhibits such as "The English Reformation Zoölogically Demonstrated," in which preserved reptiles were contorted into portraits of famous Protestants), was another of the few Europeans who have ever seen curare being prepared. He brought some back to London from what is now Guyana and, in 1814, injected a donkey with it. Within ten minutes, her heart stopped. Waterton cut a hole in her windpipe and inserted a pair of bellows as a way of giving her artificial respiration. Waterton had to keep pumping for two solid hours before she "held up her head and looked around." After two more hours, she walked. The experiment showed that curare killed by immobilizing the muscles, with the result that the victim stopped breathing. As long as doctors made sure that the patient kept breathing, they could use curare to relax tense muscles.

Today, d-turbocurarine and other alkaloids isolated from the various curare lianas (different species of the genera *Chondodendron* and *Strychnos*) are used in surgery to relax skeletal muscles. Without these alkaloids, such delicate operations as tonsillectomies and eye and abdominal surgery would be far more difficult. The antidote to curare is physostigmine, a chemical derived from the Calabar bean—a West African plant that is also used to treat glaucoma and as a blueprint for certain synthetic insecticides.



Because researchers at Eli Lilly & Company, in Indianapolis, and at the University of Western Ontario took the claims of folk medicine seriously enough to investigate the Madagascar periwinkle, *Catharanthus roseus*, there is now a ninety-nine-per-cent chance of remission in cases of lymphocytic leukemia—a disease that mostly affects children—and fifty-eight per cent of the sufferers from Hodgkin's disease survive for ten years after treatment, compared with two per cent in 1961. Scientists have found sixty alkaloids in this one plant: some reduce blood pressure; others lower the concentration of glucose in the blood. But the two most important are the anti-tumor agents vincristine and vinblastine, which have revolutionized the treatment of leukemia and Hodgkin's disease. It takes fifteen tons of periwinkle leaves to make one ounce of vincristine, which sells for a hundred thousand dollars a pound and currently has annual sales of over fifty million dollars.

Scientists at the National Cancer Institute had previously tested the Madagascar periwinkle, but their screening program had failed to detect its potential. Because it is impossible to devise a screening program that will pick up everything about a plant, traditional knowledge can help a great deal in narrowing the field of inquiry to those species most likely to be useful. "If this plant had not been analyzed, not even a chemist's wildest ravings would have hinted that such structures would be pharmacologically active," John Humphreys, a British biochemist, wrote in 1982. The National Cancer Institute hopes to find more such plants. "Simply based on statistical probability, I reckon there are nine or ten superstars out there, just as important as vincristine and vinblastine," says Dr. James Duke, the head of the Department of Agriculture's Germplasm Resources Laboratory, which provided the institute's scientists with the plants they analyzed.

Some rain-forest plants, such as the South American ipecac, have been used medicinally for centuries. Ipecac, which cured Louis XIV of amoebic dysentery, is still the most effective treatment for that disease. A survey of fifteen hundred Costa Rican rain-forest plants indicated that fifteen per cent had potential as anti-cancer agents. In 1984, the two drugs from *Catharanthus roseus* were the only major anti-cancer drugs to come from tropical rain forests, though a few are now reaching their clinical trials.

Steroid hormone medicines, such as cortisone and diosgenin, which is the active ingredient in birth-control pills, were developed from wild yams (several species of *Dioscorea*) in Mexico and Guatemala. The American biochemist Norman Applezweig, a leading authority on steroid chemistry, said, in 1976, in a paper he delivered at the annual meeting of the Society for Economic Botany, that without "Mexican diosgenin as the most versatile and available steroid raw material, it is probable that we would not have had oral contraception in our time, or even in our century." The shrub *Rauwolfia serpentina* has been an important tranquillizer in India and Southeast Asia for thousands of years. Forty years ago, Western scientists recognized its value, and its derivative, reserpine, is now widely used to treat hypertension. The heart medicine strophanthin, which is used in Europe along with digitalis, comes from a wild West African vine, *Strophanthus gratus*, which has long been used locally as an arrow poison. Among forest plants recently found to have medical potential are the greenheart tree, which has a reputation in the Amazon as an effective contraceptive, and *Clibadium sylvestre*, a plant from which Guyanese tribes have derived a powerful fish poison known as cunaniol, which can slow heart rate.

Some seven thousand medical compounds in the modern Western pharmacopoeia are derived from plants. One-fourth of all prescription drugs in the United States contain one or more of those compounds. Dr. Norman Farnsworth, who is research professor of pharmacognosy at the College of Pharmacy of the University of Illinois at Chicago, estimates that the value of plant-derived prescription drugs in the United States was eight billion dollars in 1980. The figure for nonprescription drugs is much higher; in 1980 Americans bought a hundred and sixty-five million dollars' worth of plant-derived laxatives. If drugs derived from animals and microbes are included, Americans in 1980 spent twenty billion dollars on medicines with a natural component. For the industrialized world as a whole, the value of such medicines, according to Farnsworth, was at least forty billion dollars.

IN temperate forests, practically all the nutrients are in the soil. By contrast, a study conducted in a rain forest at San Carlos de Río Negro, in the Venezuelan Amazon, found that three-quarters of the nutrients were in the biomass—the living plants and trees themselves. Seventeen per cent were in the forest debris (the humus and litter), and only eight per cent in the mineral soil. The tropical rain forest is a closed system, within which the same nutrients are continually recycled. It is a system so efficient that there is hardly any loss or waste. A leaf or a branch dies and falls to the ground and at once begins to decay. Microorganisms attack the debris and speed up the process of decay, and specialized roots help the plants absorb the nutrients as soon as they are released. Decay and uptake are so fast that the litter layer is seldom more than an inch or two thick.

Tropical-rain-forest trees, because a high proportion of their nutrients come from above, have many small "feeder roots" that spread out on the forest floor to capture nutrients. Often in rain forests, a thick, spongy mass of roots, fungi, humus, bacteria, and other microorganisms covers the soil. Here in the root mat, which may be as much as sixteen inches thick and can be peeled back like newly laid lawn turf, the forest decomposes and nourishes itself, acting as a slow-release fertilizer.

When a leaf or a twig falls onto this mat, thin root hairs quickly invade it and absorb nutrients as the leaf decays and releases them. The roots of many plants are invaded by specialized fungi, called mycorrhizae, that absorb minerals and water more efficiently than uninfected roots do. These "fungus roots" can extract a nutrient such as phosphorus, for instance, when it is present in concentrations too low for ordinary roots to exploit. Scientists are just discovering that in tropical rain forests, where soil fertility is low, many, and possibly most, trees cannot grow or survive without mycorrhizae, and that many mycorrhizae are specific to particular species. When a rain forest is burned or the soil is otherwise damaged, and its mycorrhizae are destroyed, the forest may never be able to return. A 1982 report by the National Academy of Sciences calls mycorrhizae "the cornerstone of mineral conservation by natural tropical forests," and

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Next month, we'll discuss how to choose the right pot for your recipe.

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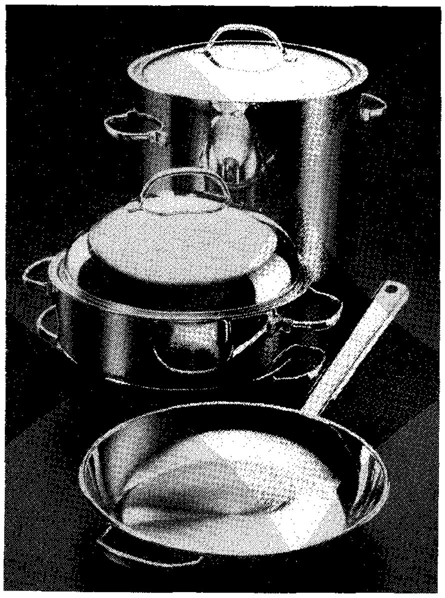

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says that they are "often more cost-effective in the long term" than adding fertilizer. Ironically, fertilizer suppresses the growth of mycorrhizae, so each subsequent application must be increased to compensate for the loss of mycorrhizal nourishment. Foresters in Puerto Rico tried for twenty years to establish pine plantations. They experimented with twenty-six different species and varieties, but all their attempts failed until they inoculated the trees with mycorrhizae from a natural pine stand. At present, however, these fungi cannot be cultivated, nor can they be transferred to uninfected plants on a large scale. We must rely on their natural presence in forest soils.

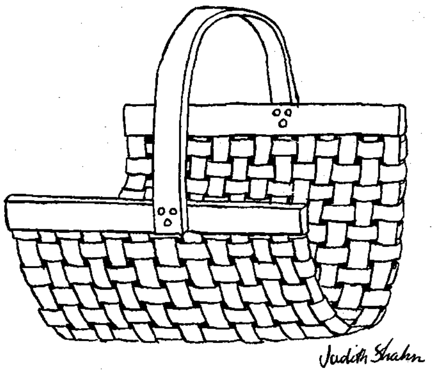
In San Carlos de Río Negro, scientists added radioactively marked calcium and phosphorus to the root mat of a tropical rain forest. They then collected the rainwater that drained through the mat and measured how much of the tagged material had leached through and been lost. Over ninety-nine per cent of the calcium and the phosphorus had been absorbed by the root mat; only one-tenth of one per cent was leached out by the rain. In other words, the nutrient-recycling system of an intact tropical rain forest is almost a hundred per cent efficient, losing practically nothing to the outside world.

A tropical cloudburst can drop an inch of rain in half an hour—up to forty times as much water as the average shower in the northeastern United States. A typical storm in Ghana can drop eight inches of rain in an hour—almost four times as much as London gets in an average month. The forest is its own protection from the devastating pressure of tropical storms. Many tropical forests grow on mountains or hillsides. Their canopies cushion the soil from the impact of the rain, protecting it from erosion and landslides. Their roots act as sponges, absorbing the rain and releasing it slowly. This way, the forests to some extent even out seasonal extremes, conducting a steady and moderate flow of rainwater to the world's major rivers. When the forest is removed, so is this moderating influence. During the rainy season, the full force of tropical storms is felt at once, and there are no reserves left to ease the hardship of dry months. With cruel irony, deforestation brings flooding *and* drought.

From half to three-quarters of the rain that falls on a tropical rain forest is intercepted by the forest canopy and eventually is returned to the atmosphere. The rest trickles down branches and trunks or drips from leaves. Leaves absorb nutrients from rainwater; they support colonies of algae, lichen, and liverworts that absorb minerals from the water that falls on them. In addition, the nutrient-rich rainwater seeps through the characteristically thin bark of rain-forest trees to the living tissue beneath.

Erosion, flooding, and landslides resulting from forest clearance affect people downstream of the deforested area as much as they do those who are working the land. According to the World Wildlife Fund, forty per cent of the farmers in the developing world live in villages that depend upon the forest sponge effect to prevent or mitigate flooding and drought. A single storm in the humid tropics can sweep seventy-five tons of soil from one acre. The Mississippi River carries only two hundred and fifty tons of soil per square mile, while each square mile of the Ganges is loaded with four thousand tons of soil washed down from the Himalayan mountains. In the Ivory Coast, one acre of forest on a seven-per-cent slope loses twenty pounds, or one one-hundredth of a ton, of soil a year. But once the trees are removed the same amount of rain falling on such a slope of the same area can wash away sixty tons of soil.

Erosion on that scale has shortened the life of many dams in the tropics. According to a member of India's National Committee of Environmental Planning and Coördination, "the average rate of sedimentation in most reservoirs is four to six times as high as the rate which was assumed at the time that they were designed and built." Together, water shortages caused by premature sedimentation of reservoirs and a twenty-million-dollar yearly increase in typhoon damage caused President Marcos, in the mid-seventies, to declare the destruction of the Philippine forests a "national emergency."



It is a widespread myth that rain forests produce a large proportion of the earth's oxygen—that they are the "green lungs" of the planet. The fact is that mature forests are in equilibrium. They consume as much oxygen in the decay of organic matter as they produce through photosynthesis. The connections between deforestation, the world's carbon-dioxide budget, and the global climate, however, are more controversial, and may be much more serious. Many scientists studying climate believe that burning of the tropical forests could change the global climate and destabilize the polar ice caps.

This hypothesis is based on the fact that forests are reservoirs of carbon, which is stored in the living vegetation. Cutting trees and then burning them or leaving them to decay releases this carbon, adding to the concentration of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere. Over the past century, the amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere has increased by more than fifteen per cent, and half of the increase has occurred since 1958. The major cause of the increase is the burning of fossil fuels. According to the ecologist George Woodwell, the director of the Ecosystems Center of the Marine Biological Laboratory, at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, forest clearance could account for more than half of the fifteen-per-cent increase, though the figures are far from certain. Scientists agree that this steady increase will lead, possibly in the next fifty years, to a doubling of the amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere.

Carbon dioxide and other elements in the atmosphere trap heat that would otherwise pass through the atmosphere into space. This "greenhouse effect" means that the predicted doubling in atmospheric concentrations of carbon dioxide would result in an average rise of about five degrees Fahrenheit in the temperature of the air. The warming would not be uniform around the globe; the North and South Poles are forecast to have temperature increases of as much as eighteen degrees Fahrenheit, which may cause some melting of the polar ice caps, raising the ocean levels and changing rainfall patterns around the world. Such changes would alter present patterns of agriculture: the grain belts of the Midwestern United States and southern Europe might become unsuitable for conven-

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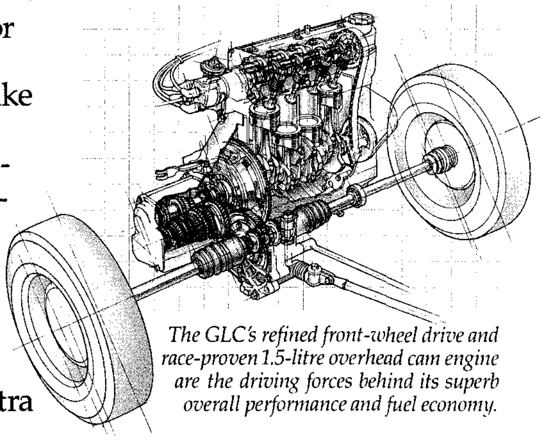

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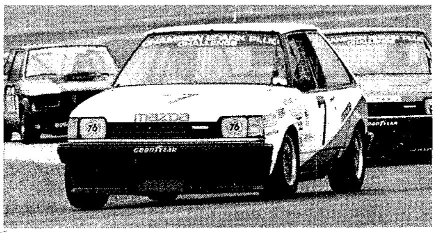

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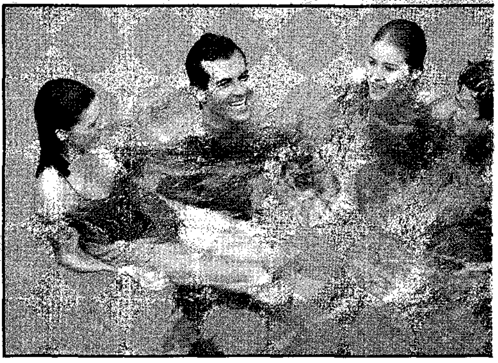

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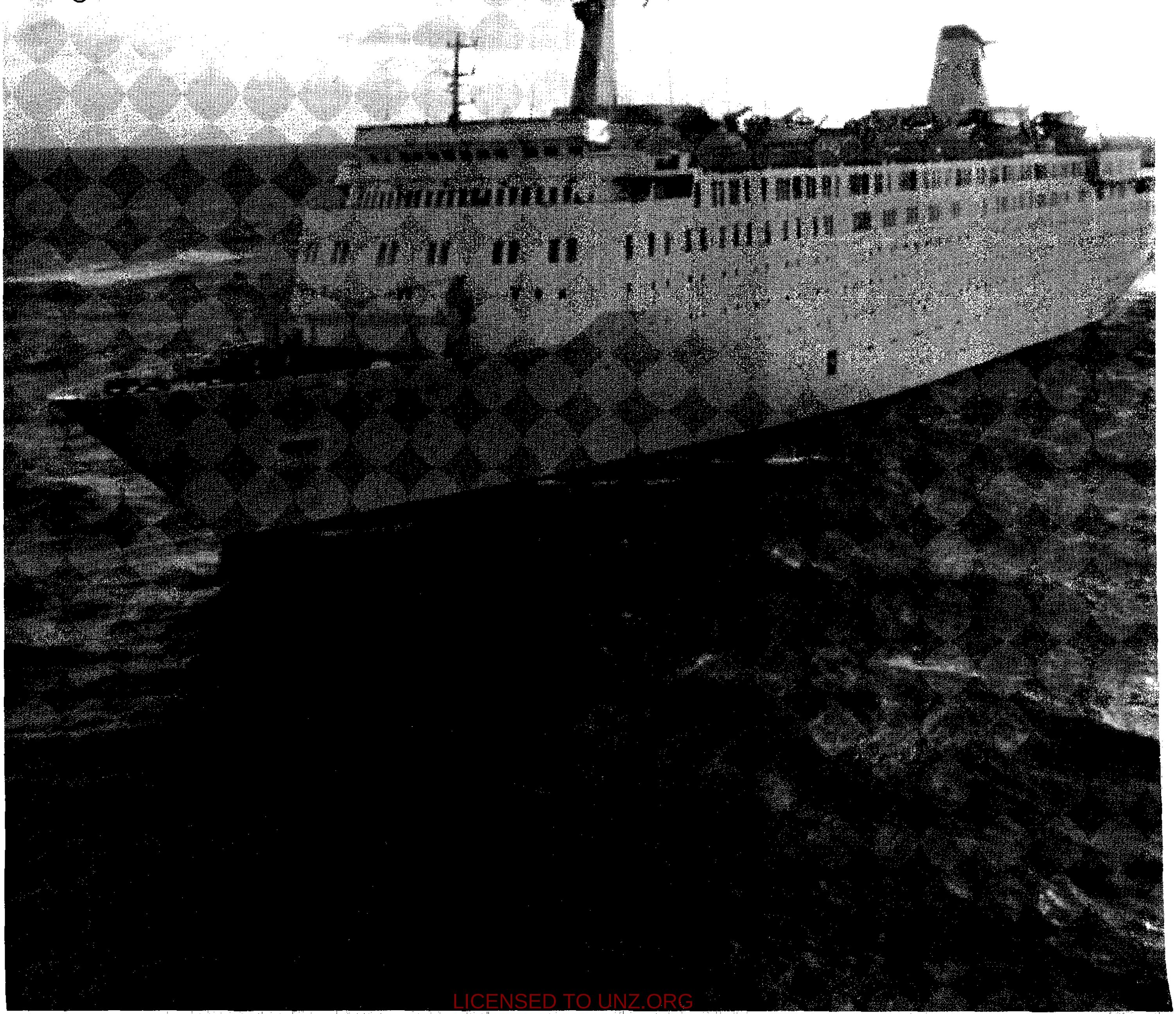
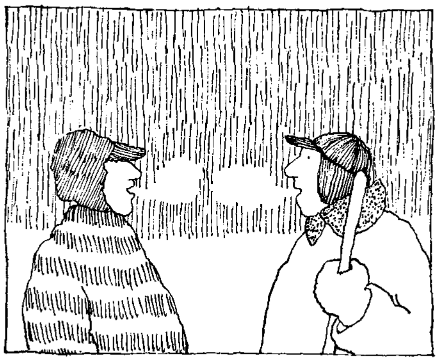


tional temperate agriculture, whereas parts of India, Southeast Asia, and Siberia could benefit agriculturally from a warmer, wetter climate. The oceans could, as a result of the warming, release more carbon dioxide to the atmosphere, and so accelerate the disaster. Scientists by no means unanimously accept this view of the future. There are too many uncertainties and areas of ignorance to be sure what will happen as carbon dioxide builds up in the atmosphere. But, as Woodwell has pointed out, by the time we know what the effects are to be, "it will be twenty years too late to do anything about it."

We already know that deforestation does significantly affect local climate. When large areas of rain forest are destroyed, less rain falls on those areas. Deforestation removes the sponge that holds rainwater and sends half of it directly back to the atmosphere by transpiration. Research in Brazil has shown that at least half the rain in the Amazon Basin comes from water evaporated from the forest. In central Panama, where practically all the rain forests have been cleared to make way for cattle ranches, records show that annual rainfall has dropped by seventeen inches over the past fifty years. The cloud forests—rain forests that grow on mountains and intercept moisture from clouds—north of Veracruz, Mexico, collected water from coastal fog banks. When the forests were cut down, this source of moisture was lost to the region. Today, more than a thousand square miles of once rich land lies ruined; only desert vegetation will grow there. Some scientists have postulated that deforestation, which causes ground temperatures to rise, will result locally in more intense updrafts and harder and more destructive, though less regular, rainfall. In addition, they believe, air heated by the increased ground temperatures will change wind and cloud patterns, which can affect a much larger area than the deforested region itself. Deforestation in South America, for example, might alter the weather in North America. And a fifty-per-cent drop in rainfall could render useless an elaborate system of hydroelectric dams that Brazil is planning for Amazonia.

SO successful has the rain forest been in overcoming the limitations of its environment that it has invited its own destruction by people who have misread adaptation for boundless fertility. Even as great a naturalist as Henry Bates misjudged Amazonia, calling it "a region almost as large as Europe, every inch of whose soil is of the most exuberant fertility." Theodore Roosevelt, on his collecting and big-game journey through South America, wrote of Amazonia, "Surely such a rich and fertile land cannot be permitted to remain idle, to lie as a tenantless wilderness, while there are such teeming swarms of human beings in the overcrowded, overpeopled countries of the Old World." Roosevelt acknowledged no serious obstacle to his vision of the future: "The very rapids and waterfalls which now make the navigation of the river so difficult and dangerous would drive electric trolleys up and down its whole length." Alfred Wallace was equally enthusiastic and unrealistic: "When I consider the excessively small amount of labor required in this country, to convert the virgin forest into green meadows and fertile plantations, I almost long to come over with half-a-dozen friends, disposed to work, and enjoy the country; and show the inhabitants how soon an earthly paradise might be created."

Many people regard the warnings of ecologists about the consequences of destroying rain forests as speculative and alarmist. Some see critics of the present state of affairs as the latest in gloom-and-doom merchants, overstating their case to justify an obsession for turning forests into untouchable museums of ecology. But such warnings have a long history. They have followed the axe man around the globe as he successfully destroyed the forests of the Mediterranean, Europe, and North America. In fact, to judge from the antiquity of the laments, one might expect an understanding of the mechanics of erosion and soil fertility to be part of the collective unconscious. "Often indeed, devastating torrents unite when from hills has been cut away the wood that used to hold the rains and absorb them," wrote Pliny the Elder in the first century. In "De Re Rustica," Columella, also writing in first-century Rome, explained that yields of crops planted on newly cleared forestland plummeted within a few years, because the soil needed nourishment from the roots and leaves of trees.



WHEN a tree dies and crashes to the ground in a tropical rain forest, it pulls and knocks others down with it. A single tree may open an acre to the sun, and that space is enlarged as winds blow down newly exposed trees. Suddenly, a part of the forest floor is open to the sun, and the nutrient level in that small place is increased as a result of the new decomposing vegetation. Seedlings and saplings that have barely survived for years in deep shade spurt up. Seeds germinate as the soil in which they lie gets warmer. Within forty or fifty years, a gap in the natural forest—one that has not been farmed or burned—has become difficult to distinguish from the surrounding forest in terms of bulk, although different plant species may be present.

Events will take a different course, however, if an area is repeatedly cleared for farming or is burned before it is given a chance to grow back. First of all, if the clearing is too large—more than three thousand and sixty square yards, according to the F.A.O.—the true primary forest species will not be able to recolonize it. Instead, aggressive secondary species will invade the area. Because there is little wind in the lower stories of the rain forest, most trees depend on fauna to pollinate them. Some pollinators are so adapted to the shaded, moist forest that they will not enter large clearings, and the fruits of many rain-forest trees are too large to be blown about by the wind anyway; unless an animal moves them, they remain where they fell, near the parent tree.

Burning and farming also damage the forest's ability to recuperate by destroying the root mat and the mycorrhizae, and by reducing the ability of seeds to germinate. One study counted fifteen germinated seeds per square foot on a site that had been burned and seventy per square foot in the undisturbed forest. Scientists estimate that a farmed site will take well over a hundred years to return to the complex mixture of species characteristic of the primary forest. If the site has been severely damaged—by repeated burning, say—it may never recover. But no one knows for certain how long it takes a forest to reëstablish itself. Large areas of forest around Angkor Wat, in Kampuchea, which were cleared six hundred years ago and have been left undisturbed ever since are still distinguishable from the surrounding primary forest.

Most tropical rain forests are felled so that the land can be farmed. Quite often, the trees are left lying where they fall, or are burned, because it is impossible or too expensive to get them to potential buyers. Burning the vegetation has one good side effect: it releases nutrients that are stored in the trees and gives a big—though short-lived—boost to the first crops planted. But when the trees are burned the soil under them is also burned—or cooked, at least. When soil temperature exceeds seventy-five degrees, humus, the organic part of the soil, is destroyed faster than it can form. At higher temperatures, many of its nutrients, such as nitrogen and sulfur, volatilize and dissipate in the air. This happens when the soil loses its protective canopy and is exposed to the sun, but the damage is even greater when the forest is set afire.

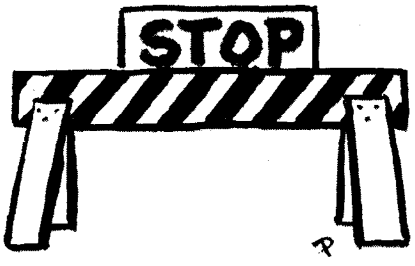
In addition, once the trees are felled and the root mat is destroyed the soil is subject to the full force of driving tropical rains. Heavy rain removes nutrients first by washing away the thin top layer of soil and leaf litter, and then by leaching nutrients deep into the subsoil, where they are unavailable to plant roots. It also compacts the soil, squeezing out the air pockets. Air is as important to soil quality as mineral nutrients, and compacted soil can be difficult to rehabilitate.

With the injection of rich ash from the burned vegetation, crops planted on newly cleared rain-forest land may thrive for a few seasons, but productivity declines rapidly as the nutrient store is depleted. In Belize, which has less rain than many parts of the humid tropics, yields of maize average nine hundred pounds per clearing in the year that a rain forest is cleared, but two years later the average yield is only half that. Some rain-forest soils, such as the porous sands of the wallaba forests in Guyana, are so poor that even one harvest of an annual crop is doubtful.

Most predator species in tropical rain forests are spread thinly over a large area, as are their food supplies—the particular plants or animals on which each depends. For this reason, the numbers of predators never reach the critical level that may lead to epidemic damage. But the safeguard of high species diversity does not exist on farms cleared from rain forests, and there pest buildup is the second main cause of low productivity. Using pesticides on rain-forest land may actually be counterproductive, because the relatively fast pace of evolution in the tropics increases the chances that immune "superpests" will evolve—something that has happened in the case of malarial mosquitoes and DDT.

In temperate climates, farmers routinely apply artificial fertilizers to the soil, but their application is not usually practical on rain-forest soils, for several reasons. First, such fertilizers are expensive, and are in short supply in developing countries—especially in the remote regions where rain forests still exist. Second, the most common soils of rain forests, the tropical red earths, are unable to use artificial fertilizers efficiently, because these soils have a tendency to lock up phosphorus and to leach out positively charged nutrients, like calcium, magnesium, and potassium. And, third, fertilizers may backfire by destroying nature's own growth promoters, the mycorrhizal fungi, and by promoting weeds that compete with crop plants.

WHAT scientists know about rain forests serves above all to convince them that man is still deeply ignorant concerning them. In the words of Seymour Sohmer, a tropical botanist and the chairman of the botany department of Honolulu's Bishop Museum, "We should never lose sight of the fact that we know little or nothing about the way most humid tropical forests are structured and how they function, not to mention the component species and how they evolve." Most of the laws governing the behavior of tropical forests are still mysteries —when trees flower and fruit; how much light, water, and warmth they need to germinate and grow; how long they live; how they are pollinated; how a cleared forest regrows; how big an area each animal species needs to support itself. It has been said that we know more about some areas of the moon than we do about tropical rain forests. Yet what we have learned about them so far has revolutionized our view of all life on this planet. The theory of evolution through natural selection, for example, is arguably the most important concept in the science of biology. This crucial concept arose from studies made by Alfred Wallace and Charles Darwin not in the biologically impoverished temperate zones but in the vastly more diverse tropics.



Scientists who set out to learn how rain forests work face greater practical problems than do those working in less complex ecosystems. Someone studying grassland could take as a representative area a patch several yards square and a few inches high. To get a fair sample of rain-forest life, one would have to observe at least ten acres to a height of at least a hundred and thirty feet. So much of a rain forest's life takes place in the upper levels that someone on the ground misses most of it. Many tropical biologists today have to learn to climb trees a hundred and sixty feet high. Some live for months on tiny platforms in the forest canopy, a hundred feet above ground, moving between trees on jerry-built rope walkways or gliding with pulleys along rope webs.

It is impossible for a single scientist to study the dynamics of a plant species over its full life, which may last hundreds of years. In fact, scientists don't even know how long most rain-forest trees do live. Because the tropics don't have distinct seasons, the trees don't form clear annual growth rings. "There are virtually no published reports of growth rates for trees in natural forests of the tropical lowlands," Gary Hartshorn, of Costa Rica's Tropical Science Center, told me. According to the British botanist Paul Richards, whom many would consider the grand old man of tropical-rain-forest botany, scientists have measured the average maximum life span of only two species—*Shorea leprosula* (two hundred and fifty years) and *Parashorea malaanonan* (two hundred years).

As the surprisingly complex life cycle of the Brazil nut illustrates, each plant and animal in the rain forest depends upon many other species. Because virtually nothing is known about the vast majority of these complicated interdependencies or about the breeding and feeding requirements of most species, we cannot know whether setting aside small, isolated patches of forest will enable those species to survive. The Brazilian government and the World Wildlife Fund are coöper-

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ating on a project to see how wildlife survives in reserves of various sizes, from two and a half acres to twenty-five hundred. The aim is to discover how big a rain-forest reserve must be in order to preserve the characteristic diversity. According to Thomas Lovejoy, a tropical biologist and a vice-president of the World Wildlife Fund, this is the largest controlled experiment in the history of ecology. It will take at least twenty years to gauge the effects on the bigger reserves of being cut off from the larger forest, but already it is clear that the very small plots are worthless. "They deteriorate within just a few months," Lovejoy said. There is a body of feeling among tropical ecologists that if rain-forest reserves are to be sustainable they should be at least a hundred and twenty-five thousand acres in extent—much bigger than many existing reserves—and some say the minimum viable size is half a million acres.

The task of simply naming the plants and animals of the forest has hardly begun. "The tropical forest floras of Oceania are not very well known . . . and those of the Americas not at all well known," according to the United Nations 1978 state-of-knowledge report on tropical forest ecosystems. "There are many species of which only the genus is known (and sometimes only the family) and many other plants only known by their vernacular names—many of which refer to more than one species." In the Brazilian share of the Amazon Basin, the largest area for which reliable and published tree-survey data exist is a mere thirteen and a half acres. Botanists looking at one patch of rain forest near Manaus, in Brazil, found sixteen hundred and fifty-two trees and plants, including a hundred that were entirely new to science. Twenty of these had no common names—an indication that even local people knew little about them. In Europe or the United States, an experienced botanist or zoologist walking through a forest, and equipped with one of the many species catalogues that exist for every temperate ecosystem, could expect to recognize practically all the plants or animals along the way—something no tropical scientist could do. Identifying rain-forest trees, for example, calls not only for an encyclopedic memory but also for a new way of looking at trees. Ordinarily, botanists distinguish between species by their flowers, but in rain forests, where trees flower at irregular times of the year and the flowers usually are far up, out of sight, they have to learn to distinguish between various patterns of bark and minute differences in the texture and arrangement of leaves—a skill rare among even the most experienced tropical botanists. Few outsiders ever become as expert as natives of the forest in distinguishing between the many hundreds of forest species.

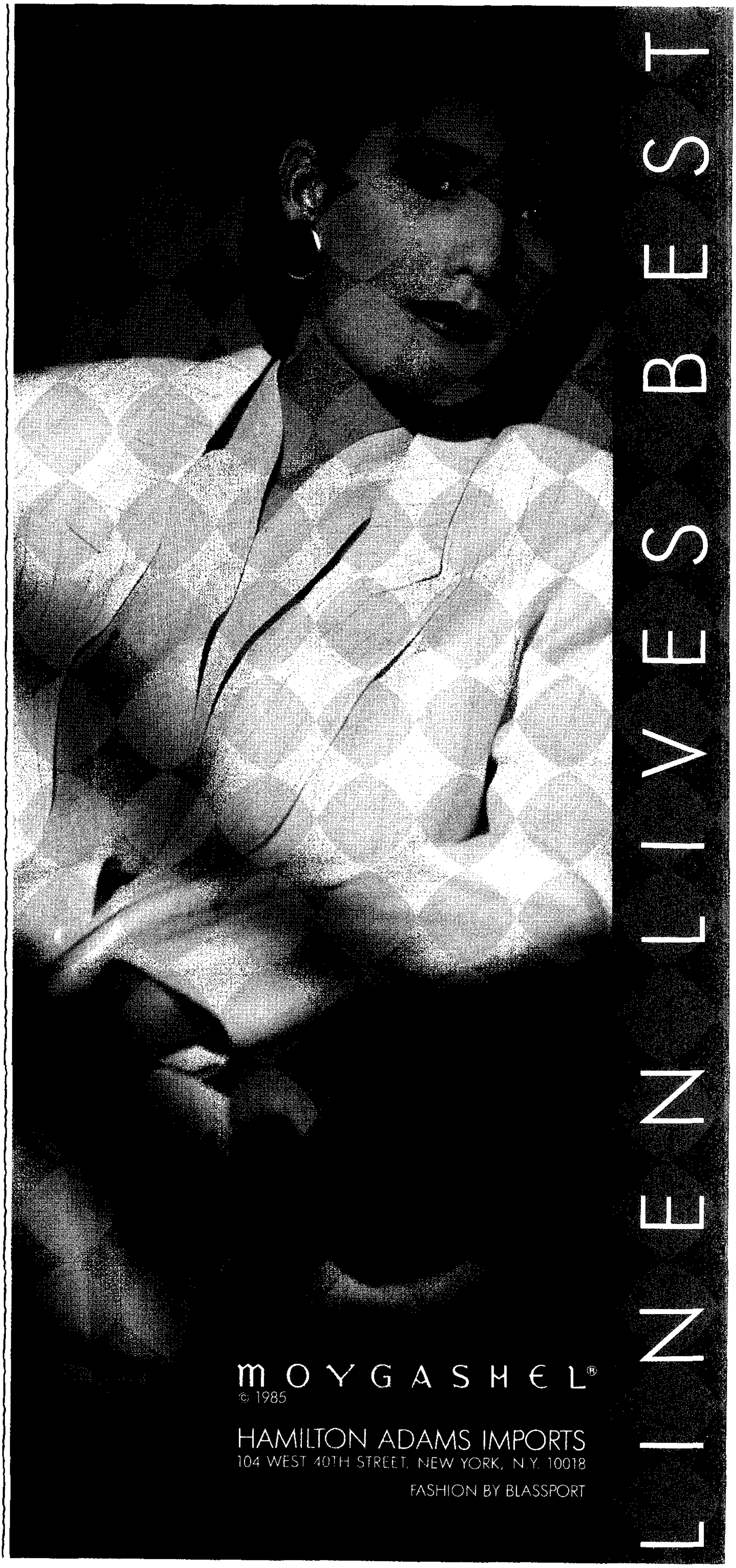
The tropics, though they have more species than temperate regions, have fewer specialists and fewer and poorer facilities. There are almost no comprehensive listings or collections of species for a particular country or region. Brazil, which is larger than the continental United States and is one of the richest and most highly developed of the tropical countries, has forty-nine plant collections, but they contain only two million specimens combined, while collections in the United States contain forty-six million. Similarly, the Royal Botanic Gardens, at Kew, in England, has better collections of the plants of many rain-forest countries than those countries themselves have.

Even the questions of how much rain forest is left and how fast it is being destroyed are unanswered in some countries and answered inadequately in many others. Aerial photographs, radar, and satellite sensing give accurate information about forest cover, but many countries use figures based on out-of-date surveys that were never more than crude estimates to begin with. The Indonesian government, for instance, has for years claimed that the country has three hundred and one million acres of rain forest remaining, despite the fact that at least a million and a half acres are deforested—and a much larger area is degraded—each year. The amount of unspoiled rain forest there may be as low as two hundred million acres. According to official figures, sixty-seven per cent of Uttarakhand, a Himalayan district in the Indian state of Uttar Pradesh, is covered by forests. Satellite images, however, have revealed that the true figure is thirty-seven and a half per cent.

Worldwide, about forty million dollars a year is spent on fundamental tropical biological research (of which rain-forest research is only a part). More than half the research money is from United States sources, although the United States and its territories contain less than one per cent of the world's tropical rain forests. Despite this apparently generous contribution, some American scientists want the United States to increase its spending on tropical ecology. They point out that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration gets almost seven and a half billion dollars a year, even though the United States owns none of space.

There are, at most, four thousand scientists in the whole world who are primarily concerned with tropical ecosystems, according to the National Science Foundation. About half of these are taxonomists, whose concern is simply to name new species. Half of all tropical biologists are North Americans and Europeans (seventeen per cent are European, the rest North American). Twenty-two per cent of the world's tropical biologists are Latin-American, twenty-two per cent are Asian or Australian, and six per cent are African. The total number of scientific papers published each year on environmental biology in the United States alone is greater than the total published on all aspects of tropical biology worldwide. "Only a handful of individuals in the United States are competent to supervise and undertake large-scale studies of tropical ecological systems involving experimental modification," says Peter Raven, who was chairman of the National Research Council's Committee on Research Priorities in Tropical Biology. "And no more than three of these individuals are engaged in studies in the tropics at present. Worldwide, the total of scientists competent to undertake such studies amounts to no more than two dozen."

ONLY the traditional forest dwellers, who are few in number, can survive in the rain forest without damaging it. They grow food on its infertile soils. They hunt and fish without driving the wild creatures of the forest to extinction. They know thousands of edible, medicinal, and poisonous plants. And, more effectively than any "modern" society, they limit their own populations to what their world can support. As roads open their ancestral lands to prospectors and settlers, these long-isolated groups suffer cultural, and even physical, extinction. They have no immunity to the diseases brought by outsiders. Their defenses are nothing against the guns of those who usurp their lands. The legal rec-



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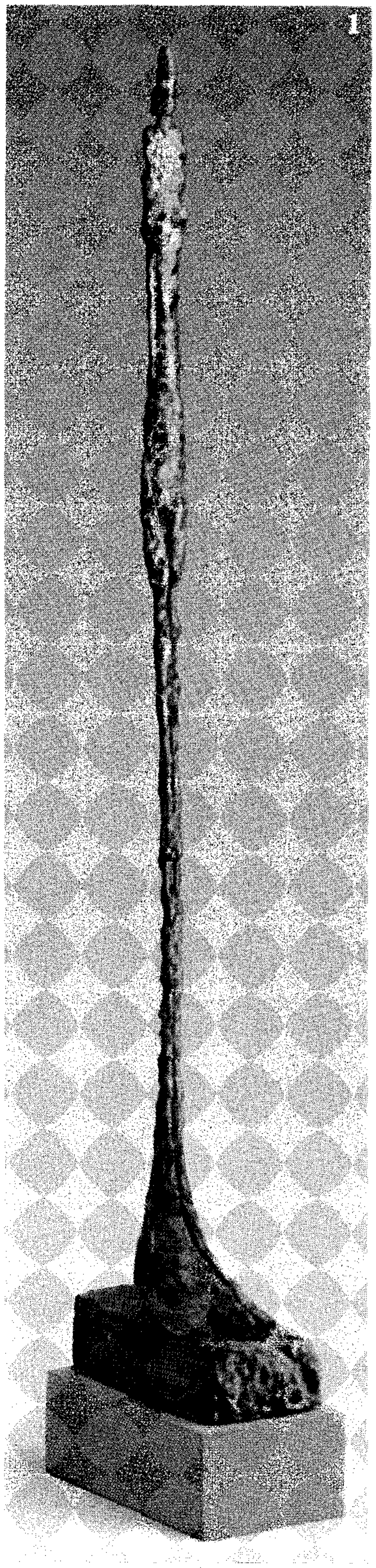

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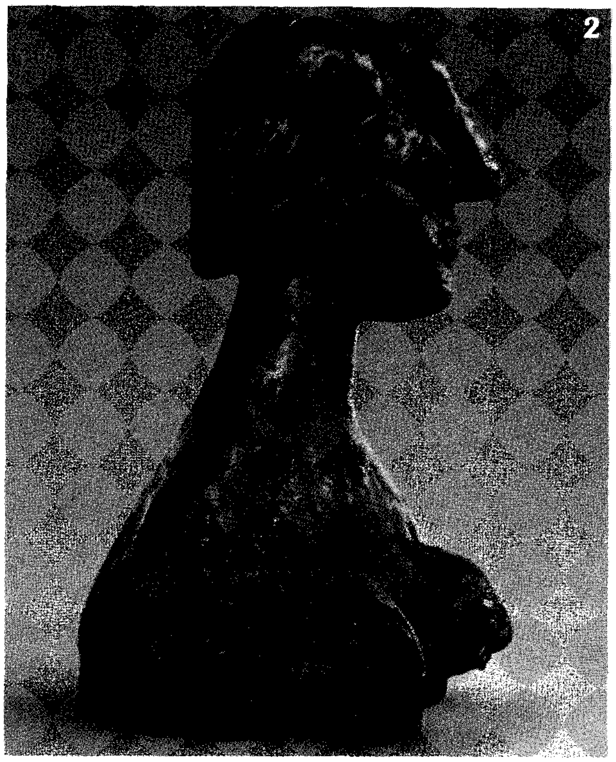

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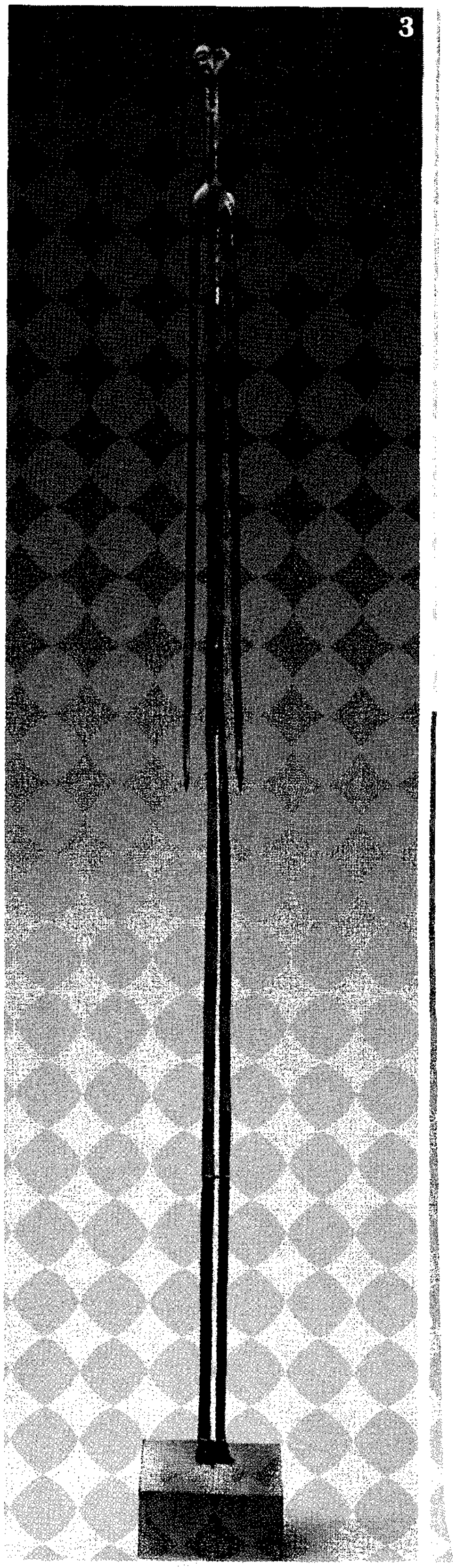

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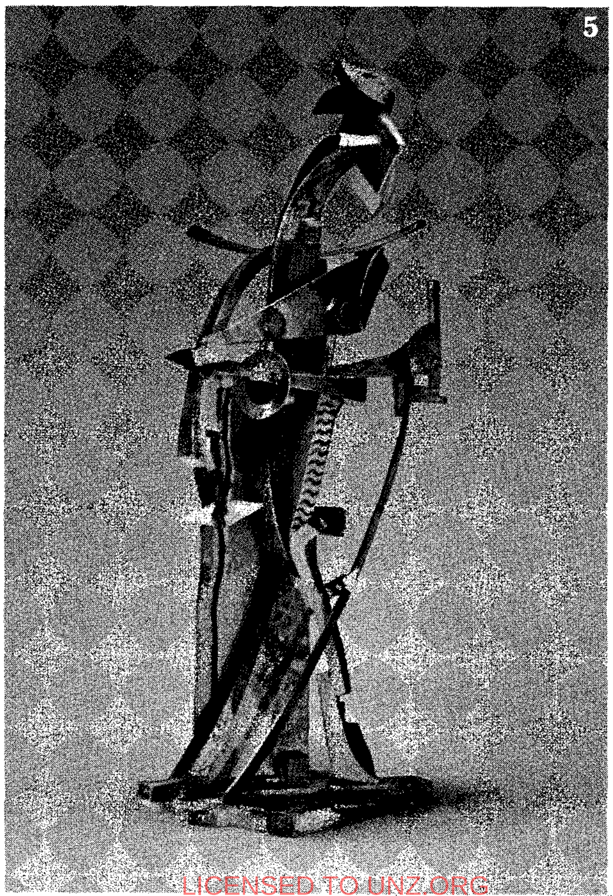

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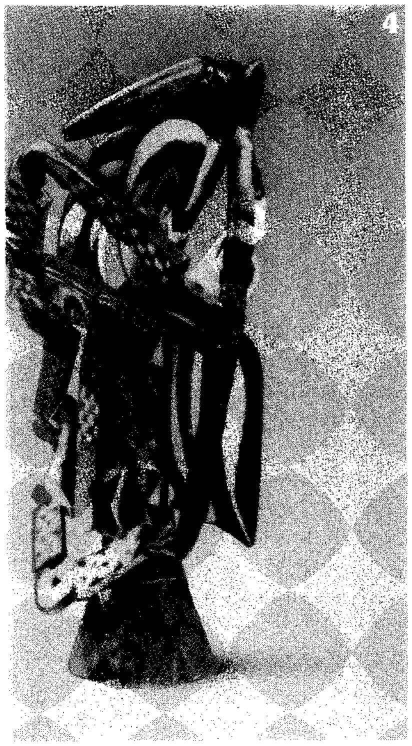
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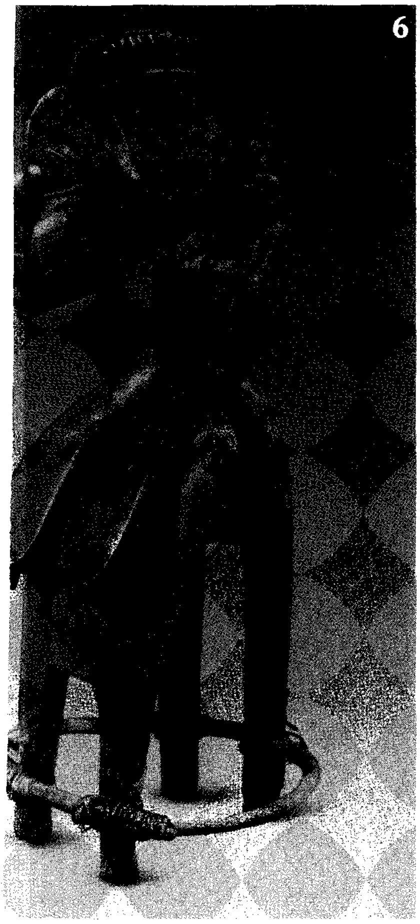
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Maybe you can tell at a glance; maybe you can't. But before you leap to the answers down below, put another question to yourself: How do they relate to each other, and we to them? It is a fascinating question which we can only now fully explore for the first time—in an exciting and enlightening new exhibition " 'Primitivism' in 20th Century Art: Affinity of the Tribal and the Modern" at The Museum of Modern Art.

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" 'Primitivism' in 20th Century Art: Affinity of the Tribal and the Modern" appears at The Museum of Modern Art, New York, September 27, 1984—January 15, 1985; The Detroit Institute of Arts, Detroit, February 27—May 19, 1985; Dallas Museum of Art, Dallas, June 23—September 1, 1985.

1. TALL FIGURE. Alberto Giacometti 1949, The Museum of Modern Art, New York, James Thrall Soby Bequest. ***2.*** *BUST OF A WOMAN (MARIE-THÉRÈSE WALTER), Pablo Picasso 1931. Musée Picasso, Paris.* ***3.*** *FIGURE. Nyamwezi, Tanzania. Collection: J. W. Mestach, Brussels.* ***4.*** *BIRD HEADDRESS. Baga, Guinea. Musée de l'Homme, Paris.* ***5.*** *SYMPHONY NO. 1, Vladimir Baranoff-Rossiné 1913, The Museum of Modern Art, New York, Katia Granoff Fund.* ***6.*** *NIMBA MASK. Baga, Guinea. Musée Picasso, Paris (Formerly collection, PABLO PICASSO).*

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ognition of their traditional rights is vague, inadequate, and unenforced. They come under intense pressure from governments and missionaries to abandon their languages and their ways of life, and to blend in with the dominant society—a society they can enter only at the lowest level.

There are perhaps a thousand forest tribes around the world—many, if not most, on the verge of extinction, and doubtless some that are still unknown to the outside world. In the nineteen-seventies, while Brazil was building the Trans-Amazon Highway, previously unknown groups of forest dwellers were encountered at the rate of one a year. Colombia has sixty tribal groups. In the Philippines, there are perhaps seven million tribal people, constituting more than sixty distinct cultural-linguistic groups. Indonesia has three hundred and sixty distinct ethnic groups, many of whom speak only their tribal language. Some two hundred tribes live in the Congo Basin. Papua New Guinea has more than seven hundred tribes, most of them forest dwellers, and each with its own language.

The subtlety and depth of the adaptations of aboriginal people to their ecosystems is clear in the difference between the Pygmies, who have lived in the forest for many millennia, and the Bantu-speaking groups, who came to the area much later. Pygmies get a good living from the forest, hunting, fishing, and collecting plants, without much hard work. They know how to move through the forest without fear or danger, and can set up their camps in a single morning. They have plenty of time to tell stories and to teach their children about the forest. Bantu farmers battle against the forest. Clearing land for their garden plots is back-breaking work; building villages takes months, and once the elaborate settlement—requiring large treeless spaces—is complete, it is hot and dusty (muddy after rain), and a mecca for bothersome and dangerous insects. Nonetheless, the Bantu are more powerful than the Pygmies, and try to bind them into their service. They regard Pygmies as their slaves, but depend upon them for honey and other forest goods, because the Bantu are afraid to go deep into the forest. Pygmies encourage this fear, because it gives them the freedom of the forest and enables them to be independent of Bantu control.

The gap between Pygmies and Bantus is as nothing compared with the gap between forest people in general and outsiders. Forest people are physically adapted to the hot, humid environment in which they live. Their metabolic rate is lower, and therefore they generate less heat than Europeans or North Americans. In addition, most aboriginal people are relatively short and slight, and thus have a large surface area in relation to their bulk. This means that heat can dissipate from their bodies more quickly. As a result, forest people sweat less than outsiders. This is just as well, because in the humid atmosphere of a rain forest, where the rate of evaporation is low, sweating is an inefficient way of cooling down.

Forest people do not often suffer from cancer or the chronic degenerative diseases, such as hypertension and heart disease, of industrialized societies. Stress and obesity are practically unknown in unacculturated forest groups. The over-all health of deep-forest dwellers—those whose environment and way of life are relatively uninfluenced by the dominant society—is good. The adults, at least, show few signs of nutritional deficiency. Nonetheless, the life expectancy of most forest people is perhaps half that of a middle-class European or North American, who can stay alive for many years in an unhealthy state. When forest people cease to be healthy, they die.

LAND is the most important element of any forest tribe's existence. Land—in fact, the entire physical environment, the ecosystem—has an important spiritual meaning for virtually all forest groups, and a sacred connection with the culture itself. Deprived of their land, forest dwellers can look forward only to being absorbed into the surrounding people's culture as landless peasants, low-paid laborers, or beggars. In Peru, for example, the Conibo Indians work in lowly positions for a logging company that moved into their ancestral lands and is cutting down the forest that for centuries provided them with a home and a way of life.

Land laws vary enormously from country to country. There are a number of international agreements concerning the right of tribal peoples to their traditional lands. Twenty-six states have ratified the International Labor Organization's Indigenous and Tribal Populations Convention, under which governments are bound to adopt "special measures for the protection of the institutions, persons, property, and labor" of indigenous populations. Article 11 states that "the right of ownership, collective or individual, of the members of the populations concerned over the lands which these populations traditionally occupy shall be recognized." The Universal Declaration of Human Rights, adopted by the United Nations in 1948, also provides for the protection of the rights of all sectors of a national population, but says nothing specifically about the rights of indigenous and tribal populations.

Papua New Guinea recognizes in law and in practice the right of indigenous peoples to their traditional lands more fully than any other country except, perhaps, New Zealand. Ninety-seven per cent of the land in Papua New Guinea is in customary ownership; that is, it is owned not by individuals but by tribes or clans. Peru guarantees the integrity of the land of forest-dwelling native communities, but it also allows free access for oil and gas pipelines and mineral exploitation, with no compensation to the occupiers of the land. In 1982, the government of Ecuador gave title and exclusive use of large forest and park reserves to three of the smallest and most endangered groups in the Ecuadorean Amazon, though resource exploitation is, as in Peru, allowed without compensation. Bolivia, despite having ratified the I.L.O. Convention, does not recognize the right of Indians to their traditional lands, nor has it established any reserves in which Indians can live as a community. Individual Indians may own land, but there is no mechanism for assigning collective ownership—a notion crucial to most Indian cultures. In the Philippines, conflicting laws guarantee tribal groups rights over ancestral lands and at the same time declare that the government has a right to convert all such land to other uses. The main relevant law is Presidential Decree 410, which was titled "Declaring Ancestral Lands Occupied and Cultivated by National Cultural Communities as Alienable and Disposable, and for Other Purposes." Since the promulgation of that decree, in 1974, not one tribal group has had its right to its homeland officially recognized. The general pattern is for governments to give weak lip service to the notion that tribal peoples should have some protected land of their own but to ignore this principle in practice, and even to pass laws that contradict it.

Land is at the center of almost all disputes between tribal peoples and in-

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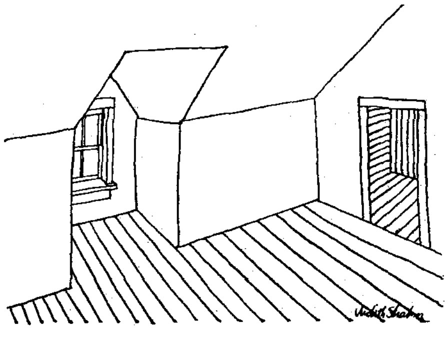
dustrial societies. When President Marcos issued Presidential Decree 410, for example, the list of provinces in which cultural minorities' land might be recognized did not include Abra, the home of the Tinggian tribe. Over the centuries, the Tinggians have created terraced and irrigated rice fields and have also practiced rotation agriculture in the mountains, and they hunt and fish in the forest. Eleven days after P.D. 410 was announced, a logging and pulp concern called the Cellophil Resources Corporation and its sister company, the Cellulose Processing Company, were awarded a license to log half a million acres of forestland, much of it belonging by tradition to the Tinggians. The concession also sprawls across the mountains of four other provinces and covers the land of four other minority groups. It encompasses four supposedly protected watersheds as well, on which the National Power Corporation plans to build at least nine major dams. One of the affected watersheds is the Agno, where siltation is already choking the Ambuklao dam; another affected area is Balbalasang, a national nature reserve.

In 1974, Cellophil was a subsidiary of the Herdis group of companies, which is headed by Herminio Disini, who is related by marriage to the President's wife, Imelda, and is a golfing and financial partner of the President. Marcos is widely reputed to have a large personal stake in Cellophil. Since the company's entry into Abra, its officials have been guarded by members of Marcos's special Presidential Security Command. Disini gained an international reputation as the middleman for Westinghouse in the negotiations to decide on a builder for the Philippines' first nuclear reactor. *Time* estimated that Westinghouse paid Disini thirty-five million dollars for securing Marcos's approval of the Westinghouse contract. The publicity attending an American Senate investigation of the matter—and Marcos's desire to distance himself from Disini—led to the government's taking over Disini's share of Cellophil. Subsequently, the government contracted with Herdis to manage the company, which is now a joint venture involving the Philippine government, three Japanese companies, including Mitsubishi, and the Swiss multinational Bauminter Corporation. A consortium of European banks financed the scheme; Japanese, American, and European companies planned, built, and installed the equipment. Spie Batignolles, the French firm that equipped Cellophil's pulp mill, is being sued by the Philippine government, on the ground that the mill never worked properly. For a short while in 1981, it turned out pulp that was of quality too poor to export, and had to be dumped on the local market. Finally acknowledging the mill a failure, Cellophil stepped up its logging operations in order to export raw logs.

The Tinggians have tried to fight the takeover of their lands by pointing out certain illegalities. The half-million-acre concession of Cellophil—the sister corporations are invariably referred to as a single unit—is twice as large as government regulations allow, and a regulation that predates martial law excludes tribal lands from all concession areas. Leaders of the tribes affected by the Cellophil concession met in 1978 and signed a resolution asking the company to stop its operations until certain changes were agreed upon. The tribes' requests were modest: the company should not float logs in the river, for doing so damaged fish traps and irrigation canals; should not cut trees along certain creeks and watersheds where erosion would result; should set aside a number of communal forests and pasturelands; and should seek the approval of the local people before undertaking any new activities. Instead, the government withdrew the people's right to the wood in communal forests, and informed them that they were "squatters" and had no legal rights.

In 1979, a hundred and eighty tribal leaders wrote to Marcos asking that Cellophil's license be withdrawn. One elder said, "We the people . . . are poor. All we have now are the mountains, trees, rivers, and especially our freedom. All these the Cellophil is threatening to take away from us." In answer, the military increased its presence in the area. For several years, Army officers had been escorting Cellophil officials to meetings with local people to demonstrate the government's support for Cellophil's position. In addition, roads throughout the province have military checkpoints to prevent mass meetings from taking place. Between 1977 and 1979, the national government dismissed five local mayors and put in its own men.



The World Bank, despite a policy stating that it "will not assist development projects, forestry or otherwise, that knowingly encroach on traditional territories of tribal people without their full and voluntary consent," is financing an experimental forestry plantation on land where the Tinggians had long been living—a project that was originally designed to help satisfy the future needs of Cellophil's pulp mill. The plan stipulates that most of the local people will be moved. Some, however, will be employed on the plantation. A worker will be given a quarter-acre plot to farm for himself, but only for as long as he continues to work for the company.

Many people in the tree-plantation areas have lost their livelihood completely, and environmental degradation from Cellophil's logging is widespread and has already begun to interfere with rice production. Fishing, which provides an important source of protein, has been severely damaged by siltation from the clear-cutting of the forest. Vast deforestation has led to erosion, landslides, and floods. Many people have been forcibly resettled far from their homes in government-run camps, modelled on the "strategic hamlets" that were set up by the American military during the Vietnam War.

THE most successful indigenous groups are those which master the weapon of communications—with other tribal groups and with society at large. In 1980, indigenous peoples in Brazil formed a national organization, the Union of Indian Nations, with the object of promoting cultural autonomy and self-determination, fighting for the recovery of land and resource rights, helping communities in designing and carrying out development projects, and informing the general public about indigenous peoples. Around the world, many tribal groups, profiting from the experiences of others, are defending their cultural integrity more effectively. A group of Ayoreo living in Bolivia has made a film documenting its own situation and encouraging others to keep their culture and resist the expropriation of their land. The film ends with these

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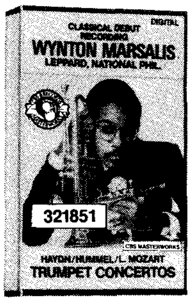

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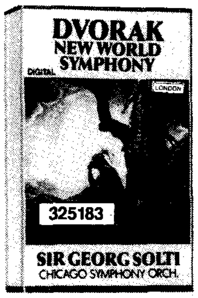

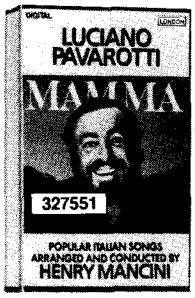

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words: "The Ayoreo have entered a new phase. Now we are no longer frightened of television, radio, and the papers. We use them and know that we can protest. We are Bolivians, too, and we are seeking allies."

The Kuna of Panama are among a very few tribal groups who have adapted themselves energetically to modern ways while maintaining their cultural identity. In 1930, following a Kuna uprising, the Panamanian government formally recognized their traditional territory, the *comarca* (or special administrative district) of San Blas, and signed a treaty forbidding non-Kuna to own land there. Since then, the Kuna have become the most politically powerful indigenous group in the country, and perhaps in all of Central America: they have their own governor, their own representatives in the National Assembly, and an internal congress that meets to rule on developments affecting the Kuna population. The Kuna tradition of coöperative labor continues to be strong. Kuna who work outside the *comarca* have their own trade unions, and they have taken charge of tourism in the *comarca* from outside entrepreneurs.

The Kuna are using their power to turn a controversial United States-financed project to build a road through one of Panama's last remaining areas of virgin rain forest into an imaginative development that they will control. The road, largely paid for by the United States Agency for International Development, is a spur of the Pan-American Highway. It will run from El Llano, a small settlement on the highway, to the Atlantic coastal town of Cartí, in the *comarca* of the Kuna. Right now, the only way to get from San Blas to Panama City is by plane or by an eighteen-hour boat-and-train journey. The road would make trade with the capital much easier, but it would also open up the *comarca* to wealthy speculators and land-hungry peasants. Already, settlers along the section of the road between El Llano and Nuevo Santeño, on the border of the *comarca*, have cleared virtually all the forest for several kilometres on either side, and, according to an internal AID report, many of the people to whom the government has given title to land along the road are far from being poor farmers, whom the project was intended to help. Among the beneficiaries are a doctor who lives in Panama City, an army captain, and a rich horse breeder.

Now the Kuna, who opposed the road when it was first proposed, in 1950, have taken matters into their own hands. The Kuna congress has sunk thirty-six thousand dollars of its own money into an agricultural settlement at the point where the road enters the *comarca*, so that the land will not be open to outside settlement. There are difficulties, however, stemming from the fact that the ecological conditions are quite different from those to which the Kuna are accustomed on the coast. Scientists from Costa Rica's Center for Tropical Agriculture are carrying out biological inventories and land-use studies to help the Kuna find the best ways of using the newly accessible forest.

ONE reason that the Central American rain forests seem doomed to disappear is that their destruction takes five cents off the price of an American hamburger. The United States buys up two-thirds of all Central American beef exports. In 1979, this amounted to a hundred thousand tons, which is only about thirteen and a half per cent of all American beef imports and less than two per cent of the beef consumed in the country. Yet producing this relatively minor contribution to the American larder has had devastating consequences for Central American forests and Central American diets.

Costa Rica is a case in point. In 1950, cattle ranches covered a million six hundred and twenty-five thousand acres—an eighth of the country. Since then, more than a third of Costa Rica has been converted to pastureland, but today much of that pastureland is marginal and barely supports cattle. The country nevertheless produces three and a quarter times as much beef as it did in 1961, and a larger proportion of its production is exported. In 1979, about two of every three head of cattle raised in Costa Rica were exported, two-thirds of them to the United States, and since 1960 per-capita beef consumption in Costa Rica has fallen by more than forty per cent. By 1978, the average Costa Rican was eating only twenty-eight pounds of beef a year; the average American pet cat ate more.

The situation in Costa Rica is repeated throughout Central America. Everywhere, pasture is spreading at the expense of rain forests and of potential farmland. As a whole, about two-thirds of Central America's farmland is now devoted to cattle. Peter Raven testified in 1980 before a House

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subcommittee that since 1960 more than a fourth of all Central American forests had been destroyed to produce beef. In Nicaragua and Guatemala, as in Costa Rica, the people eat, on the average, less beef now than they did in 1961, even though beef production in those countries has tripled.

The reason for this trend is the average American's growing appetite for beef and his ability to outbid the citizens of other cattle-producing countries in order to get it. In 1960, when annual per-capita beef consumption in the United States was eighty-five pounds, the country imported almost no beef. In 1978, the average American chewed his way through a hundred and twenty-three pounds of it. Ten per cent of that had to be imported.

A key attraction of Central American beef for Americans is its price. It is less than half as expensive as domestically produced grass-fed beef. Indeed, in recent years Central American beef-import quotas have been an important tool of American economic policymaking. The government has encouraged more imports as an antidote to the rapidly rising price of domestically produced beef. Cheap Central American imports are thus essential in the battle against inflation. Beef import quotas were increased by thirteen per cent in 1978 and 1979; the United States government estimated that this lowered the cost of a hamburger by a nickel.

The grass-fed beef of the tropics is too lean for Americans, who have become accustomed to the marbling of grain-fed cattle, so imports are usually mixed with American cattle trimmings and sold for hamburgers as "American-grade" meat. Much of this goes to fast-food restaurants. The rest is made into hot dogs, processed meat, and pet food. The United States government bans imports of raw beef, fresh or frozen, from Brazil, because some Brazilian cattle have hoof-and-mouth disease; frozen cooked beef is acceptable, though, and so more than eighty-two million pounds of Brazilian frozen cooked beef and canned corned beef enter the country annually.

Before 1979, when the Sandinista government came to power, Nicaragua was the main supplier of Central American beef to the United States market. President Anastasio Somoza himself was one of the biggest middlemen. Every year, he sent thirty million dollars' worth of beef—much of it from his own ranches—into the United States through six Miami import companies he owned. The Somoza family then owned a quarter of all Nicaragua's arable land. This is a pattern that has been repeated throughout the continent. Figures from the F.A.O. show that in Latin America as a whole ninety-three per cent of the arable land is owned by seven per cent of the landowners.

"The majority of Costa Rican farmers, maybe eighty per cent, are agriculturalists, but the cattle raisers control much more of the land than the farmers," according to Gerardo Budowski, the director of the Tropical Agricultural Research and Training Center, in Turrialba, Costa Rica. The cattle industry in Costa Rica is dominated by two thousand ranchers, who control half the agricultural land in use. In Guatemala, two and two-tenths per cent of the population owns seventy per cent of the agricultural land, and devotes most of it to growing beef, coffee, and bananas for sale abroad. Such inequality is what makes it possible for Americans to buy cheap beef from Central America.

"The cattle people are very powerful, and they'd rather have their cattle on good land," says Budowski, whose institute tries to find ways of making subsistence farming more productive. "They'll take the poor land, too—but if they have the choice they'll take the good land. Very often, you'll find—and perhaps Colombia is the best example—that the best alluvial lands down in the valleys are used for cattle raising, with very few people living on that land and a tremendous number of poor people living on the slopes above, with very poor soil. So on the good land, which could support a large population, you have the rich cattle owners, and on the steep slopes, which should be left in forest, you have the poor farmers."

Ranching as practiced throughout Central America is wasteful of land. A great deal of it is undertaken as a sort of prestige hobby by absentee proprietors, who are uninterested in putting time or money into the operation, apart from the bare minimum needed to turn a profit. Unlike their North American or European counterparts, who have to ranch intensively, because of the high cost of good land, few

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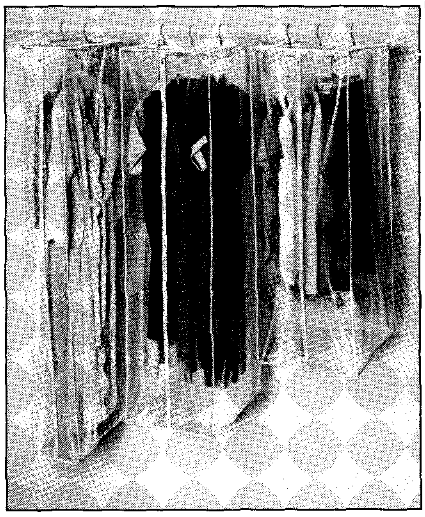

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Central American ranchers use modern techniques of soil conservation, disease control, pasture management, or livestock breeding. The fact that productivity falls off sharply within a few years as toxic weeds invade the pastures, or that it takes twelve acres, on the average, to support one animal, or that the land is simply not suitable for long-term ranching, is offset by the ease of getting new land.

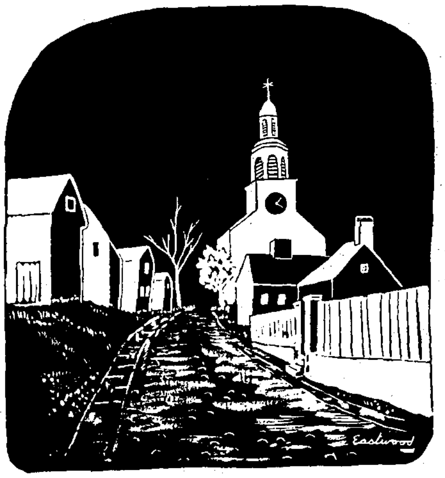
Whereas various forms of peasant agriculture can support as many as a hundred people per square mile, the typical rain-forest cattle ranch employs one person per two thousand head of cattle, and this, since the stocking rates are so low, amounts, at best, to one person per twelve square miles. Meat production barely reaches fifty pounds per acre per year. In northern Europe, on farms that don't use imported feed, meat production is over five hundred pounds per acre per year, plus more than a thousand gallons of milk. There is no milk production on Amazonian rain-forest ranches.

In most Latin-American countries, the simplest way to establish title to unoccupied land is to cut down the trees. In legal terms, deforestation is improvement of the land. Peasants do most of the clearing, though most of the land is subsequently occupied by big ranchers. Many of the squatter-clearers deliberately strip the land with the intention of selling it off, albeit at a low price set by the buyer. It is not easy work. After all but the smallest trees have been cut down, the tangled mass of wood has to be set alight. It may then take several days for the fire to die down; it may take several weeks, and the fire may go out of control. In 1974, Volkswagen do Brasil started a forest fire of three thousand nine hundred square miles on its ranch, south of Tucurui, by spraying the land with defoliant and setting it alight. The fire raged for many weeks, but such is the difficulty of patrolling the area that Brazilian officials learned only months later, from satellite photographs, that they had been hosts to the biggest forest fire in their country's history.

When the transient fertility of the newly burned land wears off, in a year or two, and tenacious weed species creep back from the surrounding forest, a peasant attempting to farm may choose to sell out to a rancher, if he can find a buyer. Otherwise, he may abandon his plot and try to find another area to clear. A rancher can probably continue profitably on land of declining productivity for three to five years, burning repeatedly to keep down poisonous weeds and encourage new grass to grow. Weed control accounts for twenty per cent of the operating costs of a rain-forest cattle ranch.

A pasture abandoned after repeated burnings is permanently degraded. Even if the land is subsequently left fallow, it is unlikely to produce anything but a covering of rough scrub. The pattern of clearing, repeated burnings, falling productivity, and abandonment is now familiar to ranchers. Nearly all the ranches that were established in the Amazon before 1978 have been abandoned. But, with cheap land, cheap labor, low inputs, and good prices for beef, ranching under this system is nonetheless profitable. Among the companies involved in it are Heublein, Liquigas, and a consortium that includes Armour-Swift and the King Ranch.

"It is still good business to clear virgin forest in order to fatten cattle for, say, five to eight years and then abandon it," Budowski comments. "By clearing the forest, you make a little money from the timber. And you can get people to do it for you by letting them use the land for one or two years to plant corn or what have you before you put in the grass. So it costs you nothing to clear the land, and after a few years you move out to repeat the whole thing somewhere else. This means that there is no incentive for small farmers to be permanent on their land—they know that as the land's productivity goes down after a few years they will be able to sell it off to the cattle ranchers. In fact, it is often the case that they have the land only on loan, so to speak, from a rancher, who provided them with some advance money to clear it. This is certainly the system in Brazil. It was the system in Venezuela, too, when I studied it. I know it's the system in Colombia. I suppose it's the system here in Costa Rica, too, although the pattern may vary a lot from one place to another.



"Land degradation caused by grazing is by far the greatest challenge in Latin America," Budowski says. "I look in horror toward the day the tsetse fly is controlled in Africa. What's happening here in Latin America will happen on a much grander scale in Africa if big ranches are established on forestlands there. I would welcome the disappearance of cattle except for dairy. I think dairy has a place, because of the milk, but sometimes I like to think of us as one of the last generations to eat beef. We cannot afford the luxury of growing grass and then converting it into meat at a ratio of five to one or six to one. We should rather, so to speak, eat the grass ourselves."

GIVEN a choice between highlands and humid lowland rain forests, most people choose to live in the hills. In Colombia, most of the population is crowded onto the three Andean mountain ranges that run parallel down the western side of the country. Until recently, the great Amazonian forest of the eastern lowlands and the Pacific Coast rain forest—the Chocó—to the west, were relatively undisturbed. The Pacific forest still covers about five per cent of the country. Although it is "one of the most poorly known areas on earth," according to Dr. Alwyn Gentry, of the Missouri Botanical Garden, who has collected plants there, the Chocó is widely recognized as a great center of species diversity. Botanists believe that it may have more endemic species than any other place in the world. The collision of the moisture-laden ocean winds with the Andes gives it from three hundred to four hundred inches of rain a year, with no dry season, so it is also one of the wettest places in the world.

The most effective protection against destruction that a rain forest can have is isolation, and a road, no matter how primitive, means the end of isolation. Already, where roads have penetrated the Chocó, there is terrible devastation. The inaccessibility of the Pacific forest, which has protected it for centuries, is coming to an end. Road-building is currently a boom industry in Colombia. The government wants to encourage people to move out of the crowded Andean region to the

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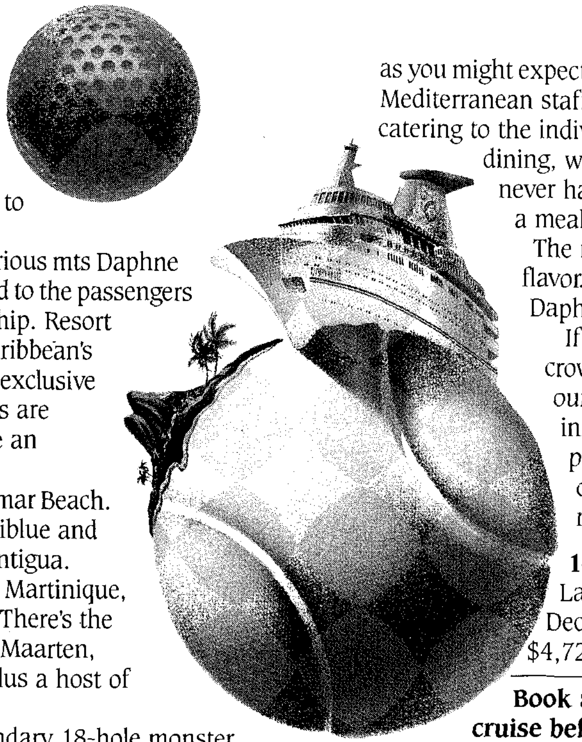

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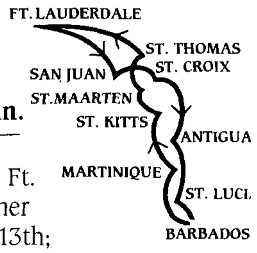

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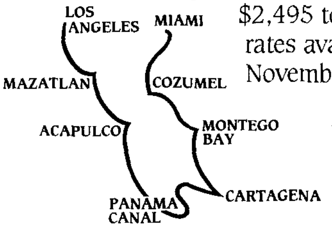

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eastern and western forests to make a living by logging, growing crops, and raising cattle. There are a few government-sponsored settlement programs, but they are expensive and slow, requiring planning, soil mapping, and financial and technical support for the colonists. The favored means of promoting colonization of the frontier is simply to build roads into it and wait for people to use them.

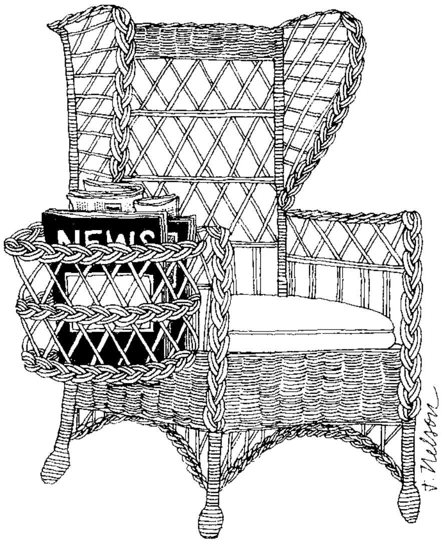
The Cauca River flows from south to north on the Pacific side of the central range for almost the whole length of the country. In the early nineteen-fifties, a special agency, the Cauca Valley Commission, was established to protect the river valley and its watershed from the effects of deforestation and colonization. The commission thus has the unenviable task of trying to mitigate the effects of the government's road-building program. In March of 1982, with Dr. Efrén Varela, a forester with the C.V.C., I followed one road, not yet completed, as far as it had penetrated into the forest. Setting off from Cali, ninety miles from the Pacific Coast, we drove south on the Pan-American Highway through the valley, where the soil and the living appeared equally rich. The highway was lined with flowering hedges; behind them nestled private country clubs. I caught glimpses of long-haired girls diving into the clear blue water of swimming pools, and uniformed workmen pushing heavy rollers over grass tennis courts. A new white building, designed to the highest standards of California high-tech corporate architecture, housed laboratories for Merck & Company, the American drug firm. Farther back from the highway, horses and cattle grazed in lush-looking pastures.

After fifteen miles, we turned west off the main road and headed into the foothills of the western range. The paved road became a dirt track switching back and forth across steep slopes. Around us, the ridges and valleys were bare and dry, their soft brown color broken only rarely by the green of a clump of trees. On the horizon, not a single tree stood up to spoil the smooth line of bare gray hills. We saw no signs of life—no crops or grazing animals. On some hillsides, the ground cover had crumbled away completely under the pressure of rain, leaving the heavy red soil exposed and vulnerable to further erosion. The commission had made some attempts to forestall landslides by embanking the roadsides with rocks held in place with chicken wire. "If remedial forestry measures are not taken immediately, large parts of Colombia (already less productive than in the past) may be rendered uninhabitable in the future because of desertification." This prediction, in a 1980 report by the United States Department of Agriculture, seems here to have come true already.

These once forested lands were cleared for pasture. They belong to wealthy landowners whose main properties are in the valley. The soils here are not suitable for pasture, but the land is cheap, and there is no shortage of peasants willing to clear away the forest in exchange for a season of growing crops before the cattle are brought in. Many of the pastures have been abandoned; others are still in use, but, with land so poor that each cow needs twelve acres or more to feed on, it is rare to catch a glimpse of an animal.

Dr. Varela is worried by the erosion apparent in the deep gullies that run down the length of the cleared foothills. "We want to reforest a hundred thousand acres of eroded soils with fast-growing species like eucalyptus and *Leucaena*, which are good for firewood," he told me. "The aim is to protect the watershed, but also to provide some direct use to the people, so that they will protect the forest."

Some of the big ranchers are now planting pines to take advantage of generous government credits and tax incentives. Dr. Varela, however, has reservations about conifer plantations. "In my opinion, pines don't do as good a job of protecting the watershed as native forest," he said. "You don't have to be a forestry genius to see that the natural forest has greater density, bigger leaves, more complexity, more biological activity, and therefore is more biologically stable than a uniform pine forest that has less biomass, less complexity, and less ecological equilibrium. But these soils are so damaged we can't hope for the native forest to return, so we have to rely on pines, which at least are better than bare land."



After some miles of this empty, degraded landscape, we saw below the road, down the steep hillside, a tiny farm of about two acres, precariously laid out on a forty-five-degree slope. It seemed a crazy place for a farm; the whole setup looked in danger of sliding down into the valley, but, according to Dr. Varela, this farm had been there for at least ten years. The owner, who lives in Cali, is one of the richest farmers in the region. This farm was evidently well tended. "They use good farming practices here," Dr. Varela said. "Intercropping and so on." Banana trees shaded rows of coffee bushes, and the areas in between were planted with ground crops that helped the soil retain its moisture, especially during the dry season. Nature had helped, too. "Most of the soils we've passed are iron-rich oxisols—what we used to call laterite, impossible for agriculture," Dr. Varela went on. "But here the soil is quite good. We probably have here a little pocket of volcanic soil."

We drove on, passing several farms, none of which seemed to have the order or the luck of the first one. Illegal fires raged where settlers were clearing new land. Were these, I wondered, the same men whose abandoned plots we had passed earlier? Most of the campesinos here cannot live off the land alone; they also hire themselves to land speculators, who pay them to clear more land for pasture or—irony of ironies—to fell native forest so that the speculators can reforest the land with tax-deductible pines. This is illegal, but the C.V.C. doesn't have the staff to patrol every acre of the thousands of square miles for which it is responsible.

The little hamlet of Villa Colombia is the last town on the road. It has a general store, and we stopped there to buy something to drink. On our way out of town, we passed another car—the first we had seen since we turned off the main road. Both drivers stopped as a matter of course. It would be as unthinkable to drive straight on past a fellow-motorist on one of these little roads as for two hikers on an isolated mountain trail to pass each other without a word. The other car turned out

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to be driven by Alonso García, the C.V.C. manager for this area.

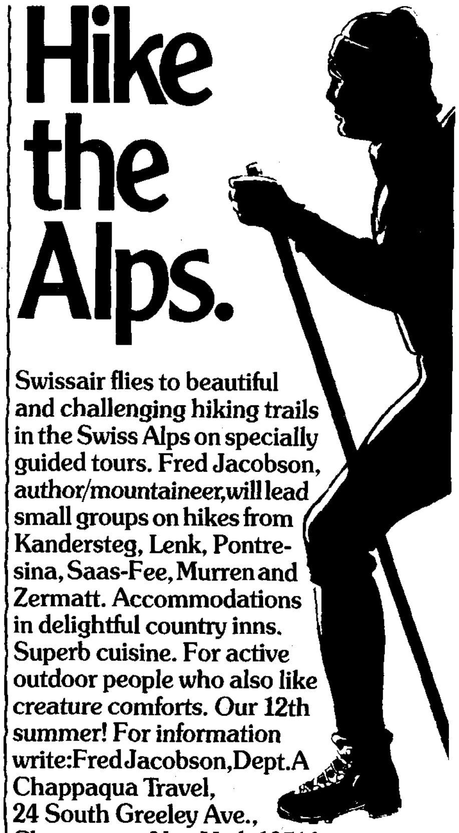
García is responsible for the Farallones National Park, a three-hundred-and-seventy-thousand-acre forest just a few miles to the north. Except on its fringes, it remains isolated and virtually untouched by man. The few naturalists who have been in the area say that it shelters the only bear that is native to South America—the spectacled bear, which is now disappearing rapidly, because its habitat is being destroyed. A road connecting the coastal city of Buenaventura with Cali skirts the northern edge of the park. From this road and from the Pan-American Highway itself many small feeder roads, including the one we were on, are closing in on the park from the north and the east. Around Buenaventura, Carton de Colombia, a subsidiary of the Container Corporation of America, has a concession to log a hundred and twenty-four thousand acres of the Pacific rain forest; it pulps the trees to make cardboard boxes and writing paper. The road follows for part of its route the course of the Anchicayá River, where, in the nineteen-sixties, a multimillion-dollar hydroelectric dam silted up within fifteen years of its completion, because of severe deforestation of its watershed.

García spoke of the failure of the C.V.C. to counteract the machinations of more politically oriented agencies and of local officials. "The C.V.C. is supposed to control the watershed, but we can't control the Department of Public Works," he said. "We can't even get it to agree not to build roads on land that is too steep or is not suitable for colonists. That road"—he pointed to a track behind us—"the Department of Rural Roads built without even consulting us. The first we knew about it was when we saw the bulldozers working."

García went on, "Rural people like roads. If the C.V.C. says no, they go to the politicians. They are pushing hard for this road to go right through the park. There are votes in it, but it will be a disaster when the road enters the park—not only for the forest and the animals in it but for the people living out here. They don't realize that these forests are protecting their land and their water supplies."

I asked how he was going to protect the park once the road was built.

"Well, we have six wardens, and we're building two watchtowers. But we have six hundred square miles to cover. We can't keep people out, so



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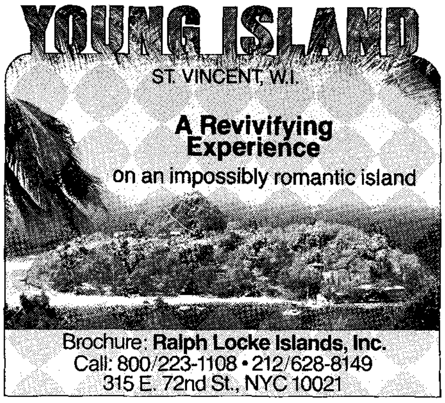

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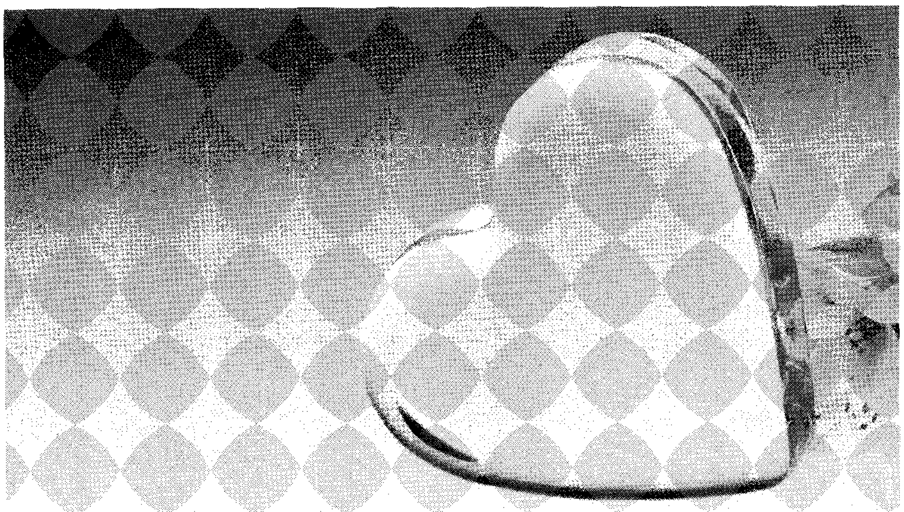
our plan is to try instead to minimize the damage. Maybe we can find a way for them to develop a stable agriculture. Maybe we can subsidize a cash crop, or . . ." He shrugged and sighed.

One cash crop is already having a drastic effect on the whole region. On the other side of the mountains, coca, the raw material of cocaine, is an increasingly popular, though illegal, crop. The Indians of the Pacific Coast have long grown coca for their own use. It is native to these rain forests, and also thrives on steep, eroded slopes on which almost no other plants can survive. The new spate of road-building has opened the forest to settlers—and buyers—and given coca-growing a big boost. Coca is already the main crop on about twenty-five thousand acres of former forest around the small town of Puerto Naya, on the far side of the western range.

Much to the worry of C.V.C. officials, the Department of Public Works is building two roads from Naya east across the mountains to the Cauca Valley. García and Varela fear that coca will spread to the eastern side of the western range, with disastrous consequences for the forest. "People here are hardworking, but coca is a very easy way to make money. Almost every kid in Naya has ten thousand pesos"—about two hundred dollars—"in his pocket. Already, people are stealing things from here to sell for two or three times as much over there. Two weeks ago, six horses were stolen. They'll fetch four or five times as much in Naya as they could here."

Such fears are not unrealistic. In the nineteen-sixties, the United States government helped Peru "develop" the rain forest of the upper Huallaga River, along the eastern Andes, by building roads into the forest. The idea was to move in landless peasants who would convert the forest to agriculture. What the authorities did not foresee was that coca would be the principal crop, and the upper Huallaga would become one of the world's major coca-growing regions, dominated by international drug syndicates and immune to government interference.

There were two main landowners along the road we were travelling. One, a businessman in Buenaventura, a hundred miles away, had commandeered a large area of flat land, a plateau amid the mountains. Except for a few scraggly trees and charred stumps, the land was bare. A stream wound through the rough grazing



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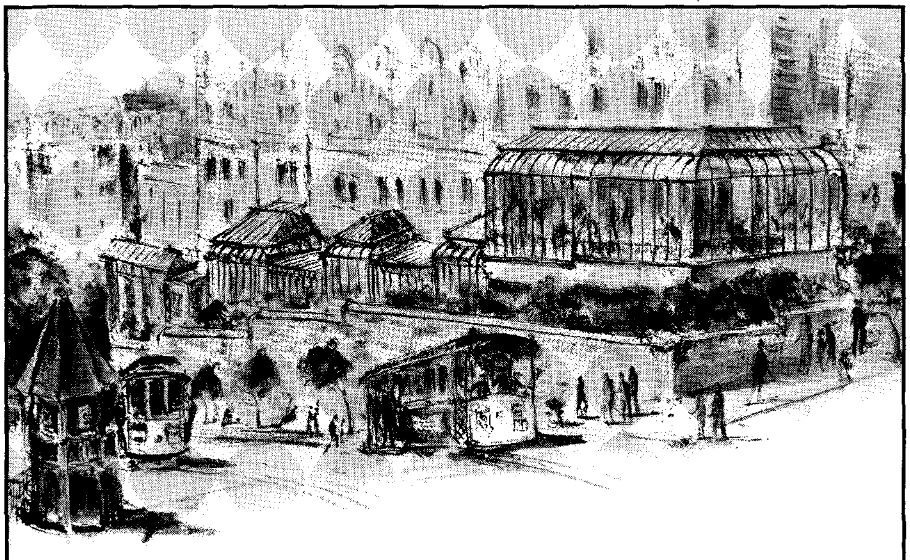

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land, and a rough ranch house stood near a small water hole, but I could see no more than twenty cattle on a pasture of perhaps a hundred acres. For the owner, this ranch is a profitable investment in the short term, a tax deduction, and a status symbol. For the C.V.C., it is the forest destroyed, the watershed threatened. The second big landowner controlled the surrounding uplands. He, too, was an absentee landlord, employing peasants to clear and work his land, extending his holdings to the west as the road progressed in that direction, and abandoning his earlier pastures as they became useless.

As we went on, we saw more forest and fewer signs of human interference. Around one bend, however, we overtook a barefoot man carrying a large scythe. A sunburned, wrinkled face and a bony frame made him look old and frail, but his voice was robust. He was on his way to weed his plot—a hilly piece of land above a landslide bordering the road. He had only recently cut and burned the forest to plant his crops. Did he intend to stay and cultivate the land he had cleared? "No, this land is not so good," he said. "When the road goes farther, I will follow it to better land." Dr. Varela looked at me in despair.

Where the road petered out to nothing at the top of a ridge, about six thousand feet above sea level, we found a solitary house—mud-caked walls topped by a corrugated-iron roof. Samuel Herrera, his wife, and their four children—three girls and a boy—had come here a year ago. From his vantage point, Herrera could look down on the property of the businessman from Buenaventura, for whom he works. He was clearing land for this man and at the same time was trying to grow crops for his family on an incline too steep for even the apparently goat-footed Colombian cattle to graze upon. Though Herrera was in the middle of his chores when we pulled up, he stopped working to answer our questions. Señora Herrera gave us coffee—weak and very sweet, as the local people take it. The house, neater and more comfortably arranged than I would have imagined possible in the circumstances, had a separate kitchen and an outdoor scullery with running water, ingeniously diverted from a mountain stream by means of a system involving rubber tubing, wooden troughs, and an old gasoline barrel. Two of the girls, aged about eight and eleven, helped their mother with the coffee and then played on the bare red clay that was both floor and garden. Before coming here, Herrera had been working for a large landowner to the south. He had left because, although there had been no violence as yet, tension was rising between the Páez and Guambiano Indians and the settlers who were invading their traditional lands. He was now growing maize, some coffee, and a few other vegetable crops. The nearest market was in the valley, a seven-hour walk away, he said, but he didn't go there. Instead, a middleman made the trek uphill, bought his produce, and loaded it on a horse for the long journey back to market. Life was clearly hard here: the soil was not favorable to agriculture; the land was so steep that simply moving around the small family plot was tiring; the closest thing to a village was a hard day's walk away; the weather was hot and humid; landslides were common; and the water supply was erratic. What, I asked Herrera, could anyone do to make his life better?

"Build the road farther," he said quietly.

FOR a thousand years, while Western Europe groped through the Dark Ages, the magnificent Mayan culture flourished in the rain forests of Central America. The Mayans were the only people in the Americas to develop an original system of writing. Their mathematics was many centuries ahead of the European system. The Mayan calendar was more accurate than the Gregorian calendar we use today. Mayan ceremonial buildings, with their frescoes, sculptures, and bas-reliefs, are still admired for their grace and harmony. At its height, in the eighth century, the Mayan civilization supported fourteen million people. All this took place in the fragile and difficult rain-forest environment. The key to it was the Mayans' system of agriculture.

The heyday of classical Mayan culture ended around the tenth century. The great stone cities of Palenque, Tikal, and Piedras Negras, having apparently been made redundant by changes in trade patterns, were then abandoned to the creeping vegetation of the forest that surrounded them. Their inhabitants dispersed—some to farm on the savannas, some to lakes and riversides, and some to the forest, where they and their descendants farmed, fished, and hunted until the coming of the Spanish conquistadors, in the sixteenth century. For two hundred years, the Spaniards raided Mayan forest settlements to get slaves for their ranches and plantations. Much of the Mayan system of knowledge was lost. The Spanish deliberately destroyed almost all the Mayans' writings and suppressed their religious practices. The skills and knowledge by which they had managed the forest fell into desuetude.

Most Mayans of the Chiapas rain forest, in southern Mexico, were captured by slave traders, and their lands were eventually settled by Mayans fleeing west from European contact in Guatemala. Ignored by the Spanish rulers, the refugees, known as the Lacandon Maya, were able to practice a variation of the highly productive Mayan agriculture in peace. Thanks only to their guarding the knowledge of their ancestors, we know today something of how the ancient Mayans managed tropical forest resources so as to feed large numbers of people without destroying the forest. The Lacandon are gentle people who wear their hair long and dress—both men and women—in plain white cotton homespun tunics. They farm more successfully and more efficiently than any of the businessmen, colonists, or agricultural experts who have also tried to farm in the forest.

At the beginning of the year, the Lacandon clear small plots in the forest, from two to three acres each. They leave the felled trees and the cut vegetation to dry. In deciding where to clear a plot, the Lacandon distinguish among seven types of soil, only three of which they consider good for farming. The vegetation of an area provides clues to the nature of the soil. Mahogany and tropical cedar are avoided, because the soils that support them are too wet for agriculture, whereas ramon and ceiba trees grow on rich, well-drained soils. In April, the Lacandon clear a firebreak around each plot and set the plot ablaze. Since in a rain forest most of the nutrients are stored in the living vegetation, burning the forest creates a nutrient-rich ash, in which the Lacandon crops flourish. But with the forest cover gone there is a danger of erosion. To prevent this, the Lacandon at once plant fast-growing trees, such as banana and papaya, which provide shade, and root crops like taro and sweet potato, which anchor the soil. A few weeks later, they plant their staple crop, maize. Along with the maize, they cultivate as many as eighty other

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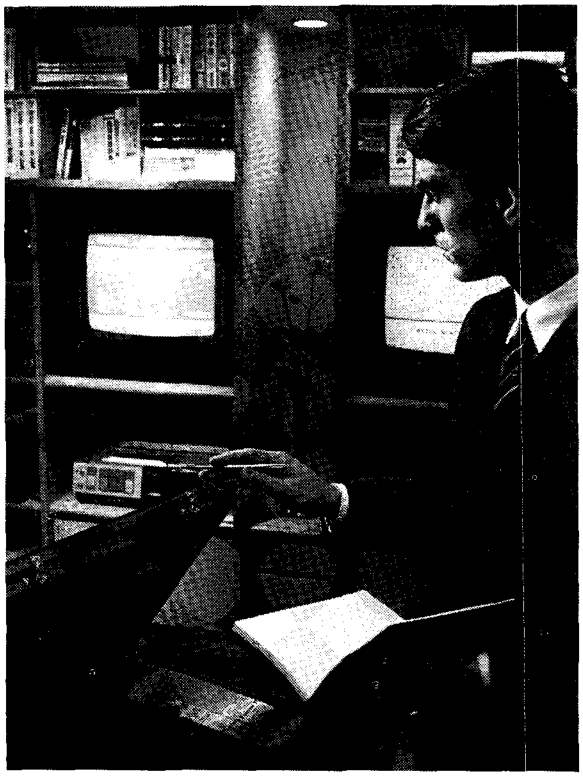

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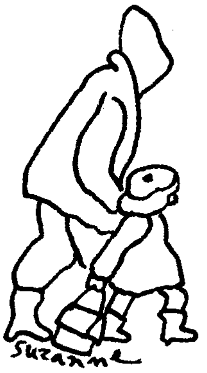
A Lacandon *milpa*, or garden plot, is successful partly because it mimics the forest in its density and diversity. The Lacandon do not plant their crops in tidy straight rows, separating each variety. On the contrary, they make a point of not putting two clumps of the same plant within ten feet of each other. The effect is to make the best use of the available nutrients and to prevent the spread of plant-specific pests and diseases. There are no spaces between crops; every inch of a *milpa* is covered with growth—several layers of it. Papaya trees shade maize, tobacco, rice, sugarcane, and other medium-height crops. The ground is carpeted with vines, and underneath, in distinct subterranean layers, are the root crops—sweet potatoes, manioc, and yams. The arrangement is not random. Each crop has specific soil, water, and light requirements, and each has its own response to proximity to every other plant. The Lacandon have learned through centuries of trial and error which of the thousands of possible permutations are best on a given plot.



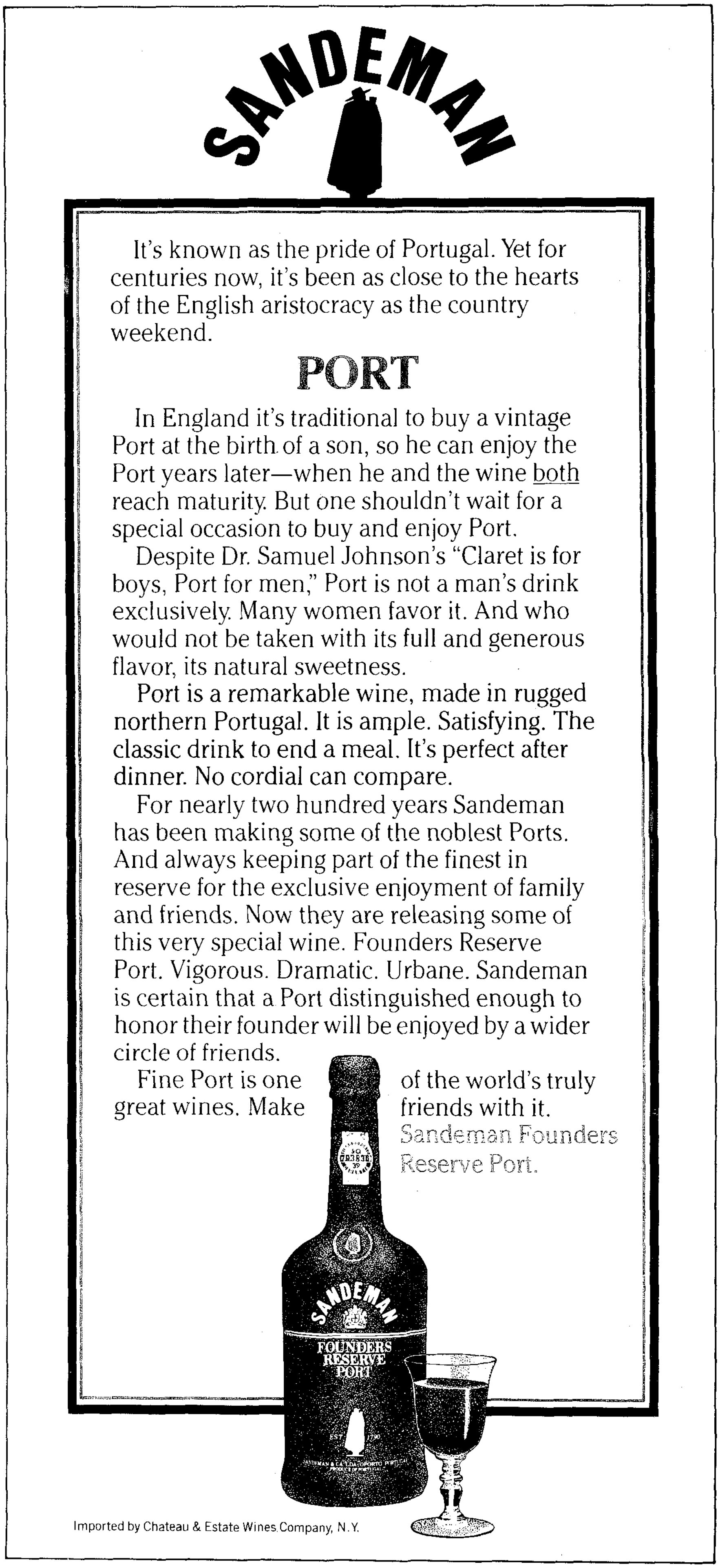
Productivity is high on a *milpa.* Measurements made by the American ecological anthropologists James Nations and Ronald Nigh in the mid-seventies showed that a plot of two and a half acres could yield as much as six metric tons of shelled corn each year, before losses to animal pests, and the same quantity of root and vegetable crops. The average annual yield is somewhat lower, Nations and Nigh reported, but it is still significantly higher than the quantities harvested by recent immigrants to the area.

Using their traditional agricultural system, the Lacandon cultivate the same garden plot for between three and seven years, depending on how frequently they weed. As long as weeds are kept out, the Lacandon can get two crops of maize a year without significant drops in yield. Lacandon farmers reduce weed invasion by making sure that their plots are surrounded by mature forest, which is naturally resistant to introduced weeds. They also burn plant debris after each maize harvest—a practice that kills insect pests and recycles unharvested nutrients. But, inevitably, weeds encroach on the *milpa*, and sooner or later it is easier to clear a new forest plot than to weed the old one. At that point, the members of the family start to clear a new *milpa*. They do not, however, entirely abandon their old plot but plant rubber, citrus, cacao, and other trees on it. The plot is left fallow for between five and twenty years, during which the Lacandon harvest wild plants, such as balsa wood; old crop plants; and the useful species they have planted there for food, fibre, and construction materials. Perhaps more important, in this stage of their cycle the "orchard-garden" plots attract wild animals, which the Lacandon depend upon for protein. The plots are, in a sense, the Lacandon game preserves. Scientists have found that certain animals—especially deer, squirrels, pacas, peccaries, and agoutis—are more common in regrowing garden plots than in pristine forest. They are apparently attracted by the young vegetation and the planted food crops, though most of them still need the mature forest for certain critical phases of their life cycle. The Lacandon also hunt in and collect wild plants from the surrounding undisturbed forest. By the time Lacandon children are ten years old, they can distinguish hundreds of edible and otherwise useful plants from those that are harmful.

Lacandon prefer to clear their *milpas* from regrown plots, because that is much easier to do than clearing mature forest. It takes forty man-days of hard work to clear two and a half acres of virgin forest, whereas clearing the same area of secondary growth takes only eight man-days. By restricting their cycle of active and fallow *milpas* mostly to secondary-growth forest, the Lacandon maintain a productive agriculture without encroaching inexorably further into the forest. But today the system is under pressure as never before, and is beginning to break down. Only a few scientists have studied the Lacandon system, and no one except the Lacandon themselves knows how to practice it. The Lacandon now number more than four hundred, but only twenty per cent of the families still practice their traditional agriculture. The rest have abandoned it in favor of easier production systems—the purchase of canned goods and corn flour in nearby roadside stores, for example—and have begun living in permanent settlements. Meanwhile, the Chiapas rain forest continues to be colonized by poor peasants who do not know how to farm in the forest and by cattle ranchers who do not care.

In the nineteen-forties, the Mexican government's agrarian-reform law put an end to the isolation that the Lacandon had enjoyed. The law reclassified the Chiapas lowlands as national territory. Landless people were encouraged to find land there—a policy intended to reduce pressure for land redistribution in the more fertile agricultural areas of the country. The traditional use of the land the Lacandon had lived on, farmed, and hunted for centuries was overlooked. Since the forties, more than a hundred and fifty thousand peasant farmers have migrated into the forest. Some are descendants of the original Mayans—the ones who were enslaved by the Spanish—but, unlike the Lacandon, they have not retained their ancestors' techniques for farming successfully in the rain forest.

The new migrants have achieved disappointing yields with the monoculture agriculture encouraged by the government, and are destroying the forest in the process. In addition, many businessmen and prosperous farmers have started cattle ranches in the Chiapas region, taking over and consolidating cleared forest plots. Because the peasants lack the skills of the Lacandon, clearing forestland and then selling it to ranchers is the only way many of them can make a living from the difficult rain-forest soils—although doing so violates the spirit of the agrarian-reform law, which was intended to give poor people farmland. Already,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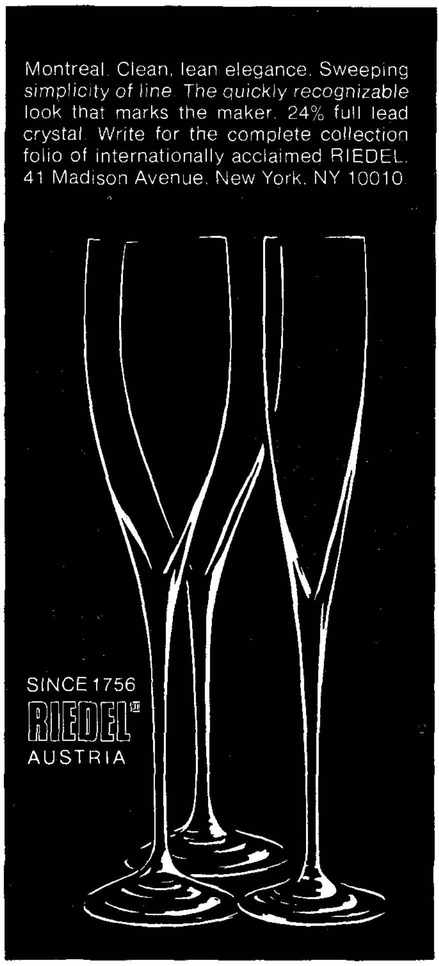

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the northern third of the Lacandon forest, an area of five thousand square miles, has been burned and converted into vast cattle ranches. And the Lacandon forest is one of only three large lowland rain forests left in all of Central America.

Under pressure from waves of immigrants, the Lacandon moved deeper and deeper into the interior of the forest, but in 1971 the Mexican government coerced them into moving onto three small reservations, with a total area of less than twenty thousand acres, where they find it more difficult to continue their self-reliant way of life. Now that the Lacandon live in concentrated settlements, in areas disrupted by logging roads and far from their gardens—each family no longer in its own *milpa*—they are less willing to keep their *milpas* clear by daily weeding. As a result, the *milpas* become overgrown much more quickly than before, and the Lacandon are forced to abandon them for new plots much earlier. This situation is exacerbated by the increased use of machetes. Previously, the Lacandon weeded by hand, uprooting the plants. Now, as they swing machetes through the weeds, the seeds are scattered across the ground, and the weeds become ever more deeply entrenched. Missionaries and government officials urge the Lacandon to "improve" their standard of living by depending more on manufactured goods, such as canned foods and battery-powered record-players, which not only undermine their traditional way of life but also encourage them to become acculturated to modern ways.

The Lacandon system is threatened, but it can be saved, and even improved. No modern agronomist has a better understanding of the workings of the forest than these farmers, yet there is room for still more efficiency. The Lacandon do not possess all the skills of the early Mayans. According to historians and anthropologists, the Mayan civilization depended heavily on now lost techniques of irrigation, terracing, and intensive aquaculture, appropriate versions of which could be reintroduced. Lacandon farmers would also benefit from the coöperation of modern crop breeders, experts on agricultural pests, specialists in irrigation and water control, and marketing advisers.

THROUGHOUT the world, farmers have practiced shifting agriculture, which is based on field, rather than crop, rotation and is appropriate where the soil is poor and there is adequate land. In Amazonia and Southeast Asia, shifting agriculture is at least two thousand years old. Well into the twentieth century, parts of Europe and North America were farmed by shifting cultivation. In England before the Second World War, for example, many farmers in East Anglia, the Lake District, the South Downs, and the Chilterns rotated their fields, cultivating each for two or three years, then leaving it to return to woodland for as long as twenty years before cultivating it once again. This system ended when land prices rose so high that farmers could not afford to leave any of their land uncultivated, and the availability of inorganic fertilizers at government-subsidized prices made continual cultivation possible. In many parts of England now, greater amounts of fertilizers are needed simply to maintain existing levels of production.

Shifting cultivation is often more efficient than permanent-field agriculture; that is, it takes less labor to produce a specific unit of food by shifting cultivation than by any other method of farming. For this reason, some civilizations have returned to shifting cultivation when the pressures that forced them to adopt settled agriculture have eased. After the Mayans dispersed, in the tenth century, the Lacandon retained those elements of intensive Mayan agriculture which enabled them to feed themselves most efficiently. They lost some practices, such as fish farming and field irrigation, that were unnecessary—and too expensive in terms of labor and resources—for a small population with access to plenty of land and to "free" food in the form of the wild plants and animals that could be gathered and hunted there.

Purely as a hunting and fishing ground, the rain forest can support from five to seven people per square mile. Shifting cultivation increases the over-all carrying capacity of the forest to a hundred people per square mile. If one ignores the large areas that are fallow at any time, and takes only the cultivated areas into account, the figure rises to three hundred people per square mile, or even more. Intensive modern agriculture, where it can be practiced, can support higher densities, but the productivity of shifting cultivation compares well with the productivity of all other forms of agriculture which do not rely on expensive machines and artificial fertilizers.

The more "primitive" a farming system is, the more knowledgeable and skillful the farmer must be. Shifting cultivators and those farmers who have permanent "gardens" on forest soils traditionally create in their fields a partial replica of the complexity of the forest—its diversity, its several layers, its mixture of plants and animals. The opposite is true of "modern" agriculture, in which uniformity is the key. Vast fields are devoted to one crop—often, indeed, to a single variety of one crop. The modern farmer possesses powerful tools—year-round irrigation, machinery, ample supplies of power, and insecticides, herbicides, and fertilizers—that have a homogenizing effect on the land. He relies not upon his skills but upon his tools.

Successful systems of shifting agriculture and permanent home gardens are the result of many lifetimes of experience and trial and error. Each generation carefully teaches the next the accumulated knowledge and skills. But the newcomers who are flooding the forest today don't bring with them any such experience. They treat the forest as if it were the grasslands with which they are familiar. Their agricultural advisers frequently make matters worse by encouraging them to treat tropical soils like the temperate soils on which their training has been based. Almost by definition, the settlers are ill equipped for the difficulties and complexities of forest farming. There are three victims of their inexperience and the bad advice they receive: the settlers themselves, the forest, and the indigenous people—whose knowledge might have saved the first two.

The record of colonization in rain forests is a dismal one. The World Bank has supported many rain-forest-colonization projects, and continues to do so, yet it admits that "successful examples of colonization by nationals"—by non-forest-dwelling groups—"are exceedingly rare." After years, colonists in a project financed by the Peruvian and Swiss governments, in Angamos, in the Peruvian rain forest, are still unable to grow enough food to feed themselves. During the colony's regular food shortages, according to a World Bank document, the settlers survive by buying or, more usually, stealing food from the Matses—indigenous forest dwellers who are their neighbors. The Matses are looked on by the colonists and the project officials as primitive people. They have only

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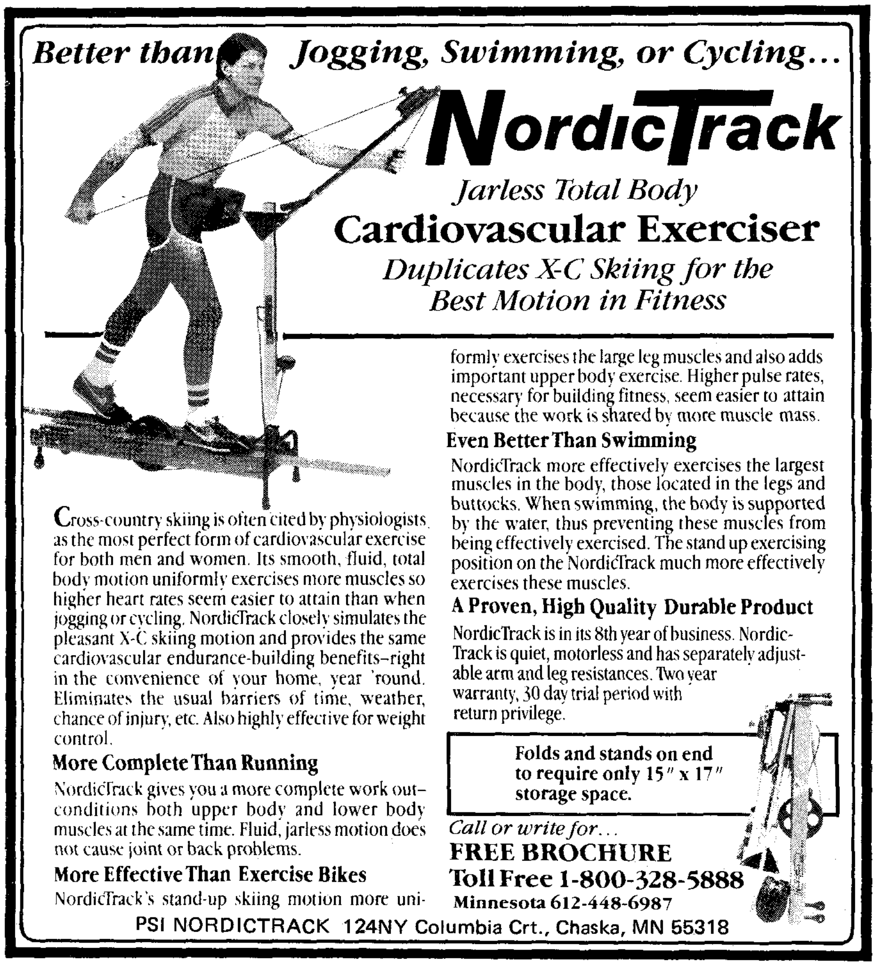
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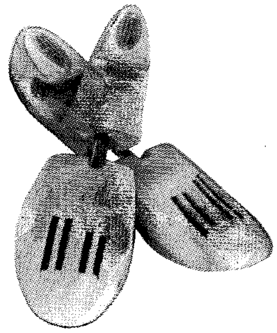

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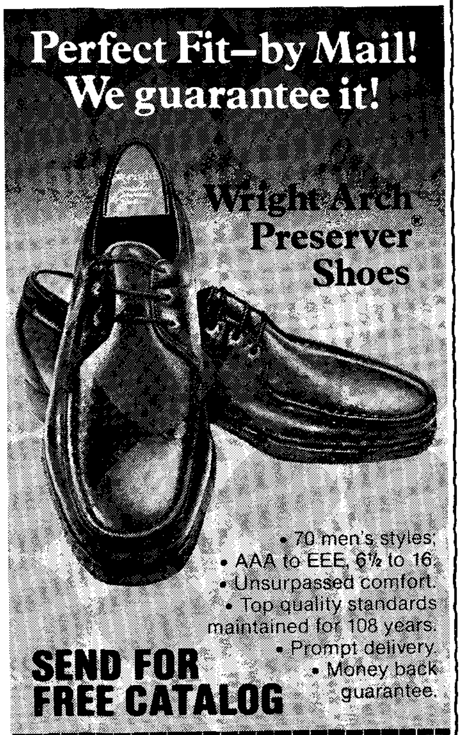

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simple tools, while the colonists have more complex ones, and fuel oil, pesticides, and fertilizers as well. Nonetheless, the Matses grow enough food to feed themselves and survive the predations of their subsidized neighbors. In spite of this situation and similar ones elsewhere, colonists have not been encouraged to adopt the local agricultural methods, or even modifications of them.

According to the research of Emilio Moran, an agricultural and ecological anthropologist at Indiana University, settlers imported into the Brazilian Amazon in the early nineteen-seventies in a government colonization scheme associated with the newly built Trans-Amazon Highway invariably chose to establish their farms where the trees were thick-trunked and gave the impression of vigorous growth; in reality, these areas were always associated with clay-poor red earths—the typical nutrient-poor soils of the rain forest. Traditional shifting cultivators in the area, however, looked for certain thin-trunked species that—as scientists later discovered—indicated well-drained, clay-rich soils. The local shifting cultivators also grew a different mixture of crops. After one year of farming, the chemical composition of the native farmers' soil remained superior in every respect to that of the newcomers' soil. The income from the native farms was twice that from the settlers' farms, and much of the difference had to do with how the two groups used available government resources. While the native farmers did use credit to buy certain labor-saving equipment, they continued to plant their traditional root crops, whereas the settlers took the word of government agricultural advisers and planted seeds—rice, corn, beans—that had not been tested for the locality and did not perform well.

Immigrants like the Brazilian settlers are practicing a distorted kind of shifting cultivation, which is called slash-and-burn agriculture, to distinguish it from the balanced shifting cultivation of the true forest dwellers. Most of the two hundred million or so people farming in or on the fringes of rain forests are slash-and-burners, who are used to conventional agriculture and don't have the knowledge and skills of the indigenous forest farmers. About half of the primary rain forest that is destroyed each year is ruined by slash-and-burn farming.

The worst loss is in Southeast Asia, where slash-and-burn farmers now clear thirty-three thousand square miles each year, although much of the land has been logged or cleared before. Almost two-thirds of the twelve million square miles of land thus farmed is in the hills, where forest cover is most crucial. It is estimated that Africa's slash-and-burn farmers clear fifteen thousand square miles of rain forest every year. Ghana, for example, has virtually no rain forest left. At one time, more than a third of the country—thirty-five thousand square miles—was rain forest. Today, apart from about seven thousand six hundred square miles of ill-protected forest reserves, less than two hundred square miles remains, and slash-and-burn is the main cause of the destruction. In South America, the large government-subsidized cattle ranches, not landless colonizers, are the main cause of deforestation, but colonization schemes have hit certain areas hard. Worldwide, according to a 1980 National Academy of Sciences study, slash-and-burn destroys forty thousand square miles of rain forest each year.

THE most important thing at present is to enable slash-and-burn farmers and those shifting cultivators whose system is breaking down to have a stable, long-term agriculture on forest soils. This would mean the disappearance of still more forest, but at least the deforested areas could be productive, instead of being, as now, simply degraded beyond redemption. Even so, though stable rain-forest agriculture could take pressure off other parts of the forest, it will not protect the forest from exploitation by businessmen or other settlers.

There are a number of things that could be done to help slash-and-burn farmers. They need crop varieties that give higher yields and contain more protein. They need to understand better what nutrients their soils lack and how and when to add them. They need well-designed and cheap tools. They need better ways of protecting their crops against pests. They need advice and help in establishing markets for their produce. They need better ways of controlling soil erosion. They would benefit from knowing how farmers in similar environments elsewhere manage their farms. They would benefit if scientists understood the principles that make mixed-cropping schemes so effective, and explored ways of improving them.

Many scientists are discouraged by

what seems the hurly-burly of tropical agriculture in comparison with the relative order of temperate agriculture. Dealing with a simpler environment, and one that is made more nearly uniform by the use of fertilizers and pesticides, gives researchers the satisfaction of knowing that their work will be widely applicable. This is less likely to be true with traditional tropical agriculture, one of whose strengths is its variety—its adaptation to local ecological and cultural conditions. But the variety means that field work is all the more important in tropical areas, where, unfortunately, climate and logistical problems make it particularly difficult. For most rain-forest regions, the basic studies of soil, wildlife, weather, and sociological conditions on which agricultural research should be based have not been done. Some researchers are daunted by the fact that science alone will not solve the problems of traditional agriculture; agronomists will have to give up some of their sovereignty and work with anthropologists or sociologists to avoid the familiar pitfall of promoting technical solutions that for cultural reasons are ignored or have unintended effects. These factors and the tendency of governments, big businesses, and even international aid agencies to concentrate their resources on the cash economy have combined to leave research on traditional subsistence agriculture on the sidelines.

Nonetheless, some progress has been made. At Yurimaguas, in Peru, a team of Peruvian and United States researchers, many of them associated with North Carolina State University at Raleigh, have experimented with continuous cultivation in an area of the Amazon Basin where shifting agriculture is the traditional method of farming. They grew three crops a year, rotating in various combinations rice, maize, soybeans, and peanuts. In twelve and a half years, the researchers have produced about thirty harvests in each of several fields. When the fields were not fertilized, yields dropped to zero after the third consecutive crop, but with "complete fertilization"—when lime and other fertilizers were applied at about the same level that is required to grow these crops on similar soils in the southeastern United States—yields stayed up. Several shifting cultivators participated in the experiments, following the researchers' system on their fields. They obtained similar yields—six to ten times as high as their usual aver-

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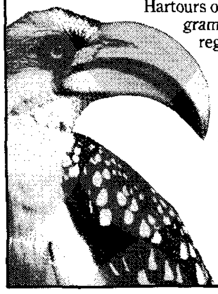

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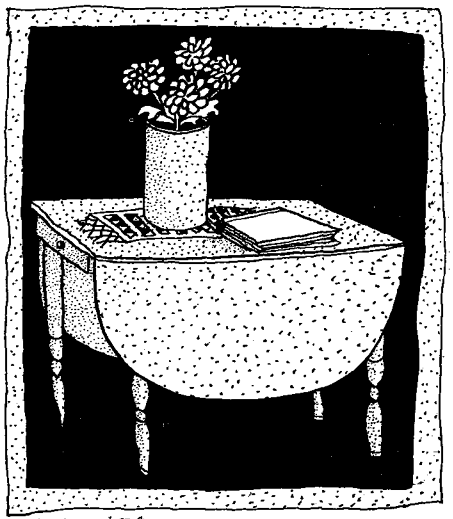
age of eight-tenths of a ton per acre per year.

The trouble with this system, besides the fact that it depends on expensive chemicals that may not always be available, is that it ignores both the cost of building twelve hundred miles of road across the Andes, in order to make fertilizer deliveries possible, and the cost to the government of subsidizing the fertilizer. Even though, according to the calculations of the research team, every dollar borrowed to buy fertilizers increased a farmer's profits by from a dollar and twenty-nine cents to four ninety-five, few of the local farmers could afford to borrow money in the first place. Most of those who tried the new methods for the experiment have gone back to their original way of farming. To address the problems, the researchers are now experimenting with low-cost natural fertilizers and with ways of reducing the need for fertilizers. Growing crop varieties whose tolerance for acid soils is high—either naturally or due to selective breeding—"is expected to substantially decrease" the amount of lime and phosphorus fertilizer needed, according to the researchers. Rice and cowpeas are yielding good results in this respect. Another low-cost technique being tried is the use of kudzu, a fast-growing nitrogen-rich plant, as a natural fertilizer. Elsewhere, this "has often resulted in crop yields similar to those following complete fertilization," they said, though growing, transporting, and applying the kudzu requires more labor than applying inorganic fertilizer. Other promising experiments include fertilizing the soil with compost made from crop residues, and planting kudzu on worn-out cropland as a quick way of restoring its fertility. It appears that two years of growing kudzu has the same restorative effect on old cropland as twenty-five years of forest fallow.

Among the other useful discoveries that the Yurimaguas team has made is that soil quality actually improves under continuous cropping with fertilizers. After eight years, the soil was less acid, and the result was a doubling of its ability to retain artificial fertilizers. Levels of toxic aluminum decreased, and levels of nutrients, including calcium, magnesium, phosphorus, copper, and zinc, rose. The fields used were cleared from a seventeen-year-old secondary forest, and trials showed that clearing the vegetation manually and then burning it was better than removing the trees with machines. The burning returned forest nutrients to the soil, while bulldozers compacted the soil and often pushed the topsoil off the field.

The researchers tried growing one crop continuously in the same field, but found that yields fell, because of a buildup of pests and diseases. These were not a problem when three crops were rotated, but the researchers have warned that rotated crops are likely to develop more pest problems as time goes on. A rotation of rice, peanuts, and soybeans was the most successful regimen, yielding an average of three and a half tons per acre per year. Because the experiments were conducted on nearly level land, serious problems with erosion and runoff were avoided. Nonetheless, the scientists warn that even on flat terrain crop fields should be surrounded by forest reserves in a mosaic pattern to protect the watershed.

Under a United Nations research program in Mexico, scientists in the early nineteen-seventies began reintroducing an ancient Mexican system of farming, still practiced in the Valley of Mexico, into four rain-forest areas where shifting cultivation was breaking down into slash-and-burn agriculture, and they extended it to other areas. The system, called *chinampa*, is based on raised fields built up from soil containing organic debris, which is usually dredged from lakes or swamps. The *chinampas*, or plots, are separated by a network of artificial water channels, which are used for transportation, fishing, and irrigation. Trees line the channels, keeping the *chinampas* in place, and the soil of each plot is regularly replenished by more nutrient-rich dredgings. The farmers grow a wide variety of crops, and also hunt and gather plants in the adjacent



d. ehrenberg

ain forest. They plant seeds in special ertilized beds. When seedlings are eady for the main fields, they are planted in the little cubes of earth in which they were grown, thus takng their own fertilizer supply with hem. In 1976, having found that the *chinampa* system worked in the four ain-forest areas and in all the other egions where it had been tested, the cientists handed one site, in Tabasco tate, over to local farmers, who have ince constructed more. As a low-capial, labor-intensive, self-sufficient sysem, *chinampa* could have applications n other countries and on other coninents.

A number of other small-scale field experiments are under way, aimed at nabling slash-and-burn farmers to tay in one place permanently. In Papua New Guinea, researchers at the Wau Ecology Institute are working with local women, who do most of the arming, in an effort to find a way of ertilizing fields with readily available materials. Most Papua New Guineans keep pigs, but the pigs are free-rangng, so it is not feasible to collect their waste for manure; nor do families produce enough kitchen waste to fertilize heir fields. Instead, the Wau system elies on coffee plantations, which are ommon in Papua New Guinea, and whose waste is usually just dumped nto a river. Using composted coffee waste, the women build up rows of mounds that follow the contour of the and. The compost mounds provide nutrients to the crops—usually a staple root crop grown in combination with an early crop to shade out weeds and a egume plant to add nitrogen to the soil. The contour mounds also give protection against soil erosion. This is ust one aspect of a system that might eventually include growing trees to reduce erosion, provide food, fuel, and other useful materials, and add organc matter to the soil by shedding leaves and twigs. But there is a cultural hitch. In Papua New Guinea, men clear new garden plots, although women do the planting, weeding, and harvesting. So while the system makes sense in theory, it may fail in practice, because it requires a change in the balance of work between men and women.

In Brazil, scientists at the National Institute for Amazonian Research are experimenting with “food forests”—tree crops that provide food for subsistence-farming families. David Arkcoll, one of the scientists, explains, “The only successful advanced agri-

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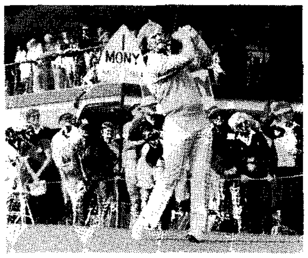

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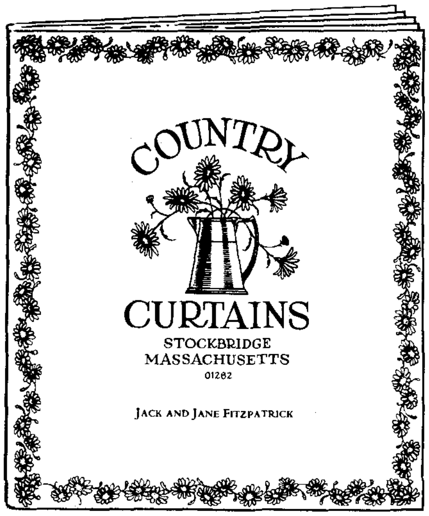

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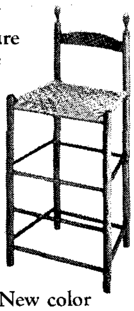
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cultural systems in the tropics are tree-crop plantations—oil palm, rubber, cocoa. They've worked because they are, one, ecologically stable, viable, sustainable, and, two, profitable, so their farmers can afford to fertilize the soil. But they don't feed anybody, you see." Not only do trees give shade and protect the soil from erosion but their roots can go deeper, looking for nutrients, than the roots of ordinary farm crops.

Arkcoll points out that in fertilizing annual crops you are doing the soil little good, because most or all of the added nutrients are pulled out each year with the mature crops. Yields for perennial crops are much higher, but, by a cruel twist of fate, most food crops are annuals, and hardly any are trees. However, there are a few tree crops that could be the basis of a stable subsistence farm—plantains, jackfruit, breadfruit (seedlings of which Captain Bligh was carrying aboard the Bounty as he sailed back from Tahiti), and peach palm, among others. For many centuries, Indians throughout Amazonia have cultivated peach palms. By selecting plants with the characteristics they desired, they "bred" more than two hundred distinct types of peach palm. "The Indians made the peach palm," Arkcoll's colleague Charles Clements told me. "In Bolivia, they developed it for oil. In Yurimaguas, they eliminated the spines on its trunk, so that they could get heart of palm out of it. In the region on the borders of Colombia, Peru, and Brazil, they grew peach palms with high levels of carbohydrate, so they could use the peach palm as a staple food. Some other 'food varieties' are as much as fifteen per cent protein—much more than manioc, which is the staple diet of Amazonia now."

Arkcoll and Clements' experiments indicate that peach palm is easy to grow. ("It's practically a weed," Clements says.) A small farmer could grow from ten to thirty trees and get a good yield (about a hundred and thirty pounds per tree per year) using just household waste for fertilizer. It takes from three to five years for the trees to produce fruit, and during that time farmers could grow annual crops in between the trees. Peach palms, according to the variety selected, can be either a subsistence crop or a cash crop, producing hearts of palm or oil. They are said to be competitive with African oil palms as oil producers; in fact, in France in the eighteen-nineties

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the first diesel engine ever made ran on palm oil.

Arkcoll and Clements have devised an interesting way of supplying a peach-palm field with the extra nutrients it needs. "We have been experimenting with shallow transportable outhouses set over holes from twenty to thirty inches across," Arkcoll told me. "These can be moved a few yards every few weeks or months, and a food tree planted in the old position. In this way, a small orchard can be produced around the house in the poorest of soils. The system is comparatively effortless and is also hygienically satisfactory." In spite of the tree's appealing name, the fruit of the peach palm is not particularly delicious. It is not distasteful—merely bland, with the texture, when cooked, of a somewhat mushy potato. Whether the peach palm becomes a staple food in Amazonia or anywhere else will depend on kitchen trials as much as on field trials.

In some areas where the land cannot support a high population density, settled agriculture will always be out of the question. Those who insist that shifting cultivation is an unaffordable luxury because it takes up too much land should answer the question "Compared to what?" In many areas of the tropics, shifting cultivation is the only kind of farming that works.

WORLDWIDE, logging is the main cause of degradation of rain forests. It is also the most lucrative way to exploit them. In 1980, timber sufficient to provide roughly three billion cubic metres of wood was felled throughout the world. More than half of that was burned to provide heat and power. The rest, about fourteen hundred million cubic metres, was "industrial wood," used for construction or converted into paper and cardboard boxes. Only twenty per cent of the world's industrial wood comes from rain forests, but more than half of that is exported to the richest nations: virtually all the hardwood logs and more than half the hardwood sawn timber in world trade comes from rain forests; and in 1979 fifty-eight per cent of the world production of hardwood logs and seventy-five per cent of all hardwood-log exports came from Malaysia and Indonesia alone. The developed countries produce eighty per cent of the world's industrial wood, but they keep almost all of it and import much of the rest of the world's harvest as well. Japan takes more than half and Europe more than a quarter of all wood exports.

The rain-forest countries of Asia and the Pacific export seventy per cent of their industrial wood—half to Japan and most of the rest to countries (mainly Korea, Singapore, and Taiwan) that process logs and immediately reëxport them to North America, Europe, Africa, and the Middle East. West Africa exports just over half its harvest, largely to the nations of the European Economic Community. Latin America exports less than ten per cent of its harvest, mostly to North America and the E.E.C.

Twenty-five years ago, the world trade in wood presented a very different picture. Between 1961 and 1975, developing countries more than doubled the amount of industrial wood they harvested each year. They also exported more and more of what they produced—a third in 1961, half by 1977. In some countries, the leap was much more spectacular. Indonesia, for example, in 1979 exported a hundred and sixty-seven times as much wood as it did in 1961. The industrialized nations now use sixteen times as much tropical hardwood as they did in 1950, but tropical countries use only about three times as much hardwood as they did in 1950.

Nearly all wood must be processed before it can be used—turned from raw logs into lumber, plywood, veneer, or pulp. The industrialized countries process their own wood. Few developing countries have the equipment and skills needed to process more than a tiny fraction of their annual log harvests. Three-quarters of their exports, therefore, are logs, which are less valuable than processed wood. In 1961, half the wood exported from Latin America was in the form of raw logs; now all of it is processed. Africa and Asia and the Pacific region, however, are still exporting the same low proportion of processed wood—thirty-five per cent and twenty per cent, respectively—that they exported in 1961.

Wood exports bring around eighty-seven hundred million dollars a year to the developing countries. Asia and the Pacific get seventy per cent of that; most of the rest goes to Africa. Indonesia gets more than twenty per cent of its gross foreign-exchange earnings from wood, and so do Gabon, the Congo, and Burma. In Malaysia, Cameroon, and the Ivory Coast, wood exports provide from ten to twenty per cent of the gross foreign-exchange

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earnings. But the net foreign earnings are often much lower. Deducting the cost of imported equipment, the income that foreign workers send home, and the profits that foreign companies transfer to sister companies elsewhere often cuts wood-export earnings in half. Indonesia's net earnings from timber exports in the early nineteen-seventies, for example, were only a quarter of its gross earnings, though by the end of that decade, when loopholes had been tightened, net earnings had doubled, to fifty per cent of gross earnings.

Since 1973, JANT, a subsidiary of Japan's Honshu Paper Company, has been clear-cutting a two-hundred-thousand-acre area of rain forest in Papua New Guinea. The entire area will be deforested before 1990. According to the JANT prospectus, "Every day, one hundred various types of heavy vehicles and their operators are working and making their presence known in the green jungles of the Gogol area." The company was supposed to reforest as it cleared the area, but it is logging ten times as fast as it is replanting. When this area is logged out, JANT can exercise an option on a hundred and sixty-five thousand acres nearby. Every month, it ships twenty thousand tons of wood to the Honshu paper factory in Japan. As of 1981, JANT had declared no dividends and had not paid any income taxes in Papua New Guinea, because it sold the wood to its parent company at such low prices that it never made a profit. That practice, called *transfer pricing*, is said by some economists to cost Papua New Guinea eleven million dollars a year.

In any case, for all but a few countries the income from exporting mostly unprocessed wood is eaten up by the need to import sawn timber, plywood, and paper. Many tropical-rain-forest countries import, mostly in the form of paper and paperboard, more than they export. Nigeria was once a major timber exporter. It is now on the verge of complete deforestation, and its wood-import bill is a hundred times its earnings from wood exports. Exporting unprocessed wood at low prices and paying high prices for processed imports is so wasteful that some countries—notably Malaysia, Indonesia, and the Philippines—have tried to ban the export of logs. None, however, have succeeded in imposing a complete ban, partly because Japan and Europe, the major importers of tropical wood, prefer to buy logs cheap and process

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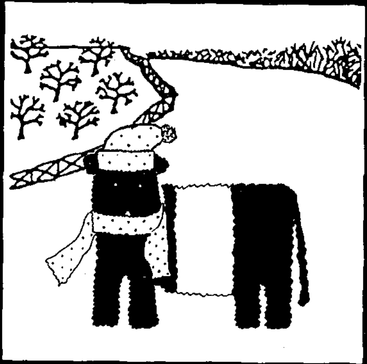

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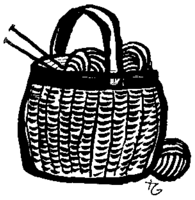
them themselves. They tax processed wood in order to discourage its import. The E.E.C., for example, which buys seventy per cent of Africa's wood exports and forty per cent of Asia's, allows free trade in unprocessed logs but puts an eleven-per-cent tax on processed tropical timber from Asia.



Timber operations and other forms of rain-forest development, such as mining, ranching, and drilling for oil and gas, should contribute to the economies of the rain-forest countries by paying taxes and royalties and by providing jobs. But they may contribute very little, or even cost a country money, while making a profit for the developers. One study of American subsidiaries in Latin America found that over a three-year period they financed seventy-eight per cent of their investments with money borrowed locally, and thus reduced the amount of money available to local borrowers. The same companies sent fifty-two per cent of their profits home instead of investing them in new projects locally. In 1974, a survey by the Brazilian government of a hundred and fifteen multinational companies revealed that they imported products and equipment worth two billion one hundred million dollars more than those they exported. A United Nations study showed that a total of four hundred and thirty-four million dollars invested by multinational companies in Indonesia's logging and timber-processing industry between 1968 and 1976 created only seven thousand jobs for Indonesians. One of the most common criticisms of foreign companies is that they do not train local people for senior positions.

Brazil encourages companies to invest in Amazonia by offering them a fifty-per-cent income-tax rebate on their investments elsewhere in Brazil, tax holidays of up to ten years, loans with negative interest rates (in real terms), and exemptions from sales taxes and import duties. That has proved to be an expensive way of making jobs. Each industrial job created costs the government thirty-four thousand dollars, each ranching job sixty-three thousand dollars. As for bringing in foreign capital, almost half the cost of the industrial projects and seventy per cent of the cost of the livestock projects were covered by fiscal incentives and other subsidies; that is, they were paid for with money diverted from the national treasury. Much of the rest was borrowed from Brazilian banks. Since 1979, new ranches in the Brazilian Amazon have not received such support, because, in the words of the Environment Minister, Dr. Paulo Nogueira Neto, "to ranch in the rain forest is a disaster." But the incentives continue for existing ranches.

In business negotiations with developing countries, the two hundred or so giant multinational corporations enjoy a decided advantage in financial resources, technology, managerial expertise, and influence. In 1981, Exxon, the biggest of these multinationals, had an annual revenue larger than the gross national products of at least sixty-four countries. Unilever, the twenty-fourth-largest company in the world that year, had a total revenue of twenty-four billion one hundred and nine million dollars. The Solomon Islands had a gross national product that year of ninety-five million dollars. In that year, Unilever employed three hundred thousand people directly and fifty-one thousand through associated companies. The population of the Solomon Islands is around two hundred and fifty thousand. Unilever's logging operations are carried on through Lever Pacific Timbers, which is a subsidiary of Unilever's United Africa Company International; these operations employ four hundred and fifty people and account for fifteen per cent of the value of all the country's exports. Lever's contract with the government of the Solomon Islands does not require it to reforest logged-over areas. The contract between JANT and the government of Papua New Guinea obliges the government to pay half the cost of reforestation, which is estimated to be a hundred and eighty dollars an acre, but JANT pays chip royalties of only about forty dollars an acre.

While reforestation is a normal part of the logging cycle in North America and Europe, many of the companies that operate in rain-forest countries feel that replanting is the job of the countries' governments. Concession holders say that their leases, usually for fifteen or twenty years, are too short to offer an incentive to replant. As a rule, they prefer to take their quotas as quickly as possible rather than establish long-term operations in a climate of political and economic uncertainty. United Africa Company International's divisional director for forestry and the Solomons, Donald

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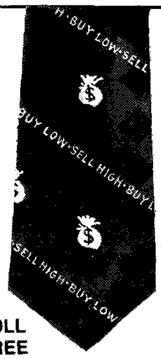
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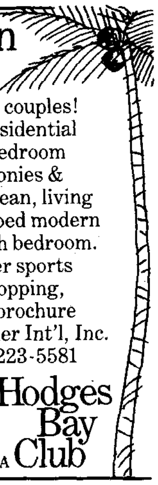

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McNeil, says, "Governments have—or should have—the right people to do the job. They should be doing reforestation on the ground close behind the commercial extractor. It is in everybody's long-term interest to grow more trees."

Many countries are now trying to attach stricter conditions to the logging concessions they grant—conditions that will encourage reforestation or domestic processing. Since 1979, Indonesia has required its concession holders (of whom there are at least five hundred) to deposit four dollars for every cubic metre of wood they export, the money to be refunded as they reforest the logged-over area. However, only a handful of companies have begun a reforestation program. The rest are forfeiting the deposit and passing the problem back to the government. Unfortunately, reforesting logged-over rain forest is still in the experimental stage, and neither the government nor private contractors have the resources or the experience to plant even a small part of the huge area cleared every year.

In Papua New Guinea, local enterprises have only a fifth of the forest-concession area; the rest is leased to foreign companies. According to the United Nations Center for Transnational Corporations, "Transnational corporations or their affiliates account for more than half of the international commercialization of the hardwood resources of Asia and the Pacific." But in many countries local investors dominate forestry and ranching in rain forests, though the relatively few large multinational companies are usually more visible. Even local investors, however, can be outsiders in terms of the forest, the Brazilian ecologist José Lutzenberger argues. "What's happening in the Amazon is just another form of imperialism, whether the people going there to exploit have a Brazilian passport or a foreign passport," he has said. "They are exploiting the local resources at the expense of the local population. Brazil is so large that we can afford to leave the Amazonians in peace, at least for the next several decades."

Generally, the trade in rain-forest products is more important to the sellers than to the buyers, partly because, in the case of most items, tropical rain forests provide the industrialized world not with essential supplies but with extras that are worth having only if the price is right. As a rough rule of thumb, the richest twenty per cent of the world's people consume eighty per cent of the world's resources; each additional unit acquired is worth less to the consumers than the preceding unit, since it represents a progressively smaller proportion of the whole, but as the raw materials are depleted extracting each extra unit becomes progressively more disruptive to the producing country.

In the industrialized world, the average person uses three hundred and thirty pounds of paper a year. In the United States, where a single copy of the Sunday New York *Times* may weigh more than ten pounds, each person uses six hundred and fifty pounds. The average person in a developing country uses only eleven pounds. Japan, which imports more wood than all other countries combined, nevertheless has two-thirds of its land under forest—more, apart from the Scandinavian countries, than any other industrialized nation. Its forests contain enough wood to replace its imports from Southeast Asia and the Pacific for a hundred and fifty years, at current rates of consumption. But the Japanese harvest their own timber at a rate far below what their forests could support. In fact, their annual harvest today is only two-thirds of what it was in 1966. During the same period, imports of tropical logs have more than doubled. "Japan has a very clear strategy," according to Professor Hans Steinlin, a forestry expert at Albert Ludwig University, in Freiburg, which is "to protect its forests for as long as possible, although it means overexploitation of Southeast Asia and the Pacific region." Still, Japan is now worried enough by the imminent depletion of the Asian and Pacific rain forests that its pulp manufacturers have established a fund to finance plantations of fast-growing timber species, such as Caribbean pine, in selected countries. Plantations, if they succeed, may provide a reliable supply of timber; in terms of wildlife, useful plants, and ecological protection, they will not replace the lost rain forests.

INTERNATIONAL aid agencies pay lip service to conservation but provide very little money for it. According to Marc Dourojeanni, the former director of Peru's National Park Service, there is not a single conservation project in Peru in which Peru is not paying eighty per cent of the costs. "The South is asked to conserve genes, while the other fellow, in the North, is consuming things that force us to destroy the genes in the South," Emil Salim, Indonesia's Minister for Environment and Development, said to me. "Who is going to pay for this protection? We should strive for an equitable share in the benefits of our genetic resources and an equitable share in the costs of safeguarding them."

"Genetic resources"—the very phrase implies that plants and animals exist to serve mankind. The American biologist Michael Soulé warns against trying to "sell" conservation by promising new industries and wonder drugs. Thomas Lovejoy, of the World Wildlife Fund, agrees that not everything can be given a price. He says, "Sometimes I'm asked: What difference does it make whether there's one species or ten species less in some tropical forest? My answer is that I probably can't tell them what an individual species is doing, but I can say that it's making an incremental contribution to maintaining the stability of global chemistry and climate."

Richard Spruce, the traveller and botanist, addressed the question in a letter to a friend in 1873: "It is true that the Hepaticae have hardly as yet yielded any substance to man capable of stupefying him, or of forcing his stomach to empty its contents, nor are they good for food; but if man cannot torture them to his uses or abuses, they are infinitely useful where God has placed them, as I hope to live to show; and they are, at the least, useful to, and beautiful in, themselves—surely the primary motive for every individual existence."

—CATHERINE CAUFIELD

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Morgantown (W. Va.) Dominion-Post*]

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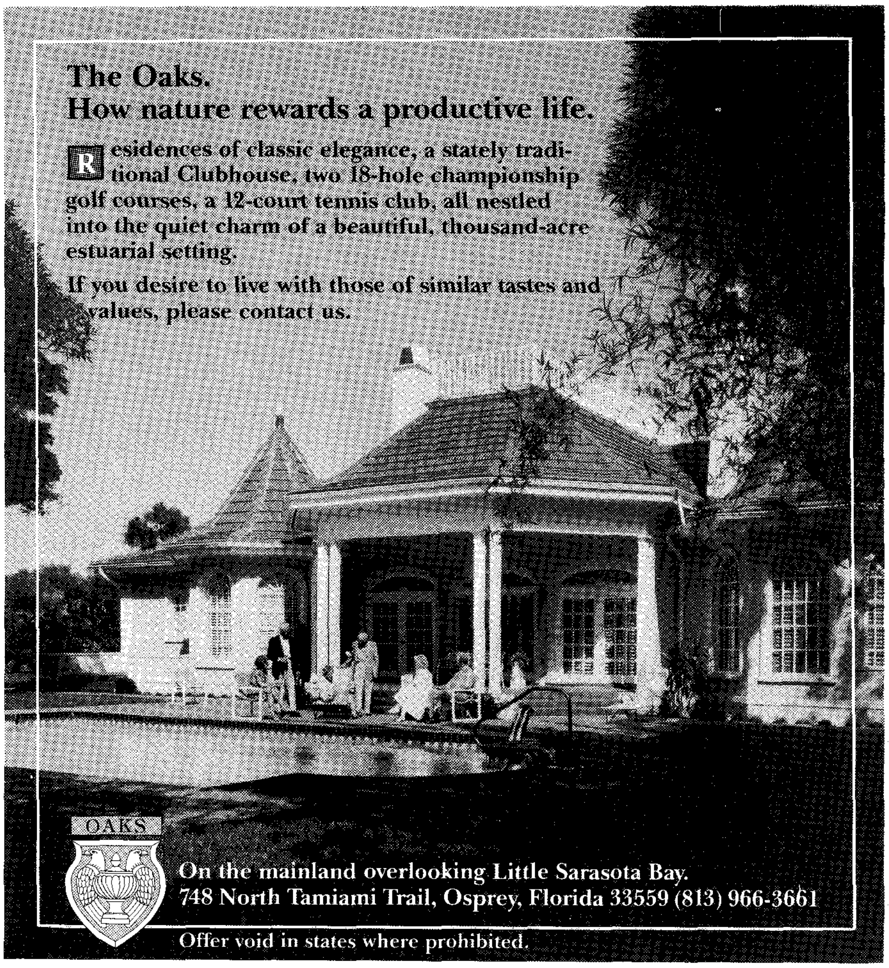
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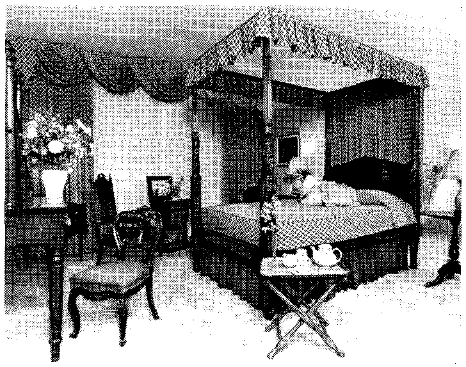
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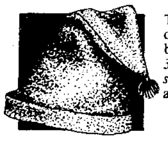
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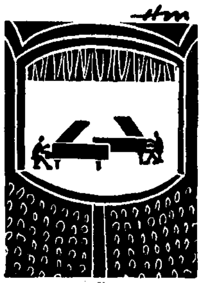
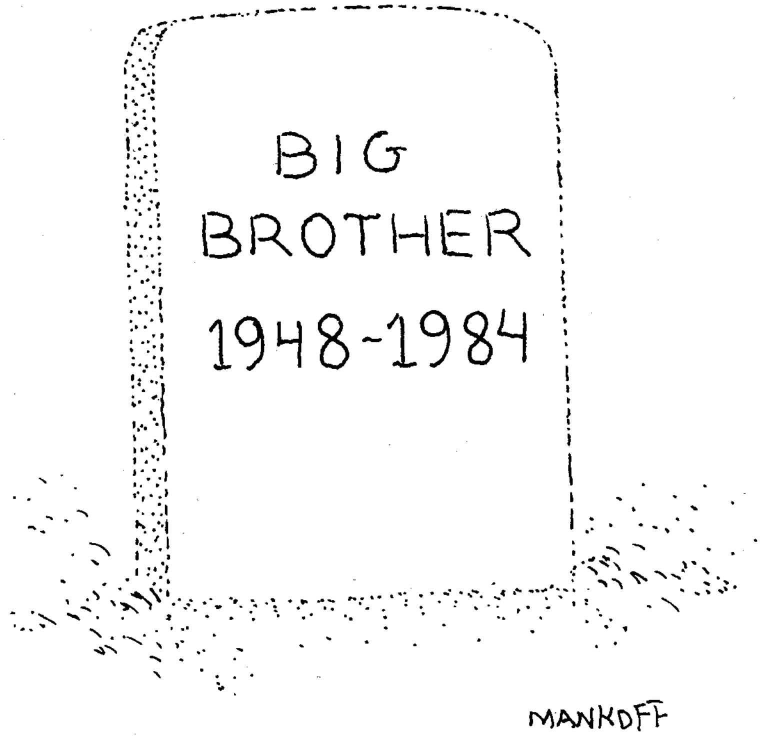
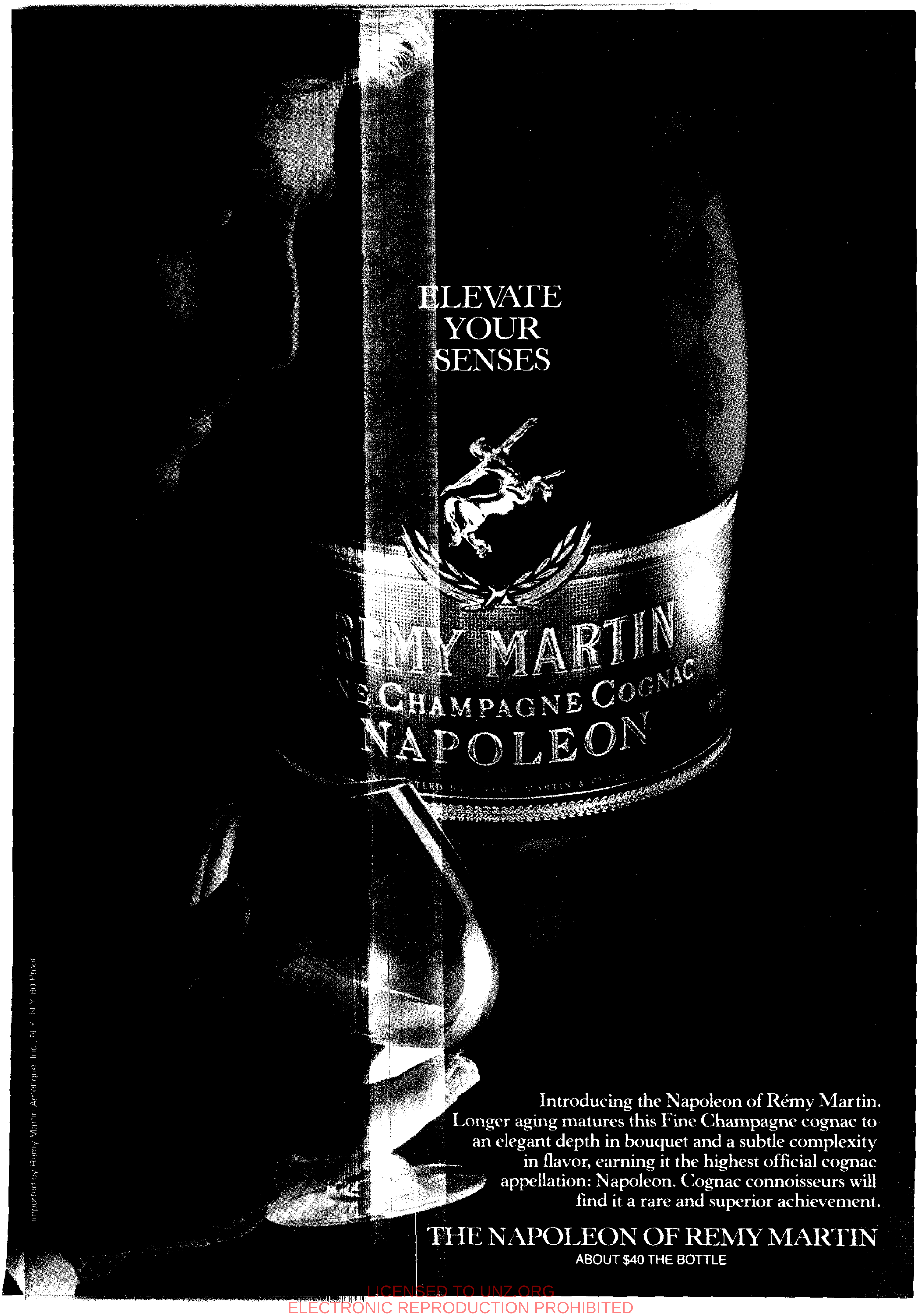


THE career of John Christian Bach—the London Bach, born in 1735, Johann Sebastian's youngest son and the eighteenth of his twenty children—links into the lives of greater composers in attractive and interesting ways. He made his name in Italy, where his first opera, "Artaserse" (Turin, 1760), starred Gaetano Guadagni—pupil of Garrick and of Handel—who two years later was Gluck's first Orpheus, in Vienna, and in 1770 introduced Gluck's opera to London in a version expanded by John Bach. Bach came to London in 1762 (three years after Handel's death), at the invitation of Colomba Maffei, the woman who ran the King's Theatre, and he died there twenty years later. The prima donna of his first London operas was Anna de Amicis, who was later Mozart's prima donna in "Lucio Silla" (Milan, 1772). Bach reset the "Silla" libretto in 1774, for Mannheim, with three of the singers who later created Mozart's "Idomeneo." (Anton Raaff, Bach's Silla and Mozart's Idomeneus, had a decade earlier sung in Bach's Neapolitan operas.) Bach's last London opera, "La Clemenza di Scipione," had in the title role the tenor Valentin Adamberger, who later created Belmonte in Mozart's "Die Entführung." (Both operas contain an extended soprano aria with flute, oboe, violin, and cello obbligatos.) Bach befriended the eight-year-old Mozart in London in 1764. They gave a long recital together for George III and Queen Charlotte, Mozart sitting on Bach's lap; and in the playful dedication of Mozart's Opus 3 to the Queen "Your Majesty's very humble and very obedient little servant" boasts presciently that one day "I shall become immortal like Handel . . . and my name will be as celebrated as that of Bach." Fourteen years later, Mozart was delighted to meet Bach again, in Paris. Bach had come to hear the Opéra singers—Gluck's tenor Orpheus, Alcestis, Armida, Agamemnon—since he had been commissioned to write a work for them.

Mozart and Bach were in Paris at a time when musical fashion was divided between Gluckistes and Piccinnistes. Bach's French opera, "Amadis de Gaule," appeared between Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride" (1779) and Piccinni's "Iphigénie en Tauride" (1781) and seems to have pleased nobody. According to Baron von Grimm, "the Gluckistes find that it has neither Gluck's originality nor his sublime *élan*, the Piccinnistes that the vocal lines lack Piccinni's charm and melodic variety." Yet "Amadis" is certainly a charming opera and an almost bewilderingly various one, as was revealed at its American première, given by Bel Canto Opera in the theatre of the Joan of Arc School, on West Ninety-third Street, earlier this season. Some of it is like the *galant* Bach whose "natural, flowing and easy style" Leopold Mozart commended to his son in 1778, urging him to compose something that would sell instead of "all those harmonic progressions, which the majority of people cannot fathom." Some of it is like the Italianate Bach of the opera "Temistocle" (usually heard in a modern pasticcio edition that includes numbers from six of Bach's operas). Some of it sounds like Gluck imitation, some like Rameau imitation. There are also episodes to set beside the taut, startling inventions of Bach's G-Minor Symphony. The mingling of manners suits the subject: the marvellous adventures of Amadis, Prince of Wales, flower of chivalry, in quest of his beloved Oriana, Princess of Great Britain. The epic, in its various incarnations, captivated readers as different as Francis I, Charles V, Ariosto, and Montaigne. It was the first of the books the Priest and the Barber spared in the holocaust of Don Quixote's library. And it provided matter for many operas. Handel's "Amadigi" is another of them.

Bach, like Gluck in "Armide" and Piccinni in "Roland," chose to set a century-old Lully libretto. (Lully's "Amadis" was in the Opéra repertory from 1684 to 1759, and it reappeared as late as 1771, worked over by P.-M. Berton and J.-B. La Borde.) Odd procedure: rather as if, to demonstrate the increased expressiveness of modern music and to satisfy contemporary taste, Elliott Carter were to reset Verdi's "Aida" libretto, or Pierre Boulez Wagner's for "Tristan und Isolde." Lully's book was simplified and condensed for Bach's use by Alphonse de Vismes, an artillery officer, the Opéra director's brother. The first act was omitted (we plunge into the midst of things in a way confusing to listeners unfamiliar with the Amadis story), and the fourth and fifth acts were made into one: rather as if, Grimm remarked, one tried to strengthen a building by digging up the foundations and knocking off the roof. The tale as it unfolded in the Joan of Arc School was jerky and elliptical in a rather pleasantly modern way. I know not whether to credit Bach or some modern editor, for I have not seen the original score. (It was published in about 1780, and a reprint was announced in 1972, but the copy the

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New York Public Library ordered has not yet arrived.) "Amadis" was revived in Hamburg in 1983 (with Helen Donath as the heroine and J. Patrick Raftery as the villain, Arcalaus), and since that show lasted nearly four hours and the New York show closer to three, there was presumably some cutting. The Hamburg staging, "conceived" by Michel Beretti and executed by Marco Arturo Marelli, was, to judge by reviews, idiotic. So was the New York staging, which was directed by Mr. Beretti himself. His notion was that, as the Hamburg correspondent of *Opera* put it, "Bach and de Vismes were trying to reform tragédie lyrique and French society—decadently symbolized by the Marquis de Sade (Arcalaus) replete with whips, leathery costumes, torture, bloody sacrifices, and deviation—by proposing a people's monarch (Amadis) who would ward off the coming Revolution." The New York staging had little to do with anything perceivable in Bach's opera, and even on its own distasteful, silly terms it was ineptly executed. But the music remained, and a bilingual libretto—albeit one innocent of stage directions—was on sale. The music was fascinating to hear: a panorama of late-eighteenth-century operatic manners, a Grand Tour conducted in melodic accents now French, now Italian, now German. And everything has the deftness and grace that Mozart admired. The orchestration is inventive and captivating. Bach's long-lasting influence on Mozart has often been observed, but generally in terms of the instrumental works. His operas are worth reviving. London did "La Clemenza di Scipione" in 1972 and "Adriano in Siria" in 1982. "Lucio Silla" and the "Temistocle" pasticcio have appeared as Voce albums. And Garland Publishing has a Complete Works in preparation, with scores of "Artaserse," "Catone in Utica," "Alessandro nell'Indie," and "Adriano in Siria" due this year.

James Richman, the conductor of Bel Canto's "Amadis," set apt tempi. There was a small but able orchestra. Ann Monoyios was an Oriana pure of voice and pure in style. Cynthia Miller brought passion to the heroic role of Arcabonne, her rival. Trudy Ellen Craney gave a glittering account of a coryphée's display air. The men were less satisfactory: the Amadis made little of his words, and the Arcalaus tended to bluster. The important dances were sensitively choreographed by Ann Jacoby in period style, and were danced by members of the New York Baroque Dance Company, led by Miss Jacoby and Catherine Turocy.

LAST month, I heard three song recitals. Jan DeGaetani's, in Carnegie Hall, began with Duparc's "Phidylé" and included groups of songs by Tchaikovsky and Charles Ives. Beverly Morgan's, in Merkin Hall, included groups of songs by Tchaikovsky and Ives. Kurt Ollmann's, in Merkin Hall, ended with "Phidylé." The first was given by a celebrated and well-loved mezzo-soprano who made her New York début a quarter century ago but was giving her first Carnegie Hall recital; the second by a soprano whose vivid musicianship I've admired since first I heard her, eight years ago (in Boston, in Paul Earls' "The Death of King Phillip"), and who came to new prominence last year as the heroine of Leonard Bernstein's "A Quiet Place;" and the third by a new young baritone of exceptional promise. Long years as a critic have taught me the dangers of overpraising newcomers, in eager response to fresh talent, and of underrating those whose merits have become so familiar as to be taken for granted. Nevertheless, after allowing for that I must still report that Miss DeGaetani's and Miss Morgan's recitals were somewhat disappointing, while Mr. Ollmann held his listeners intent on every song. His voice was more beautiful than theirs, but that was not the only or the main reason. It was that he gave life to the words.

All three artists subscribed to what that great American singer David Bispham called the "foreign-language fad." In "A Quaker Singer's Recollections," Bispham wrote:

> To all American singers I say, sing your songs in well-chosen English if singing to an English-speaking audience, and sing them so that everyone understands your words; enunciate so clearly that the audience can tell even how every word is spelled. Get away from this foreign-language fad and you will find yourself nearer the heart of your public. I often quote from the fourteenth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, where he says: "Now brethren, if I come unto you speaking with tongues, what shall I profit you? . . . Except ye utter by the tongue words easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken?" And the Apostle goes on to say, "I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also. . . . I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I

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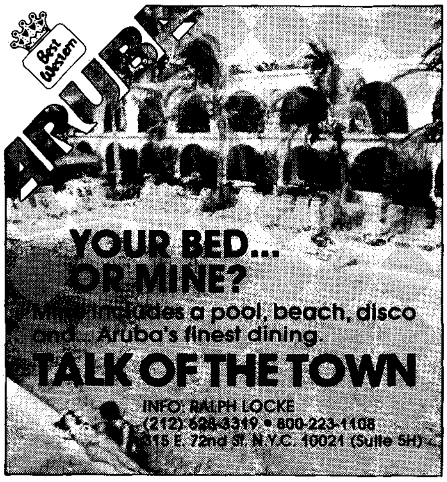

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might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue."

I own that, as a listener, I'm also a subscriber to the foreign-language fad—when it is a language that both I and the singer understand, and even when it is one of which I have just a few phrases, provided that the singer commands it fully. I wouldn't have wanted Oda Slobodskaya to sing her Russian songs in anything but Russian. She gloried in the language. Miss DeGaetani and Miss Morgan didn't: they pronounced it. When they got to Ives, I found Miss DeGaetani's words to be incomprehensible without the aid of the printed texts, and Miss Morgan's words, while clear, to be so oddly stressed as to recall that quaint air-hostess lingo in which auxiliary verbs carry the emphases ("until the captain *has* switched off the seat-belt sign and the plane *has* come to a complete standstill"). "Stronger comes the breeze from *the* ridge," Miss Morgan sang, and "ma-ri-gold," in Ives' "Two Little Flowers," giving equal weight and length to each syllable.

Miss DeGaetani, with Gilbert Kalish as her pianist, sang in French (a Duparc group), Russian (the Tchaikovsky group), German (a Schumann group), and English, and introduced songs written for her by Mario Davidovsky, Richard Wernick, and George Crumb. She has been an inspiration for many contemporary composers, as a singer able to compass any interval, across a very wide range, with instrumental accuracy, steadiness, and purity of tone. Wernick's "I, too . . ." (a setting of a poem by Charles Lee) ended with a beautiful soft-shining high note to the word "stars." She also presented an attractive Copland song, "Alone," newly rediscovered, which dates from 1922 and his time of study with Nadia Boulanger. But there was much cooing and crooning through the long evening, and few of the songs were given a sharp, individual character.

Miss Morgan's recital was marked, more disconcertingly, by a bleakness and monotony deliberately cultivated—by a stricken, tragic demeanor, both of voice and of physical presence, suggesting that all colors and all strong contrasts had faded from the world. The first half contained groups of mostly melancholy songs by Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev (his Akhmatova settings), and Rachmaninoff. Even those not intrinsically sad—such as Rachmaninoff's "How fair this spot" (once memorably recorded

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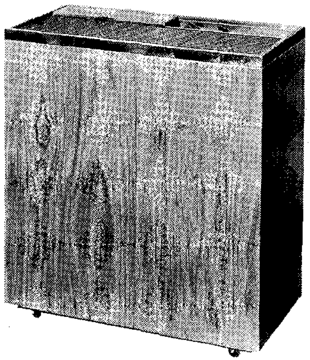

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by Slobodskaya)—became tragic. The deadpan manner was suited to the wry comedy of the scena "Northeast Reservation Lines," which was given its first performance. It is a setting by Hayes Biggs of verses by Jane Shore that begin "Northeast Reservation Lines are busy. As soon as an agent becomes available we will connect you" and move into increasingly surrealistic variations as that message returns, returns, returns. Mark Pakman was the alert and accomplished pianist.

Mr. Ollmann's program was all-French: Rameau's cantata "Thétis," groups of songs by Gounod and Poulenc, single songs by Albert Roussel, Louis Aubert, Jacques Leguerney, and André Caplet, Duparc's "Élégie" and "Phidylé," and, at the heart of it, a magical performance of the second book of Debussy's "Fêtes Galantes." Mr. Ollmann showed a true lieder or mélodie singer's ability to give each song its particular setting, atmosphere, character, characters—to conjure up a scene, a mood, a drama in small space. The readiest comparison is with Gérard Souzay, with whom he has studied; Mr. Ollmann has a comparable delicacy, variety and subtlety of inflection, gentleness, and beauty of timbre. His French was flawless; words and music lived together. For some of the songs, I thought, he chose needlessly low keys: his baritone flowered freely in the upper reaches. It was not surprising to learn that La Scala has invited him to sing Pelléas. A program calling for precise, poetic understatement gave no idea what he might make of a forceful, overtly dramatic ballad such as, say, Walter Damrosch's "Danny Deever." (It comes to mind because David Bispham, in 1906, recorded it so vividly; the disc has been reissued by New World Records.) But the forthcoming "West Side Story" album, in which Mr. Ollmann sings Riff (with Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, Tatiana Troyanos, and José Carreras as the other leads), should be worth hearing. Michael Pisani was a supple, responsive pianist and partner. —Andrew Porter

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THE THEATRE

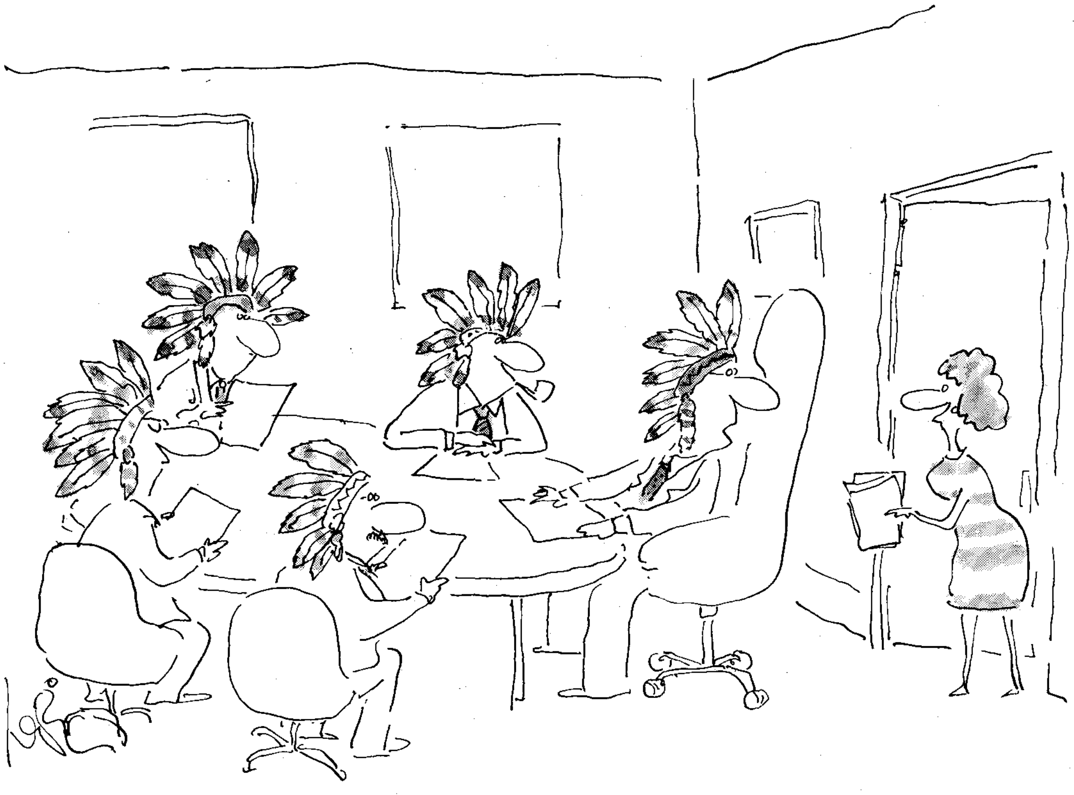
The Ignominy of Boyhood

Bill C. Davis's "Dancing in the End Zone" (at the Ritz) is a well-plotted and well-written play that at first glance amounts to little more than a series of conversations among its four characters about a commonplace-sounding problem: Should an amiable college football hero go on playing football if he doesn't want to? At second glance, we perceive that these conversations are seeking to explore a much bigger and darker and more complex problem—one that may indeed be a commonplace, but only because mankind has been wrestling with it for a couple of thousand years now, so far always in vain. It is the problem of how we are to discover who we have it in us to become when almost from the cradle our best intentions in respect to giving and receiving love are thwarted by people bent upon manipulating us for their own selfish purposes. Yeats was describing this dilemma in one of the most poignant of his autobiographical poems when he wrote of having had to "endure that toil of growing up;/ The ignominy of boyhood; the distress/ Of boyhood changing into man." Looking back in age, Yeats asserted that he would be content to live that ignominy over again for the sake of becoming his later self, purged of remorse, laughing and singing and blessed by everything he looked upon. Being but a young man, Mr. Davis may not be sure that his football hero has reason to look forward to so fortunate a fate; the play ends on a note of mingled loneliness and hope.

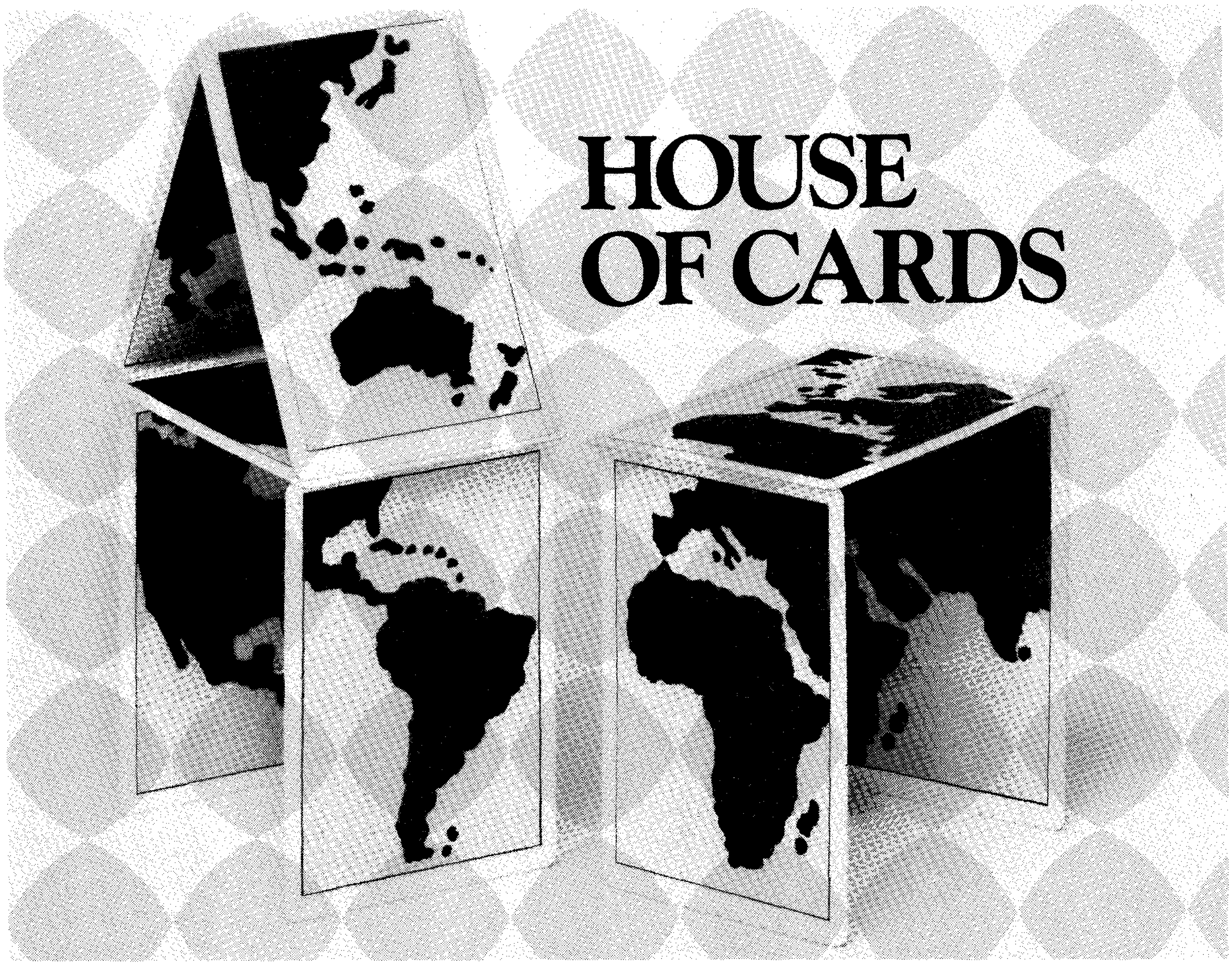
A writer already skilled at scoring serious points in terms superficially comic, Mr. Davis has not yet freed himself, as a dramatist, from a certain taint of earnestness—more often than he should, he drives his serious points home, and then a bit past home. I consider this failing a minor one in a playwright of such promise, especially at a time when so much of what passes for drama on Broadway consists instead of TV-sitcom drivel. Nor do I consider it a failing at all that in "Dancing in the End Zone" we encounter, in a very different context, several of the themes that Mr. Davis enunciated in his earlier Broadway play, "Mass Appeal" (a successful movie version of which, with a screenplay by Mr. Davis, is currently playing here). It is a characteristic of major writers to return again and again to a small number of preoccupations, which they tend to disguise with increasing impatience as time goes by, and which, in any event, are altered, whether for good or ill, by changes in the writers' natures.

As a play, "Mass Appeal" has a cast of two; the cast of "Dancing in the End Zone" is thus twice as big as that of its predecessor, but most of the confrontations in the play occur two by two: between the football player and his coach, for whom football isn't merely a metaphor for real life but *is* real life; between the football player and his mother, for whom football was the surest means by which her tender-hearted little boy could make good; and between the football player and a young woman studying journalism, for whom football is a metaphor for male domination and, by extension, for war—specifically, for an imminent Third World War. Coach, mother, and journalist struggle to possess the young man's trusting, troubled soul, and in each case we learn that the struggle is for their benefit, not his—that their self-fulfillment is the prize to be won, at no matter what cost to him.

Matt Salinger is splendid as the football player, manifesting virtue without priggishness, charm without mawkishness; Pat Carroll plays his intelligent, hard-as-steel mother, confined to a wheelchair in what may be a state of hysterical paralysis; and Laurence Luckinbill plays the coach with the necessary coarse bravado and high energy—fifty years after my own last football suiting-up, I felt myself grateful not to be under the lash of his tongue. Dorothy Lyman, as the journalist, seemed to me an implausible person for the football player to fall in love with, as we reluctantly observe him doing; she wears the armor of a cause with such cool assurance that we feel certain she will never take it off. The scenery—a skimpy approximation of a football stadium, pretending to be a number of domestic interiors as well—is by Douglas W. Schmidt,



"Not now, Miss Leslie. Can't you see we're having a powwow?"



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the costumes are by Patricia McGourty, the lighting is by Dennis Parichy, and the deft direction is by Melvin Bernhardt.

"HOME FRONT" (at the Royale) is by James Duff, who, at twenty-nine, is four years younger than Mr. Davis and is making his début on Broadway. One is in no doubt whatever of his talent; he writes lines that must make his actors very happy to utter and that encourage his audiences to laugh continually through much of the evening. It is only in construction that his play falters, unexpectedly shifting from what appears to be a conventional comedy about family life in the prosperous suburbs of Dallas in the year 1973 to a melodrama of murderous violence, in which the very idea of laughter becomes unthinkable. The family consists of a middle-aged father and mother whose mild, mindless bickerings nourish them both; a daughter eager to marry and escape her tiresome circumstances; and a soldier son who has returned from Vietnam and spends most of his time sulking in silence on the back porch. The son proves to have a lot on his mind, including the notion that his father is a form of incarnate evil not unlike the incarnate evil of the war he has just managed to survive; still worse, he sees his father as a begetter of that war, and possibly of all wars. (The son in "Home Front" and the journalist in "Dancing in the End Zone" have something in common, though one is going mad and the other is sane.) The Oedipal relationship, however difficult, is surely too easy an explanation for the age-old bellicosity of the human race, both male and female; as Mr. Duff has written his play, it is also a gratuitous one, since any son would be likely to run amok in the presence of the bitchery practiced daily and as a matter of course within the walls of that particular house.

The cast is headed by Carroll O'Connor, as the father, and Frances Sternhagen, as the mother. Mr. O'Connor gives a superbly modulated performance, while Miss Sternhagen is content to be outrageous in her impersonation of a brazen, nosy, and self-pitying mother. Christopher Fields makes credible the mental sufferings of the son, as Linda Cook makes credible the late-adolescent misery of the daughter. The set, a living room more hideous than any that *I* have ever seen around Dallas, was designed, by Sue Plummer, for an earlier London production, and has been adapted for use here by Frank J. Boros. The costumes are by John Falabella, the lighting is by Ken Billington, and the direction is by Michael Attenborough.

"THE KING AND I" has opened at the Broadway Theatre, in what is advertised as Yul Brynner's farewell appearance in that stalwart old Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. Over the years, Mr. Brynner has carried the show to the far corners of the earth and has given a grand total of 4,433 performances as the acerb and yet touching King of Siam. On this occasion, he is well supported by Mary Beth Peil as the redoubtable Anna (though her lovely voice is at the mercy of execrable miking) and by a cast that is all the more welcomely numerous in this era of penny-pinching on a multimillion-dollar scale. The costumes, by Peter Wolf, and the settings, by Stanley Simmons, are exceptionally splendid for a show that has been designed to travel, and the admirable lighting is by Ruth Roberts. The classic songs and, for that matter, the classic book are as sentimental and delightful as ever, and I hope that Mr. Brynner, like the singer Adelina Patti at the turn of the century, will choose to go on making farewell tours for many a season. He is indispensable to us.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

The Triumphant Return of Joe Egg

THE Roundabout has opened 1985 with a very good revival, at the Haft, of "A Day in the Death of Joe Egg," the bleak and brilliant comedy by the British dramatist Peter Nichols, about the parents of an idiot child so severely damaged that she is referred to even by doctors as a vegetable. When I first heard about the production, it seemed inconceivable to me that anyone could duplicate or come close to Albert Finney's performance, in 1968, as the father of the child, his life destroyed, who sends up a barrage of jokes and comic turns against his grief and horror. Well, within minutes Jim Dale makes clear that the part is his and that the play is in safe hands. Brian is an unhappy teacher at a boys' school in Bristol, where most of the work seems to consist in maintaining discipline; he is by vocation a painter, but is unable to paint. In the little playlets within the play, which constitute much of the action, he mimics with deadly, bitter accuracy a foolish Scottish G.P., an asinine German pediatrician, and an unctuous Church of England vicar; in all these playlets, he is aided by his loving wife, Sheila (fine performance by Stockard Channing). Also, stepping in and out of the action, both of them address the audience directly; at one point, he interrupts one of her monologues to ask, "What are you telling them?" There is a strong plot running beneath the capricious action; it hinges on the refusal of Sheila, overwhelmed by guilt (she feels that she is being punished for premarital promiscuity) and always hopeful, to send the child to an institution, with consequences that are sad indeed. As Brendan Gill pointed out in his review of the Broadway production, both of these characters are extremely complex, and they are well realized here.

I have barely hinted at the richness of this funny, tragic script. Arvin Brown has directed it with his customary total fidelity to the dramatist and the actors. Mr. Dale, whose volatile wit and daring have already been on display in New York as Scapino and Barnum, here shows a depth and darkness of feeling that we have never seen before, and Miss Channing is exactly right. The supporting cast is first-rate. Margaret Hilton is Brian's hovering mother, frustrated and desperate, too, whose every word and action is off key; Gary Waldhorn, another valuable British import, is a friend who tries to be helpful and fails; Joanna Gleason is his rather silly, uncomfortable wife; and Tenney Walsh is the little girl, Joe Egg—a limp body, massaged and tended through most of the evening, except for a brief scene at the end of the first act, in which she appears in her mother's fantasy of a normal child, radiant and jumping rope (and breaking the audience's heart). But the play is, of course, the thing, and everything there is to say about it has already been said on both sides of the Atlantic. All dramatists who attempt to treat serious matters with the campy facetiousness so fashionable now should be made to memorize "Joe Egg."

—EDITH OLIVER

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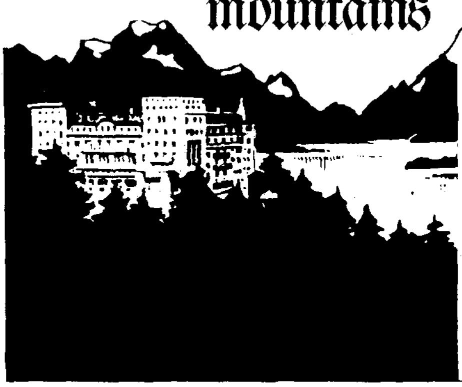

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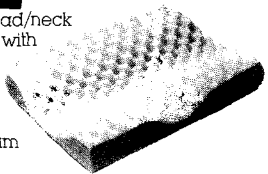

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Unloos'd Dreams

THE title of E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India" is an homage to one of the loveliest sections in Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," and, unlike Forster's other, more neatly constructed novels, this one has an all-embracing, polymorphous quality, an openness. Forster had lived in India before and after the First World War, and in story terms the novel, published in 1924, is about the tragicomedy of British colonial rule. The liberal, agnostic author projects himself into the Indian characters—into the humiliation they feel at being governed by people who have no affection for them, who don't like them. In its larger intentions, the novel is about the Indians' spirituality, their kindness, their mysticism. The novel's flowing, accepting manner is related to Eastern philosophy. It embodies that philosophy, yet when Forster attempts to explain it—when he tries for mystery and depth—the writing seems thin, fuzzy, inflated. (When his exaltation goes flat, it's like flat Whitman; it's like hearing someone dither on about oneness with the universe.) I don't think the novel is great—it's near-great, or not-so-great, maybe because mysticism doesn't come naturally to an ironist, and in "A Passage to India" it seems more willed than felt. But the novel is suggestive and dazzlingly empathic. Forster never falls into mere sympathetic understanding of the Indians; he's right inside the central Indian character—the young Muslim Dr. Aziz. He embraces Aziz, all right; it's the British he pulls away from.

The movie version, adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, is an admirable piece of work. Lean doesn't get in over his head by trying for the full range of the book's mysticism, but Forster got to him. In its first half, the film (it lasts two hours forty-three minutes) has a virtuoso steadiness as the story moves along and we see the process by which the British officials and their wives, who arrive in the fictitious provincial city of Chandrapore with idealistic hopes of friendship with the Indians, are gradually desensitized to the shame experienced by the natives, and become imperviously cruel. The movie shows us the virtual impossibility of communication between the subject people and the master-race British, and between the Muslims and the Hindus, at the same time that we observe the efforts of two Englishwomen to bridge the gulfs—to get to know the Indians socially.

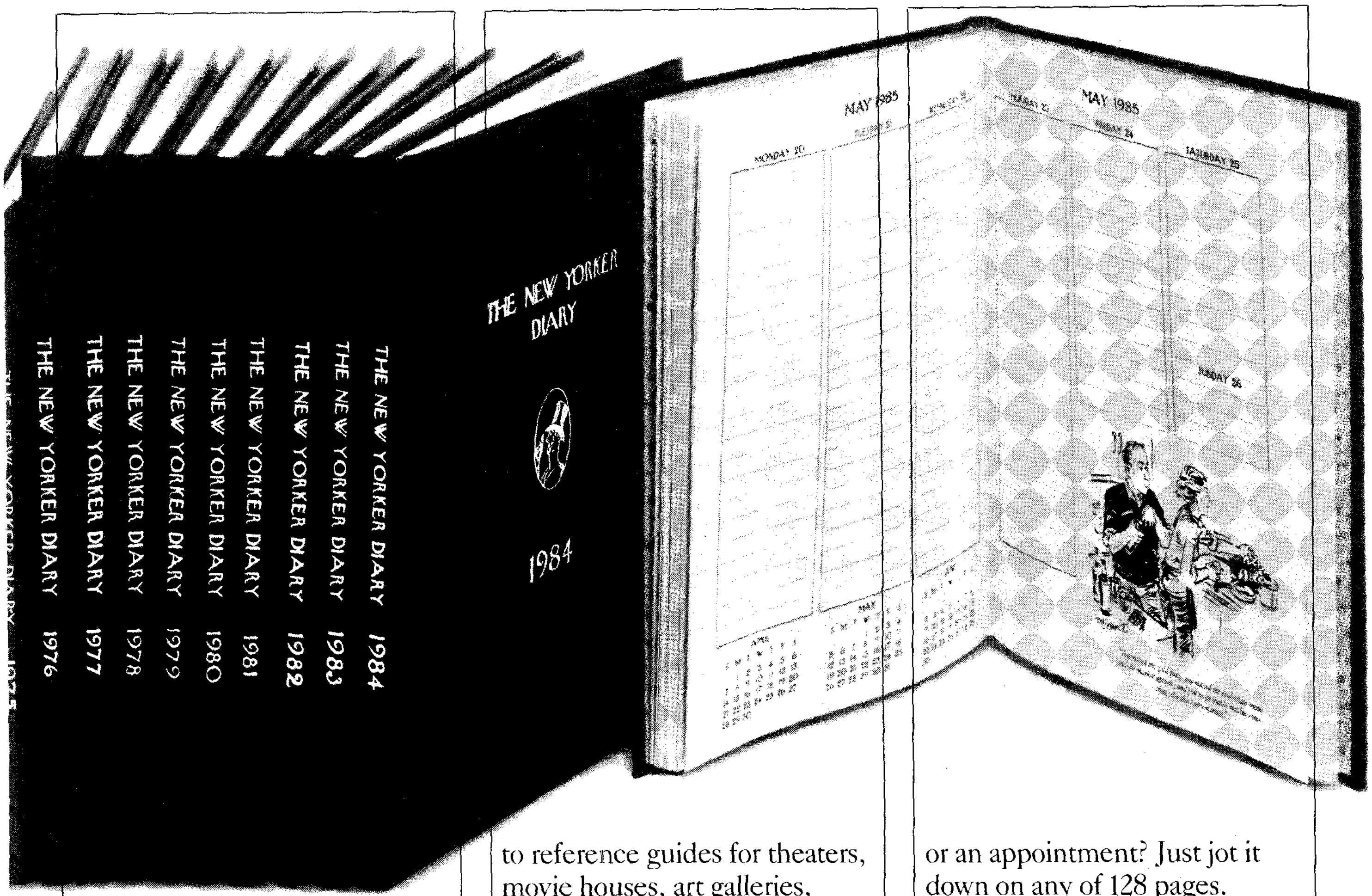
Mrs. Moore (Peggy Ashcroft), an elderly woman, whose son Ronny (Nigel Havers) has been in India for a year as city magistrate in Chandrapore, comes to visit him, accompanied, at his suggestion, by Adela Quested (Judy Davis), whom he expects to marry. Mrs. Moore is displeased to see her son turning into a dull sahib, and the young, inexperienced Miss Quested, who has never been out of England before, is shocked by Ronny's new callousness and the smugness of the people he emulates. Mrs. Moore, who has little patience with her son and his warnings about the dangers of mingling with the natives, strikes up an immediate, instinctive rapport with Dr. Aziz (Victor Banerjee), a glistening-eyed, eager doctor-poet, whom she meets by chance in a mosque. And later the two women have tea with Fielding (James Fox), the principal of the local Government College, who, to help them socialize, invites two Indian guests—Aziz and a Hindu scholar, Professor Godbole (Alec Guinness). Dr. Aziz, a bit heady with the joys of this social intercourse with English women who treat him as an equal, and unable to invite the group to his squalid one-room cottage, proposes an excursion—a picnic at the distant Marabar Caves.

And that's where, despite Aziz's careful, elaborate planning, everything comes to grief. Hearing the echo in a cave, Mrs. Moore is overcome by heat and fatigue, premonitions of death, and the feeling of a void where God should be. While Mrs. Moore rests, Miss Quested goes on alone with Dr. Aziz and a guide, and soon comes rushing from a cave suffering, perhaps, from what Whitman called "unloos'd dreams"—she is hysterical, and is convinced that Dr. Aziz has attempted to rape her. He is arrested, and the British, with their surface unflappability and their underlying paranoia about the Indians, react as if they were under siege. The British colony closes ranks, except for Fielding, who asserts his belief in the doctor's innocence, and the now irritable and distressed Mrs. Moore, who, without waiting to testify on the doctor's behalf, starts the journey home. For the others, the supposed attack on Miss Quested is further proof of the racial inferiority of the Indians. Besides, as the Superintendent of Police explains at the trial, it's a matter of scientific knowledge that the darker races are attracted to the fairer, but not vice versa.

Forster's plot is a very elaborate shell game: in the book, just when you think the nugget of truth about

1985

THE YEAR IN DRAWINGS, WORDS, NOTES, APPOINTMENTS, ENTERTAINMENT.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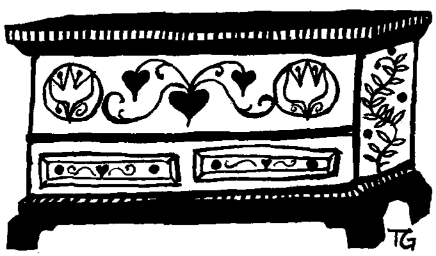
Miss Quested's accusation has been located Forster evades you again. He's very lordly, in his way; it's a cosmic comedy—each group of players has its own God. (The inscrutable Hindus, with their policy of self-removal, are wittier than the British Christians, with their disdain. The Muslims are anxious.) Lean isn't as playful, but he has his own form of lordliness. He knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. He enlarges the scale of Forster's irony, and the characters live in more sumptuous settings than we might have expected. But they do live. Lean knows how to give the smallest inflections an overpowering psychological weight. The actors don't sink under it.

Lean's control—a kind of benign precision—is very satisfying here, because of the performers (and the bright-colored, fairy-tale vividness of the surroundings). By the time he gets to the trial, everything has been prepared, and, in a departure from Forster's mode, he delivers suspense, drama, excitement. The courtroom scenes are far more climactic than in the novel, but Lean has necessarily shaped the material to his own strengths. This isn't the "Passage to India" that Satyajit Ray hoped to make—though he, too, wanted Victor Banerjee to play Dr. Aziz (and he had met with Peggy Ashcroft). And perhaps Ray might have been able to convey the spiritual grace that Forster was reaching for. But Lean's picture is intelligent and enjoyable, and if his technique is to simplify and to spell everything out in block letters, this kind of clarity has its own formal strength. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified or that it's like a well-cared-for, beautifully oiled machine, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so. Having built up to the courtroom drama, Lean isn't able to regain a narrative flow when it's over. The emotional focus is gone, the tension has snapped, and the picture disintegrates. The concluding scenes, in which he follows the general plan of the book, wobble all over the place. But by then we're pretty well satisfied anyway, and we don't mind staying a little longer with these actors, even though they seem lost.

The cast is just about irreproachable, with the exception of Guinness, who's simply in the wrong movie. The presence of Victor Banerjee makes you feel embarrassed for Guinness. It's dangerous for an actor to try that Peter Sellers–Indian routine when he's next to the real thing. (You keep expecting Guinness to break into a soft-shoe or do something silly with his turban.) As Dr. Aziz, the slim, compact Banerjee, with his handsome, delicately modelled face (the round eyes, the cupid's-bow mouth), belongs to this society—he's like a piece of erotic sculpture, a sensual cherub. When he gets ready to go out, he puts a black line under his eyes with a swift, practiced motion; he makes the most of his beauty. This soft-voiced Bengali actor is more fluid emotionally than anyone else in the cast; Dr. Aziz's feelings of generosity, servility, hurt, and rage slide into each other, and we get the impression that this is what trying to please the British has done to the man. He's too easily hurt; he's all exposed nerves and excitability. He's the most "human" of the characters, because he's so far from being like the English—and the more he tries to be like them, the farther away he is.

As Miss Quested, Judy Davis has none of the bloom that she had in "My Brilliant Career;" she's pale and a trace remote—repression has given her a slightly slugged quality about the eyes. But she's still very attractive in Western terms. Her broad-brimmed hats and virginal, straight-cut dresses are simple and uncoquettish. You like watching her—she has an unusual physical quiet, and her mouth is very expressive (despite the brick-colored lipstick she wears throughout). And it's clear that India represents her first chance to live. She longs for adventure, though she's frightened of it. And she's drawn to Dr. Aziz, though she doesn't know how to get closer to him. So it isn't until the trial that we register that to the Indians she looks tall, flat-chested, and sexually undesirable. To them the charge of attempted rape is something of an insult to Dr. Aziz's taste. All along, there's a lascivious fear that runs through the proper behavior of the British—a fear of India's voluptuous erotic traditions. And Lean has interpolated a sequence that makes this unmistakable: alone on a bicycle ride, Miss Quested chances upon an overgrown park with a temple covered with statuary—coupling bodies. She's fascinated, and as she walks about looking at what the statues are doing she seems transformed—awakened and beautiful. But the statues are suddenly swarming—a bunch of chattering, screeching monkeys come down to the bottom of the temple and onto the statues. They're like little demons blending with the lovers, and they charge at Miss Quested, terrifying her, and chase her as she dashes away on her bike. This dramatization of Miss Quested's fear of sex is very effective. (It's actually more effective than the major episode of Marabar.) But we can feel its function: it's to cue us for her hysteria at the caves, and that's not how Forster's material works. (Lean gives us a pointed reminder of the temple scene when Miss Quested is on her way to the courthouse and a man in a monkey suit jumps on the running board. This is a real blunder; for a second, it throws us out of the movie.) But Judy Davis's performance is close to perfection; her last scene (in England) is a little skewed, but that's no more than a flyspeck. Despite her moment of hysteria, this Miss Quested is a heroically honest figure who, in testifying as she does at the trial, escapes being raped of her soul by Ronny and the British colonial community.



As Mrs. Moore, Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a piece of transcendent acting. She has to, because Mrs. Moore is meant to be a saint, a sage, a woman in tune with the secrets of eternity. Forster never devised anything for her to do; in the novel, she simply *is* a sacred being—she's an enigma, like Professor Godbole. It may have been in an attempt to convey her wisdom that Lean gave her what is probably the worst line in the script: "India forces one to come face to face with oneself. It can be rather disturbing." (Substitute "Transylvania," and that's a line for Dracula to speak.) Except for Mrs. Moore's brief rapport with Aziz, who tells her she has the kindest face he has ever seen on an English lady, she's simply a weary, practical-minded woman who's very sure of things. She's not much of a mother—she's quite out of sympathy with her son Ronny—and she has no particular feeling for Miss Quested. She's a cantankerous old lady, yet Peggy Ashcroft breathes so much good sense into the role that Mrs. Moore acquires a radiance, a spiritual glow. It makes us like her. Fielding, the character who behaves most courageously, doesn't seem to have stirred Forster's imagination much; Forster was probably too much like Fielding for Fielding to interest him. The character is always on the verge of being too decent, but James Fox (he was the weakling master turned slavey in "The Servant") gives the part a doggedness that saves it.

The novel wants to be about unresolvability; the movie doesn't, and isn't. What's remarkable about the film is how two such different temperaments as Forster's and Lean's could come together. There's a tie that binds them, though: Lean certainly hasn't softened Forster's condemnation of the British officials' poisonous thick-skinned detachment. Like the book, the movie is a lament for British sins; the big difference is in tone. The movie is informed by a spirit of magisterial self-hatred. That's its oddity: Lean's grand "objective" manner—he never touches anything without defining it and putting it in its place—seems to have developed out of the values he attacks. It's an imperial bookkeeper's style—no loose ends. It's also the style that impressed the Indians, and shamed them because they couldn't live up to it. It's the style of the conqueror—who is here the guilt-ridden conqueror but the conqueror nevertheless. Lean has an appetite for grandeur. That may explain why, at the start, he puts the Viceroy on the ship with the two women (and why, the caves in India not being imposing enough, he dynamited and made his own). But his appetite for grandeur also accounts for such memorable images as the red uniforms and headgear on the Indian band mangling Western music in the brilliant sunshine at the whites-only club, and the ancient painted elephant that lurches along from the train to the caves with Dr. Aziz, Mrs. Moore, and Miss Quested on its back.

—PAULINE KAEL

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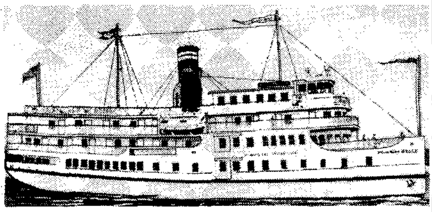

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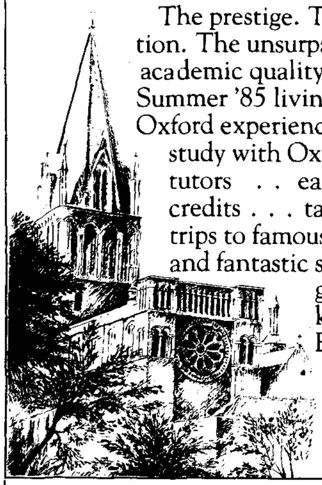

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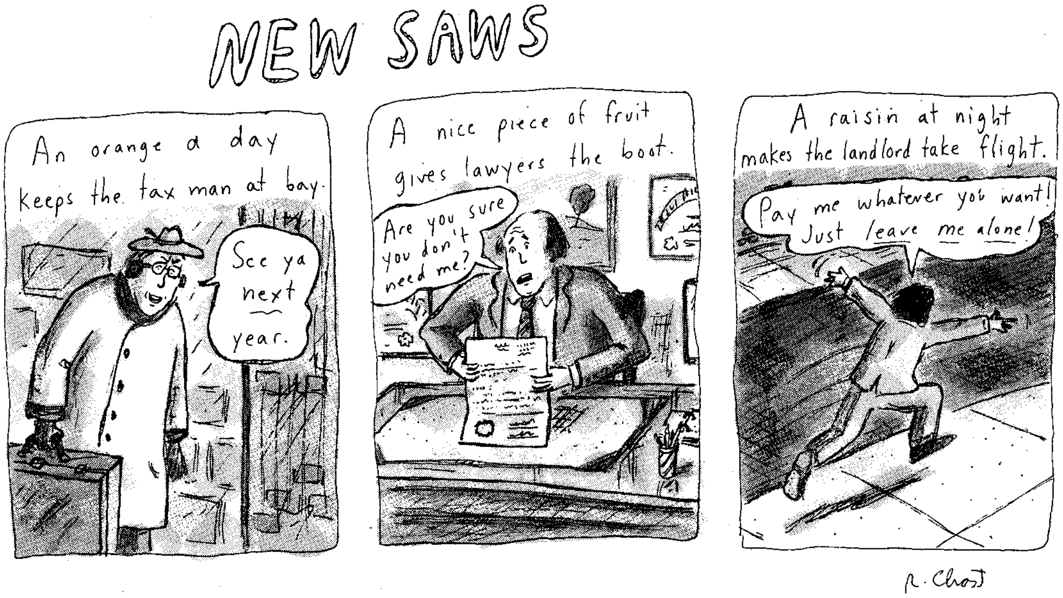
BOOKS

No and Yes

EVERYTHING about Richard Yates' new novel, "Young Hearts Crying" (Delacorte; $16.95), presupposes importance: its title, taken from a 1914 James Joyce poem, "Watching the Needleboats at San Sabba;" its Jill Krementz jacket photograph, in which Yates, bearded and grave, his head bowed, is turning toward us, as from a troublesome, unfinished sentence; and its subject—the difficult growing up after the Second World War of a middle-class American poet and his aristocratic wife. Yates is an admired sociorealist who comes down to us by way of Hemingway and O'Hara and James Gould Cozzens. He furnishes his backgrounds, describes and dresses his figures, and attempts to catch the rhythms and sounds and idioms of everyday speech. He keeps his prose out of the way, fashioning colorless, boiled-down sentences that are rarely flavored by metaphors or similes. This is as rich as he ever gets: "In Putnam County, in the fall, you can see pheasant break from cover and take off over long tan and yellow fields, and sometimes there are hesitant deer to be found among the slender trunks and shadows of oak and white birch." He uses brand names and place names and the names of highways. He puts us in his landscapes and cityscapes, in his houses and apartments, in his fields and streets.

Lucy Blaine and Michael Davenport meet at Harvard in the late forties. She is twenty, and he is twenty-four and a former B-17 gunner. Her parents, of Boston and Martha's Vineyard, are rich, and his father is a Morristown, New Jersey, lawyer. Lucy and Michael become involved during the run of a one-act play he has written and in which she has the lead. They marry after graduation and move to a small apartment in Greenwich Village. He considers himself a playwright and a poet, and takes a job with a trade magazine instead of an advertising agency, where literary neophytes used to go to write their first novels and plays. During their honeymoon—a week at the Copley Plaza (or "costly pleasure," an old Boston joke Yates ignores)—Lucy suddenly tells Michael she is worth three or four million dollars and hopes it won't upset him. It does, and the fact that it does upsets the novel, too. Michael rears up on his Horatio Alger legs and says that he intends to support Lucy, that she is to keep her money to herself: "No, I'm sorry, baby, but we're going to do this my way"—a good instance of the tired ear Yates displays throughout the book. But it is never clear what moral notions Michael is following. He has not married Lucy for her money, and why shouldn't a serious young writer accept financial help from a loving and wealthy wife? Financial scrabbling creates more hacks than good poets. And, in any case, roughing it is not what Lucy Blaine is used to—something that Michael never considers. So Yates immediately beclouds Michael, and our sense of him does not clear during the thirty years the novel covers. (It doesn't help, as Anatole Broyard has pointed out, that Yates never quotes a line of Michael's poetry. Nor does it help that Michael turns out to be a drunk who is prone to nervous disorders.) Is Michael a gifted flawed man or a repellent psychopath? And what of poor earnest Lucy Blaine? She and Michael are divorced—they have one child—and she dabbles in acting, writing, and painting. She also becomes, quite unbelievably, something of a slut, going from bed to bed without any design. Michael finally remarries and has another child, and at the end of the book he and Lucy accidentally end up back in Boston—she alone in an old house in Cambridge (she has given most of her fortune to Amnesty International) and he at Boston University, where he is still admired for his first book of poems. (He has published three.) Although Yates brings Lucy and Michael full circle, they remain unfinished and unconvincing. They seem only to have heard of, rather than endured, the travails Yates sets for them. And what of Yates' lack of humor? He gives the impression of wanting to stare his readers down. Humor lubricates fiction. It lights it the way lyrics light melody. It softens morality's face. It is what sets apart Fitzgerald and Salinger and J. F. Powers and Bellow.

THE English, of course, have known this since "Pickwick Papers," and before. But they have gone one step farther, by perfecting what is loosely called the comic novel. This is a serious novel that laughs soundlessly and never lets on that it is serious, that keeps its verbal cool (none of the low jinks of Perelman or De Vries). One of its newest practitioners is A. N. Wilson. His "Scandal, or Priscilla's Kindness" (Viking; $15.95) has a feather touch. The highly educated prose trips off the page (sometimes too easily; Wilson likes such words as "fantastical" and "swanning"), and the narrative pulls us helplessly along after it. The story is ancient and peculiarly British. Derek Blore, of uncertain social antecedents, is a member of Par-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R. Chast

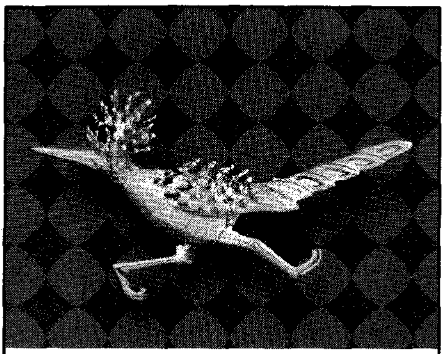
liament. (He has designed his own Hanoverian accent—“yas” for “yes” and “varry” for “very.”) He is immensely ambitious and marries a highborn blond beauty, Priscilla Wisbeach. She at first pities him and then, as he rises in the Government, grows jealous. When the Prime Minister dies of a heart attack, a new Government is formed, and Blore becomes Secretary of State. But word gets out that he has a predilection for mild masochistic sexual adventures. Blore’s carelessness and Priscilla’s misguided attempts to protect him bring him down. Worse, his blackmailer is a Russian spy who wants state secrets. The cast is full of fine Dickensian figures, modernized. There is an incredibly dense prostitute who unwittingly sets everything going in the wrong direction; a scabrous journalist; an inept class-conscious hit man named Costigan, who adds an “o” to the end of his name; and a Russian diplomat who smokes so much his white hair is stained yellow. There is also an ingenious subplot involving a Scottish publisher with an “overdeveloped inner life” and a bright American wife. Wilson ticks off a lot of things in “Scandal”—the English caste system, greed, stupidity, cruelty, and hypocrisy. He has also written a good novel. His main characters have pedigrees, his ear is admirable, and, like any generous novelist, he includes lovely parenthetical episodes—one of which deals with the agonies endured every September by homesick boys being sent back to boarding school. And how fine to begin a chapter with a paragraph like this: “The heat which made London intolerable brightened the rye-fields, and ripened the hops and the apples which Priscilla could see from her bedroom window in the Old Rectory at Willerton St Leonard’s. The Malverns undulated in a blue haze beyond the tree-tops. In the opposite direction, glimpsed through the bathroom window and over the barn, the country rolled towards the Welsh Marches. Already, at eight in the morning, the day felt hot. Outside, Julian [Priscilla’s son] and his young friend Peterson were splashing in the garish chlorinated pool by the garage.” —WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DEBORAH, by Esther Singer Kreitman, translated from the Yiddish by Maurice Carr (St. Martin’s; $13.95). “A Hasid in skirts” is how Isaac Bashevis Singer once described his sister, Esther (1891-1954), a neurotic, and possibly psychotic, misfit growing up in Poland’s shtetels, where girls aspired to be wives, not writers. To escape, she married, sight unseen, a Belgian “schlemiel” (to quote their son, Maurice Carr) named Kreitman, but she liked Antwerp, and then London, no better. “Deborah,” an autobiographical novel that first appeared in 1936 under the title “Der Shedem Tanz” (“Pandemonium”), tells of a rabbi’s daughter and yeshiva student’s sister whose own intellectual ambitions shrivel a little more each time her family moves up in the world, from a village to a town to Warsaw. Books at first are her forbidden fruit, and in Warsaw she steals away to meetings of a band of young Socialists; but later, when hallucinations prevent her from focussing on the printed page, it is clear that her troubles have no simple cause or cure. In a valuable foreword, Clive Sinclair compares Deborah with Mme. Bovary and with Yentl the Yeshiva Boy. At her best, Esther Kreitman bears comparison with their creators: when, for instance, devoting a long paragraph to three species of ugliness, she conveys both the comedy and the claustrophobia of a session with three intruders. “These three ladies,” the paragraph concludes, “were Deborah’s prospective mother-in-law, the mother-in-law’s sister, and the sister’s sister-in-law respectively, and they had all come to inspect Deborah.”

THE HOUSE OF NIRE, by Morio Kita, translated from the Japanese by Dennis Keene (Kodansha; $16.95). For all his unorthodox diagnostic techniques—listening, say, through a stethoscope to his mental patients’ heads—Dr. Kiichiro Nire, the founder of a mental hospital outside Tokyo, gets results. But his luck fails him when it comes to adopting sons. Part I of this blackly comic family saga begins in 1918, two years before Kiichiro fails to be reëlected to the Diet and six years before the hospital, having survived the earthquake of 1923, burns down. Part II, which begins shortly after Kiichiro dies, in 1926, chronicles the expansion of the hospital, even as the city expands to engulf it; the expansion of the family (literally in the case of one adopted son, a miserable Sumo wrestler who would rather be watering his azaleas) as babies grow up to repeat their parents’ mistakes



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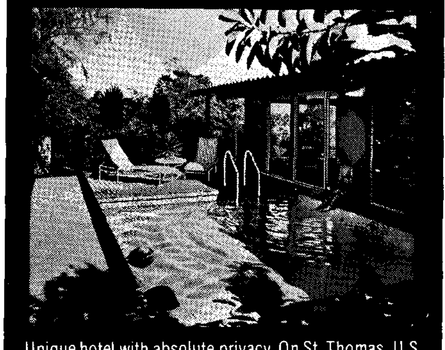

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and to make some of their own; and the expansion of Japan's ambitions as it turns its attention from China to Pearl Harbor. According to a note on the dust jacket of this elegant volume—which has been bound and printed with a craftsmanship rare these days at any price—Part III, "dealing with the war period," will be published this spring.

The Other Side of the Fire, by Alice Thomas Ellis (Viking; $13.95). An English upper-class comedy about enchantment and disenchantment and the possibility of contentment somewhere in between. The subject is love—or, at least, the relationship of the sexes. At the center of the novel is Claudia Bohannon, wife and mother, who finds herself smitten with her stepson, and surrounding poor Claudia is a jaundiced chorus that Miss Ellis leads into such observations as "She didn't think the whole world loved a lover. She thought on the whole it averted its eyes" and "She says people can never know each other and only make it worse if they try" and "There are four topics which married people should never discuss—sex, money, politics, and religion."

GENERAL

Black Masters: A Free Family of Color in the Old South, by Michael P. Johnson and James L. Roark (Norton; $22.50), and No Chariot Let Down: Charleston's Free People of Color on the Eve of the Civil War, edited by Michael P. Johnson and James L. Roark (North Carolina; $16.95). "Black Masters" is the story of an American dynasty. The founder, William Ellison, was born a slave in South Carolina in 1790, was trained to build and repair cotton gins, and was manumitted in 1816. He was partly white, and may have been a child of his former owner; in any case, he shared the color consciousness of his time and place. He associated himself with South Carolina's tiny minority of free mulattoes, and rose to wealth as a craftsman, planter, and slave-owner. The authors are explicit about the narrow limits within which free men of color could safely function, and ascribe some of Ellison's astonishing economic rise to the fact that, unlike his white neighbors, he dared not flaunt his prosperity and could do nothing with his income except reinvest it. His and his sons' discreet behavior was rewarded by exceptional esteem: in 1844 the Ellisons were allowed to rent a pew on the ground floor of Holy Cross Episcopal Church in Stateburg, South Carolina. Yet their status was imperilled in the months before the Civil War, when Southerners grew uneasy about freedmen and began to discuss measures to reduce them to slavery. War came before the Ellisons lost their liberty; instead, they lost their slaves. Their post-Civil War career was prosperous, but, possibly because the founding father had died, family solidarity weakened, and by the beginning of this century the Ellison descendants had scattered. The authors have made a host of individuals come to life, both in the countryside where the Ellisons made their headquarters and in the metropolis, Charleston, where they found their wives. "No Chariot Let Down" offers thirty-four letters between the Ellisons and their Charleston relatives, dated from 1848 to 1864, which the authors used as source material for their larger study. The letters are down-to-earth, divided between business and gossip. Several, however, reflect the perplexity, the anxiety, and, in some cases, the panic that afflicted free blacks when the city of Charleston cracked down on colored artisans at the same time that the South Carolina legislature debated reënslaving them. The details—who has fled, whose property is for sale—are harrowing.

Hilaire Belloc, by A. N. Wilson (Atheneum; $17.95). Hilaire Belloc (1870-1953) was born in France, of a French father and an English mother. He did military service with the French Army, but he was educated in England and lived out his life there. He was a poet; a satirist; a historian; a polemical essayist, who took on all comers in championing the Catholic Church; a political economist, of sorts; a novelist, of sorts; and a politician whose experience as a Member of Parliament (1906-10) permanently embittered him about democracy. He made wholehearted and lasting enemies—for his egregious rudeness, for his ad-hominem attacks in print, for his (somewhat equivocal) anti-Semitism—but he had lifelong friends, too, especially among well-established families like the Asquiths, who put him up (and put up with him) at their country houses. This study of an eccentric genius who created a considerable rumpus in his day is an achievement: a critical but sympathetic portrayal of a man whom Graham Greene—not exactly the Sunny Jim of contemporary writers—has called "one of the most unlikable men of letters of our time." Illustrations.

Miss Manners' Guide to Rearing Perfect Children, by Judith Martin, illustrated by Gloria Kamen (Atheneum; $19.95). Machiavelli would have applauded Miss Manners' application of reverse psychology in cases of chronic embarrassment, such as a toddler's repellent security blanket or a teen-ager's repellent boyfriend. Elsewhere, with Confucian aplomb, she dictates the duties of a dutiful child and upholds the inscrutable functions of what sometimes seems to be superfluous silverware. When it comes to meting out justice, Solomon could not have been wiser. "First wash the cars, and then go out for pizza and ice cream," she bids a young bettor before explaining why he has both lost and won a wager with his parents about fingers and baked chicken. Some of her best advice would have other etiquetticians reaching for their smelling salts. "If you do use the wrong fork," she instructs the imperfectly reared reader, "lick it clean and slip it back onto the tablecloth when no one is looking."

Nomenklatura: The Soviet Ruling Class, by Michael Voslensky, translated from the German by Eric Mosbacher, with a preface by Milovan Djilas (Doubleday; $19.95). The author, a Russian historian who now lives in Munich, estimates that the nomenklatura—the roster of those who hold administrative positions in the Soviet government and the Communist Party—numbers about two hundred and fifty thousand, or about a thousandth of the population. It is, he maintains, a ruling class (in the formal Marxist sense) in this ostensibly classless Marxist society. He traces its formation to Lenin. Stalin, who greatly increased the privileges of the nomenklatura, also increased its insecurity, but since his death members of the bureaucracy who have lost any of the numerous struggles within the Party or the state have not been made to forfeit their lives or their riches. Mr. Voslensky believes that the nomenklatura prefers a weak national leader to a strong one, much as medieval barons preferred feeble kings, and he brings an insider's knowledge to his account of the intrigues that have accompanied every succession from Khrushchev's to Chernenko's. He is precise about the huge disparities of income and living standards between the ruled and the rulers—who live more lavishly and more safely than the czars. In short, Mr. Voslensky portrays a uniquely cynical regime with no incentive to reform itself.

The Knight in History, by Frances Gies (Harper & Row; $16.95). It is worth pointing out at once that although "The Knight in History" is a serious work of history, equipped with the usual academic apparatus—index, bibliography (twelve pages), and notes (twenty-seven pages)—Mrs. Gies herself has managed to avoid the taint of academia. Her writing is fresh and direct, her scholarship is exact but relaxed, she makes qualifications without squirming, and she approaches her subject with excitement. She begins her study at the beginning, somewhere between the eighth and tenth centuries, with the appearance of a variety of warrior distinguished socially and economically from the peasantry only by his possession of a horse, armor, and weapons. She describes the transformation of the knight (the word comes from the Anglo-Saxon *cniht*) into a formidable fighting machine and (with much help from poets and the Church) an embodiment of Christian virtue. She examines the phenomenon of courtly love, the myth of Arthur and Camelot, the apogee of knighthood, and the military religious orders—the Knights Templars, the Hospitalers, the Teutonic Knights. She recounts from original sources the lives of several famous knights, among them Sir John Fastolf, caricatured by Shakespeare as Falstaff. She shows us the long decline of knighthood under the pressure of military technology, and its last gasp in the jousting games of the jaded nineteenth century. Many illustrations and maps.

Dust Bowl Descent, by Bill Ganzel (Nebraska; $29.95). Ten years ago, the author began to seek out and photograph survivors of the Dust Bowl who in the nineteen-thirties had been photographed by Dorothea

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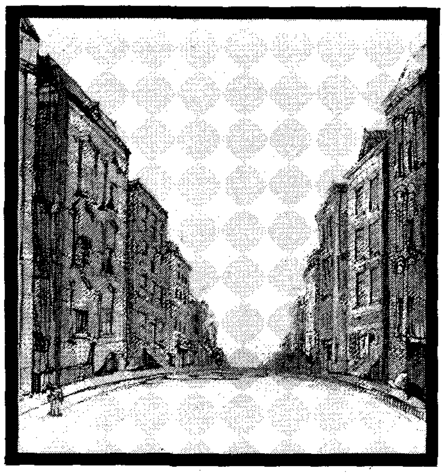

Nowadays we are are more apt to commemorate anniversaries, including silver, golden, and diamond, than to celebrate jubilees. Too bad, because I, for one, would rather jubilate than commemorate, any day in the week.

The dictionary reminds us that a jubilee is a special anniversary, particularly the three already mentioned (25th, 50th, and 75th), and the 60th. At Doubleday we have reasons to be doubly jubilant in 1985. It is the 75th anniversary of the Doubleday Book Shops and the 60th of our distinguished subsidiary, The Dial Press.

Both will celebrate by continuing traditions of excellence. One example: The Dial Press recently published a novel, *The Last Good Time*, by Richard Bausch, which is, according to the bottom-liners, the sort of novel that doesn't get published anymore. It's a story of two old men who sustain themselves mainly on salty memories of good times. Enter a young woman, scruffy and pregnant, who brings a kind of wild joy into their lives. Not a single diet or management consultant intrudes. We have, instead, an exploration of love and friendship, of the mysteries of age and death, of the sources of joy. Walker Percy calls *The Last Good Time* "a triumph ... a deeply moving novel by a writer who makes no compromises."

You may not be able to find *The Last Good Time* at a bestseller supermarket. You *will* find it at the Doubleday Book Shops, where we also make no compromises. The people there know and care about books. They stand ready to help you, or to let you browse as long as you like.

Consider this your invitation to come in and join the jubilees.

L.L. Day
Editor-at-Large

DOUBLEDAY is proud that its subsidiary, The Dial Press, continues to publish novels of the quality of Richard Bausch's *The Last Good Time*.

Lange, Walker Evans, Arthur Rothstein, John Vachon, and others working for the Farm Security Administration. He has assembled a fascinating series of before-and-after pictures. The most famous F.S.A. photograph of all is here—the 1936 picture by Dorothea Lange captioned "Migrant Mother," which shows a gaunt, strong-faced, and half-starved farm woman and her three ill-clad little girls. Opposite it is a photograph of the same woman and her daughters taken by Mr. Ganzel forty-three years later—the mother no longer strong-faced but the daughters seemingly prosperous. In many cases, the survivors of the hard times make brief remarks about their experiences and give their opinions of things today—"Now you can make lots of money and it ain't worth nothing."

NOTE: Jervis Anderson's report on handguns, "Guns in American Life," has been published by Random House ($12.95). Most of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.... "Urban Bumpkins," a collection of drawings by Robert Mankoff, has been published by St. Martin's/Marek ($7.95 paper). Many of the drawings first appeared here.

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(212) 683-1145
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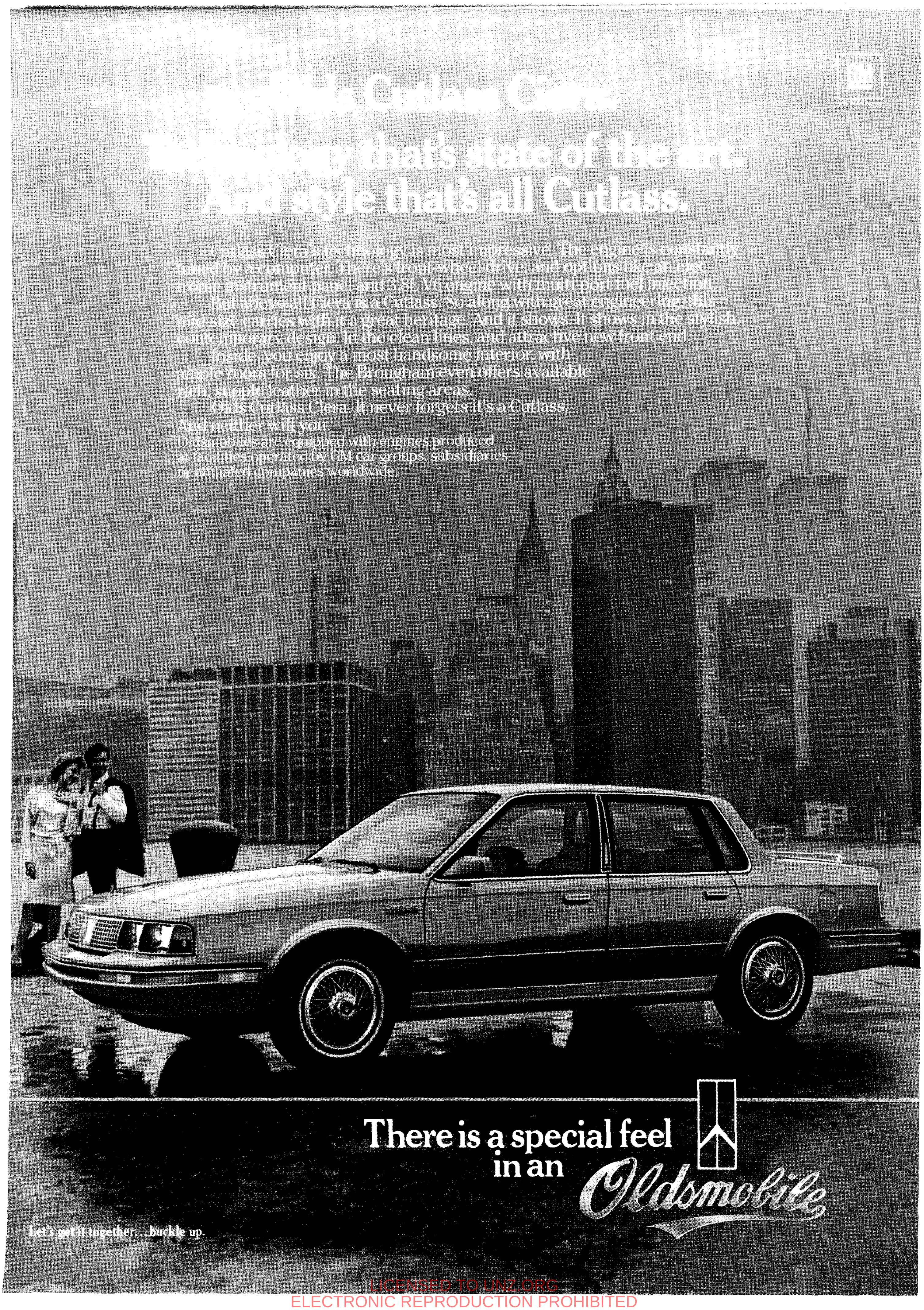

Olds Cutlass Ciera. Technology that's state of the art. And style that's all Cutlass.

Cutlass Ciera's technology is most impressive. The engine is constantly tuned by a computer. There's front-wheel drive, and options like an electronic instrument panel and 3.8L V6 engine with multi-port fuel injection.

But above all Ciera is a Cutlass. So along with great engineering, this mid-size carries with it a great heritage. And it shows. It shows in the stylish, contemporary design. In the clean lines, and attractive new front end.

Inside, you enjoy a most handsome interior, with ample room for six. The Brougham even offers available rich, supple leather in the seating areas.

Olds Cutlass Ciera. It never forgets it's a Cutlass. And neither will you.

Oldsmobiles are equipped with engines produced at facilities operated by GM car groups, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide.

There is a special feel in an Oldsmobile

Let's get it together... buckle up.

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Luckily, the Colombian Coffee
hadn't been poured.

100% Colombian Coffee

The richest coffee in the world.

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